

THE
INDEPENDENT
FOURTH
GRADE



BY J. MADISON WATSON

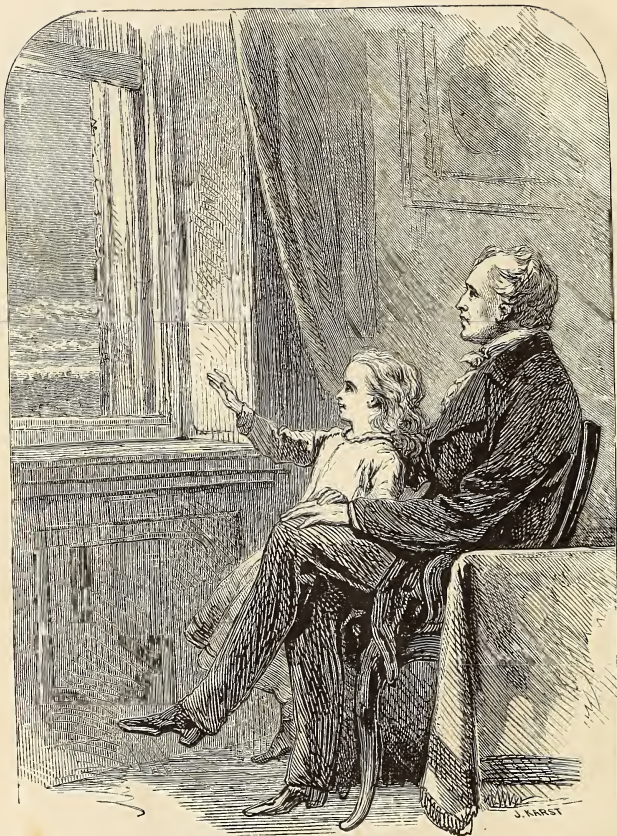
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PREFACE.

SYMPATHY with boys and girls in their love of the spirited, the wonderful, the ingenuous, the beautiful, and the true, and their contempt for affectation, puerility, and cant, not less than the desire to prepare a reading-book for the lower classes of intermediate grades which shall fully accord with the views of our ablest modern educators, has determined the character and classification of this work.

THE TREATISE ON ELOCUTION is simple and comprehensive, presenting the subject in its most attractive and practical form. Its important divisions, and their relations to each other, are exhibited to the eye by the use of a series of blackboard diagrams. *In this Edition*, all of *Webster's* marked letters are used as required to indicate pronunciation. Its phonic alphabet is made complete by the addition of the following combined letters: Ou, ch, sh, fh, wh, and ng. This marked type affords nearly all the advantages of pure phonetics, without incurring any of the objections, and is as easily read as though unmarked. Its daily and judicious use in the *Body of the Readings*, marking doubtful words and localisms not less than once at each opening of the book, can not fail to form the habit of correct pronunciation.

PART SECOND contains a great variety of select readings, many of which have been re-written, abridged, or otherwise specially adapted to illustrate the principles of rhetorical delivery. In determining their character

PREFACE.

and classification, the hypotheses have been assumed, that, in the main, what healthy, intelligent children from seven to twelve years of age really like is really best for them; that fascinating stories, lively conversations, and vivid descriptions are preferable to facts of science, or other writings that are chiefly didactic; and that exercises in reading should be nearly on the level of the average child's mind—what it is just awake to, or aiming at; rather than what, while suggesting maturer thought and feeling, is beyond its present comprehension.

THE READING LESSONS have been graded in a systematic manner, presenting the simplest first in order. They are divided into formal sections, in each of which only one leading subject is treated, or one important element of Elocution rendered prominent. The wood-cuts, from designs by the ablest artists, were prepared expressly to illustrate the lessons in which they occur. They are believed to be unsurpassed by those of any similar text-book.

THE ACCESSORY AIDS furnished for a thorough understanding of the text are unusually complete. The foot-notes give the pronunciation of words that had to be re-spelled for the purpose; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; and biographical sketches of persons whose names occur in the reading lessons. This aid is given in every instance on the page where first needed, and a complete *Index to the Notes* is added for general reference.

NEW YORK, *August*, 1876.

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ELOCUTION.

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ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. *Good Elocution* is the art of uttering ideäs understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOEPEY and EXPRESSION.

18. *Labials* are letters chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* is a nasal labial. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

19. *Dentals* are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

20. *Linguals* are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

21. *Palatals* are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

22. *Cognates* are letters whose ōral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, etc.

23. *Alphabetic Equivalents* are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements or

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 I. ARTICULATION.

.... I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. *Oral Elements* are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

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15. *An Improper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent ; as *ōa* in *lōaf*.

16. *A Triphthong* is the union of three vowels in a syllable ; as *eau* in *beau* (*bō*), *ieu* in *adieu* (*adū*).

17. *Consonants*¹ are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng* ; *th* subtonic, and *fh* atonic.

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23. *Alphabetic Equivalents* are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds ; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in *pique*.

II.

ORTHOËPY has to do with *separate* words—the production of their *ōral* elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

¹ **Blackboard Diagrams.**—Regarding blackboard diagrams as *indispensable*, in conducting most successfully class exercises in elocution, they are here introduced not less for

the convenience of young teachers than to serve as constant reminders, to all educators, of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with *ōral* instruction.

I. ARTICULATION.

I. DEFINITIONS.

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12. *Vowels* are the letters that usually represent the tonics. They are *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *y*.²

13. A *Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as *ou* in *our*, *ea* in *bread*.

14. A *Proper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, neither of which is silent: as *ou* in *out*.

¹ **Larynx**.—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

² **W** not a **Vowel**.—*W*, not representing a tonic, is only a consonant.

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23. *Alphabetic Equivalents* are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds ; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in *pique*.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward

¹ *Consonant*.—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately,

against the rōof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* fōrce, and then dīmīnish gradually and ēquably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atōnic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with fōrce; and to prolōng the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will fīrst require the students to pronounce a cātch-word once, and then produce the ōral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, fōur times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āt—ā, ā, ā, ā; āsh—ā, ā, ā, ā, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, ¹ as in āge,	āte.	8. ě, as in ělk,	ěnd.
2. ă, “ āt,	āsh.	9. ē, ⁴ “ hēr,	vērse.
3. ä, “ ärt,	ärm.	10. ī, “ īce,	chīld.
4. a, “ all,	ball.	11. ĩ, “ ĩnk,	īnch.
5. â, ² “ bâre,	eâre.	12. ō, “ ōld,	hōme.
6. á, ³ “ ásk,	gláss.	13. ǒ, ⁵ “ ǒn,	frǒst.
7. ē, “ hē,	thēse.	14. o, “ dō,	prōve.

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *takn* (*kn*).

¹ **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

² **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by â, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production,

the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say *ā*.

³ **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by á, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a*, as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening *ā*.

⁴ **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by ē, is *e* as heard in *end*, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

⁵ **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by ǒ, the same mark as its regular second power. This modi-

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| 15. \bar{u} , ⁴ as in <i>eūbe</i> , <i>eūre</i> . | 17. \bar{u} , as in <i>full</i> , <i>push</i> . |
| 16. \bar{u} , “ <i>būd</i> , <i>hūsh</i> . | 18. <i>ou</i> , “ <i>our</i> , <i>house</i> . |

II. SUBTONICS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. <i>b</i> , as in <i>babe</i> , <i>orb</i> . | 9. <i>r</i> , ² as in <i>rake</i> , <i>bar</i> . |
| 2. <i>d</i> , “ <i>did</i> , <i>dim</i> . | 10. <i>th</i> , “ <i>this</i> , <i>with</i> . |
| 3. \bar{g} , “ <i>gāg</i> , <i>giġ</i> . | 11. <i>v</i> , “ <i>vine</i> , <i>vice</i> . |
| 4. <i>j</i> , “ <i>join</i> , <i>joint</i> . | 12. <i>w</i> , “ <i>wake</i> , <i>wise</i> . |
| 5. <i>l</i> , “ <i>lake</i> , <i>lane</i> . | 13. <i>y</i> , “ <i>yard</i> , <i>yes</i> . |
| 6. <i>m</i> , “ <i>mild</i> , <i>mind</i> . | 14. <i>z</i> , “ <i>zest</i> , <i>gaze</i> . |
| 7. <i>n</i> , “ <i>name</i> , <i>nine</i> . | 15. <i>zh</i> , “ <i>azure</i> , <i>glazier</i> . |
| 8. <i>ng</i> , “ <i>gang</i> , <i>sang</i> . | |

III. ATONICS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>f</i> , as in <i>fame</i> , <i>fife</i> . | 6. <i>t</i> , as in <i>tart</i> , <i>toast</i> . |
| 2. <i>h</i> , “ <i>hark</i> , <i>harm</i> . | 7. <i>th</i> , “ <i>thank</i> , <i>youth</i> . |
| 3. <i>k</i> , | |
| 4. <i>p</i> , | II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS. |
| 5. <i>s</i> , “ <i>same</i> , <i>sense</i> . | 10. <i>wh</i> , ³ “ <i>whale</i> , <i>white</i> . |

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—

fied or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in *not*, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *ōff*, *sōft*, *crōss*, *cōst*, *brōth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gōne*, *begōne*; *lōng*, *prōng*, *sōng*, *thrōng*, *wrōng*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad *a* [*a* in *all*], is *vulgar*.

¹ **U** initial.—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *ūse*.

² **R** trilled.—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long as possible.

³ **Wh**.—To produce the oral element of *wh*, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the *âir* is escaping.

thus: lip, *p*; orb, *b*, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.				SUBTONICS.			
lip,	<i>p.</i>	orb, <i>b.</i>
fi <u>fe</u> ,	<i>f.</i>	vase, <i>v.</i>
white,	wh.	wise, <i>w.</i>
save,	<i>s.</i>	zeal, <i>z.</i>
shade,	sh.	azure, <i>zh.</i>
charm,	ch.	join, <i>j.</i>
ta <u>rt</u> ,	<i>t.</i>	di <u>d</u> , <i>d.</i>
th <u>ing</u> ,	th.	this, <i>th.</i>
kin <u>k</u> ,	<i>k.</i>	gi <u>g</u> , <i>g.</i>

IV

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following fôrmulâ: The Alphabetic Equivalents of *A first power* are *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey*; as in the words *gain, gauge, stray, melee', great, vein, they*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For *ā, ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey*; as in *gāin, gāuge, strāy, melee', greāt, vein, they*.

For *ă, ai, ua*; as in *plăid, guăranty*.

For *ä, au, e, ea, ua*; as in *hăunt, sergeant, heärt, guärd*.

For *ą, au, aw, eo, o, oa, ou*; as in *fault, haurk, Geôurge, côurk, broaud, bôught.*

For *â, ai, e, ea, ei*; as in *châir, thêre, sweâr, hêir*.

For *ē, ea, ee, ei, eo, ey, i, ie*; as in *rēad, dēep, cēil, pēople, kēy, valise, fiēld*.

For *ě, a, ai, ay, ea, ei, eo, ie, u, ue*; as in *any, said, says, hēad, hēifer, lēopard, friēnd, bury, guēss*.

For *ē, ea, i, o, ou, u, ue, y*; as in *ēarth, gīrl, word, scourge, būrn, guērdon, myrrh*.

For *i*, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *aī*slē, sleīght, eȳē, dīē, choīr, guīde, buȳ, mȳ, rȳē.

For *ī*, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in captāin, pretty, been, sīeve, women, tortoise, busy, buīld, hȳmn.

For *ō*, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in haut-boy, beau, yeōman, sew, cōal, fōe, dōor, sōul, blōw.

For *ö*, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in whāt, hōugh, knōwledge.

For *o*, *ew*, *oe*, *ōō*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in grew, shōe, spōon, soup, rūde, frūit.

For *ū*, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in beaūty, feūd, new, ādieū, view, hūe, jūice.

For *ŭ*, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in lōve, dōes, blōod, yōung.

For *u*, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; as in wōlf, bōok, cōuld.

For *ou*, *ow*; as in now.

For *oi* (*aī*), *oy*; as in boy.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For *f*, *gh*, *ph*; as in cough, nymph.

For *j*, *ġ*; as in ġem, ġin.

For *k*, *e*, *eh*, *gh*, *q*; as in eole, eoneh, lough, etiquette.

For *s*, *ç*; as in çell, çity.

For *t*, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danced, Thames, phthiisic.

For *v*, *f*, *ph*; as in of, Stephen.

For *y*, *i*; as in pinion.

For *z*, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in suffice, roſe, xebec.

For *zh*, *g*, *s*; as in rouge, osier.

For *ng*, *n*; as in anger, bank.

For *ch*, *t*; as in fustian.

For *sh*, *c*, *çh*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in ocean, çhaīse, sure, assure, martial.

~~... as the second oral element rep-~~
y z; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe*
Lformed by the union of two vowels, one of which is
 ant; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It repre-
 ats the oral element usually represented by *o*; hence,
 frian alphabetic equivalent of *o*.

organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sound.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1. bā, bă, bǎ, ba, bâr, báf; bē, bě, bēr;
 īb, ĩb; ōb, čb, ȳb; ūb, ũb, ȳb; oub.
 dā, dǎ, dǎ, da, dâr, dás; dē, dĕ, dēr;
 īd, ĩd; ōd, ȳd, ȳd; ūd, ũd, ȳd; oud.
 gā, gǎ, gǎ, ga, gâr, gán; gē, gĕ, gēr;
 īg, ĩg; ōg, ȳg, ȳg; ūg, ũg, ȳg; oug.
2. jās, jâr, ja, jä, jǎ, jā; jēr, jĕ, jē;
 ĩg, ĩg; ȳg, ȳg, ȳg; ȳg, ũg, ũg; oug.
 lās, lâr, la, lä, lǎ, lā; lēr, lĕ, lē;
 ĩl, ĩl; ȳl, ȳl, ȳl; ȳl, ũl, ũl; oul.
 mās, mēr, mô, mā, mǎ, mē; mēr, mĕ, mī;
 ĩm, ĩm; ȳm, ȳm, ȳm; ȳm, ũm, ũm; oum.
3. ān, an, ǎn, ârn, nán, ǎn; ēn, ěrn, ěn;
 nȳ, nȳ; nȳ, nȳ, nȳ; nȳ, nȳ, nȳ; nou.
 āng, ârn, ǎng, ǎf, ǎng, āng; ěng, ěrn, ěng;
 ĩng, ĩng; ȳng, ȳng, ȳng; ȳng, ũng, ũng; oung.
 rā, rǎ, râr, ră, ra, ráf; rē, rĕr, rĕ;
 rī, rī; rō, rō, rō; ru, rū, rū; rou.

4. ăth, ăth, ăth, ăth, ăth, ăth, ăth, ăth, ăth, ăth;
 pēople, kēy, valise, fiēld.

For ě, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *any*, *said*, *says*, *head*, *heifer*, *leopard*, *friend*, *bury*, *guess*.

For ē, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *earth*, *girl*, *word*, *souerge*, *burn*, *guerdon*, *myrrh*.

5. yā, yǎ, yä, ya, yâr, yân ; yē, yě, yēr ;
 yī, yǐ ; yō, yǒ, yo ; yū, yǔ, yu ; you.
 zou ; zōo, zū, zū ; zōo, zǒ, zō ; zī, zī ;
 zēr, zě ; zē ; zâf, zêr, za, zä, ză, ză.
 ouzh ; ۇzh, ũzh, ūzh ; օzh, օzh, օzh ; ֶzh, ֶzh ;
 ěrzh, ězh, ězh ; âf, ârzh, azh, äzh, äzh, äzh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fā, fǎ, fä, fa, fâr, fâs ; fē, fě, fēr ;
 īf, īf ; ōf, ōf, of ; ūf, ūf, uf ; ouf.
 hēr, hân, ha, hă, hā, hă ; hē, hē, hēr ;
 hī, hī ; hō, hǒ, hu ; hū, hu, hū ; hou.
 āk, āk, ak, äk, ârk, âf ; ěk, ěk, ěrk ;
 kī, kī ; kō, kǒ, ko ; kū, ku, kū ; kou.
 2. ep, äp, äp, ôp, êrp, páf ; pē, pī, pēr ;
 pī, pī ; ôp, ôop, ap ; pū, pū, pōo ; oup.
 âf, êrs, ôs, äs, äs, es ; sīr, sē, sī ;
 is, is ; us, as, os ; so, sū, sū ; ous.
 tās, târ, ta, ât, ât, ât ; tēr, êt, êt ;
 tŷ, tŷ ; tǒ, tōo, tō ; üt, üt, üt ; tou.
 3. thâf, thâr, tha, thă, thā, thă ; thēr, thē, thē ;
 ith, ith ; ōth, ofh, ōth ; ūth, ūth, uth ; outh.
 ouch ; uch, ūch, ūch ; ōch, och, ōch ; ich, ich ;
 ěrch, ěch, ěch ; châf, chā, chă, châr, cha, chă.
 oush ; uŷh, ūsh, ūsh ; ōsh, oŷh, ōsh ; ish, ish ;
 shēr, shē, shē ; shân, shâr, shā, sha, shă, shă.
 whou ; whū, whū, whū ; whō, who, whō ; whī, whī ;
 whēr, whē, whē ; whâs, whâr, whă, whă, whā, wha.

oral element is produced by the same
 in a similar manner as the second oral element represented
 by *z* ; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe*
 formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is
 silent ; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It repre-
 sents the oral element usually represented by *o* ; hence,
 a phonetic equivalent of *o*.

uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; sä v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters; salve—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f*; hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh o—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters, sh o—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination oe is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by *o*; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of *o*.

VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A *AS the Name of a Letter*, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should be pronounced *ā* (*ā* in *āge*); as, I said *three* boys knew the letter *ā*, not *ā* boy knew it.

2. *The Word A*, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (*ă*),¹ though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in *ask*, *grass*; as,

Give *ă* baby sister *ă* smile, *ă* kind word, and *ă* kiss.

3. *The*, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced *thŭ*; as,

The (*thŭ*) peach, the (*thŭ*) plum, *thē* apple, and the (*thŭ*) cherry are yours. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. *U Preceded by R*.—When *u* long (*u* in *tŭbe*), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do*; as,

Are you sure that shrewd youth was rude?

5. *R may be Trilled* when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

Pupils will read the sentences several times, analyze the words, and tell what rules the exercises illustrate.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. ^{gold}Thŭ bōld bād baiz brōk bōlts ānd bārz.

2. Thŭ rōgz rŭsht round thŭ rŭf rēd rōks.

3. Hī ōn ā hīl Hū hērd harsēz harnī hōfs.

4. Shor al hēr pāthz ār pāthz ōv pēs.

5. Bā! thāt'z nōt siks dōllārz, bŭt ā dōllār.

6. Chärj thē ōld măn to chōz ā chāis chēz.

¹ **A Initial**.—*A* in many words, or volume of sound being less than as an initial unaccented syllable, is that of a *sixth power* (*ă*), as in *ălās*, also marked short (*ă*), its quantity *ămăss*, *ăbăft*.

7. Līt sēking līt, hāth līt öv līt bēgild.
8. Thōz yofhs wīth troths yūz öthz.
9. Arm it wīth rāgz, ā pigmī strā wīl pērs it.
10. Nou sēt thū tēth ānd strēch thū nōstrīl wīd.
11. Hē wōcht ānd wēpt, hē fēlt ānd prād fār āll.
12. Hīz īz āmīdst thū mīsts, mēzhērd ān āzhēr skī.
13. Thū whālz whēld ānd whērld, ānd bārd thār brād,
broun bāks.
14. Jāsn Jōnz sēd, Lūnā, ālās, āmās, vīllā.
15. Thū strīf sēsēth, pēs āpprōchēth, ānd thū gud
mān rējaisēth.
16. Our shrod ānts yūzd shrūgz, ānd shārp, shrīl
shrēks.
17. Amīdst thū mīsts ānd kōldēst frōsts, wīth bārēst
rīsts ānd stoutēst bōsts, hē thrūsts hīz fīsts āgēnst thū
pōsts, ānd stīl īnsīsts hē sēz thū gōsts.
18. A stārm ārīzēth ōn thū sē. A mōdēl vēssēl īz
strūggllīng āmīdst thū wār öv ēlēments, kwīvēring ānd
shīvēring, shrīngkīng ānd bātllīng līk ā thīngkīng bēīng.

II. SYLLABICATION.

or heavy syllable, a *pèn*. It is not a *book* I want.

2. *There* must go *on*. We must fight it *through*.
voice: the *he* will raise up *armies*; the *cause* will create *navies*.
TION, and thenake this a glōrious, an immortal day. When
are in our graves, our children will honor it.
4. A *trisyllable* is a word of *three* syllables, as,
con-fine-ment.

5. A *Polysyllable* is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy*, *un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty*.

Let pupils tell the number of syllables in words that are not monosyllables, in the following

EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.

1. When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done.

2. A kind word, an encouraging expression—trifles in themselves light as air—may make some heart glad for at least twenty-four hours.

3. A life of idleness is not a life of pleasure. Only activity and usefulness afford happiness. The most miserable are those who have nothing to do.

4. Would you be free from uneasiness of mind, do nothing that you know or think to be wrong. Would you enjoy the purest pleasure, do always and everywhere what you see to be unquestionably right.

5. If the spring put forth no blossom, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable.

III. ACCENT.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. *In many Trisyllables and Polysyllables*, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary*; as *hab-i-TA-tion*.

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

Pupils will read the sentences several times, analyze the words, and tell what rules the exercises illustrate.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

3. *The Mark of Acute Accent*, heavy, ['] is often used to indicate *primary* accent; *light*, ['] *secondary* accent; as,

Hostil'ity brought vic'tory, not ig'nomin'ious defeat'.

4. *The Mark of Grave Accent*, ['] is here used to indicate, *first*, that the vowel over which it is placed forms a separate syllable; and, *secondly*, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; as,

An agèd and learnèd man caught that wingèd thing for his belovèd pupils. Her goodnèss [not *goodniss*] moved the roughèst [not *roughist*].

Pupils will give the office of each *mark* in these

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. No'tice the marks of ae'cent, and al'ways accent' còrrèct'ly the words *in'teresting*, *cir'cumstances*, *dif'ficulty*.

2. That blèssèd and belòvèd child loves évèry wingèd thing.

3. He that is slow to ánger is bétter 'ngs.' 'Those were her he that rùlèth his spírit than 't'.

4. A spírit of kínd —————
young, in 't'.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

It is illustrated by each of the following *Inflect.*

the greater. EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

or heavy syllable. It is not a *book* I want.

2. *The* must go *on*. We must fight it *through*.
voice: the *he* will raise up *armies*; the *cause* will create *navies*.
TION, and thenake this a glòrious, an immortal day. When
e are in our graves, our children will honor it.

5. Do you see that bright *stár*? *Yès*: it is splèndid.

6. Dóes that beautiful lady deserve *práise*, or *blàme*?

7. Is a candle to be put under a *búshel*, or under a *béd*?

8. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.

9. Do men gáther grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?

10. *Thère* is a tide in the affairs of *mén*, which, taken at the

3. *The Rising Inflection* is the upward bend or
of the voice; as,

EXPRESSION has to do with words in sentences and extended discourse. It enables the hearer to see, feel, and understand.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar fōrce given to one or mōre words of a sentence.

2. *To give a Word Emphasis*, means to pronounce it in a loud¹ or forcible manner. No uncommon tone is

5. If the spring put ^{may} be made emphatic by prolong-
be no beauty, and in autumn pause, or even by a whisper.
away without improvement, manhood printed in *Italics* ;
temptible, and old age miserable. and those that

III. ACCENT.

ACCENT is the peculiar fōrce given to one or mōre syllables of a word.

2. *In many Trisyllables and Polysyllables*, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The mōre fōrcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible. *secondary* ; as *hab-i-TA-tion*.

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*

Pupils will read the sentences several times, analyze the words, and tell what rules the exercises illustrate.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

3. *The Mark of Acute Accent*, heavy, ['] is often used to indicate *primary* accent ; *light*, ['] *secondary* accent ; as,

Hostil'ity brought vic'tory, not ig'nomin'ious defeat'.

4. *The Mark of Grave Accent*, ['] is here used to indicate, *first*, that the vowel over which it is placed ^{forms a separate syllable} ; and, *secondly*, that the vowel ^{is not to be pronounced with more force, but to volume of} explain to the class the fact, that voice, used on the same key or pitch, loudness has not, of necessity, refer- when reading or speaking.

7. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.

8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

9. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES ; where *foxes*, GEESE.

10. My friends, our *country must* be FREE ! The land is never *lost*, that has a son to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones !

11. Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm*, so *free* from mark of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon.

12. " When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the LIGHT, and had the SKY *above it always*." Those were her words.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

It is illustrated by each of the following

Inflect.

the greater EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

or heavy syllable, a pen. It is not a *book* I want.

2. *There* must go *on*. We must fight it *through*.
voice : the *king* will raise up *armies* ; the *cause* will create *navies*.
TION, and then make this a glorious, an immortal day. When
we are in our graves, our children will honor it.

5. Do you see that bright *star* ? *Yes* : it is splendid.

6. Does that beautiful lady deserve *praise*, or *blame* ?

7. Is a candle to be put under a *bushel*, or under a *bed* ?

8. Hunting *men*, not *beasts*, shall be his game.

9. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles ?

10. There is a tide in the affairs of *men*, which, taken at the

3. *The Rising Inflection* is the upward bend or slide of the voice ; as,

Do you love your *home* ?

4. *The Falling Inflection* is the downward bend or slide of the voice ; as,

When are you going ^{home?}

5. *The Circumflex* is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. *The Acute Accent* ['] is used to mark the *rising* inflection ; the grave accent [`] the *falling* inflection ; as,

Will you réad, or spèll?

7. *The Falling Circumflex*, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide, is marked thus \frown ; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus \smile , which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted ; as,

You must take me for a fool, to think I could do that.

II.

syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary* and the less forcible. *secondary* ; as *hab-i-TA-tr* all ideās
He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not whenever

Pupils will read the sentences several times ; as, the words, and tell what rules the exercises charge you !

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION

3. *The Mark of Acute Accent, heavy*, ['] is often used to indicate *primary* accent ; *light*, ['] *secondary* accent ; as,

Hostil'ity brought vic'tory, not ig'nomin'ious defeat'.

4. *The Mark of Grave Accent*, [`] is here used to indicate *secondary* accent ; the words, *yes* or *no*, require the *rising* inflection ; but their answers, when positive, the *falling* ; as,

Do you love Máry? Yès ; I dō.

4. *Declarative Questions*, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *falling* inflection ; as,

What mèans this stìr in town ? When are you going to Ròme ?

5. *When Words or Clauses contrast or compare*, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection ; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur ; as,

I have seen the effects of *love* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despàir*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

6. *The Circumflex is used* when the thòughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, double-meaning, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection ; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection ; as,

The beggar intends to *ride*, not to *walk*. Ah, she loves *you* !

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. I want a *pèn*. It is not a *bóok* I want.
2. The war must go *òn*. We must fight it *thròugh*.
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies* ; the *càuse* will create *nàvies*.
4. We shall make this a glòrious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.
5. Do you see that bright *stár* ? Yès : it is splèndid.
6. Dòes that beautiful lady deserve *práise*, or *blàme* ?
7. Is a candle to be put under a *búshel*, or under a *béd* ?
8. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.
9. Do men gáther grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles ?
10. Thère is a *tìde* in the affairs of *mén*, which, taken at the *flóod*, leads on to *fórtune*.
11. Sínk or swím, líve or *dìe*, *survív*e or *pèr*ish, I give my hand and *hèart* to this vote.

12. If Caudle says so, then all must believe it, of course.

13. Is this a time to be gloomy and sad

When our mother Nature laughs around ;

When even the deep blue heavens look glad,

And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

14. Ah, it was Maud that gave it ! I never thought, under any circumstances, it could be you !

III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in stronger relief.

2. *Slur must be Employed* in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition or explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance ; and often when *qualification of time, place, or manner* is made.

3. *The Parts which are to be Slurred* in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the *unmarked* examples in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. I am sure, *if you provide for your young brothers and sisters*, that God will bless you.

2. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.

3. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries*,

In the shoals of the sparkling brook ;

Laughing maidens, *with soft young eyes*,

Walk or sit in the shady nook.

4. The sick man *from his chamber* looks at the twisted brooks ; and, *feeling the cool breath of each little pool*, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

5. The cālm shade shall bring a kindred cālm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dānce, shall wāft a bālm to thy sick heart.

6. Young eyes, that lāst year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel ;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Bêar redder stains of quārel.

7. If thêre's a Power above us—and *that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works*—He must delight in vîrtue ; and that which He delights in must be happy.

8. The village chûrch, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

IV. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. *The Pause is marked* thus ♫ in the following illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE *Subject of a Sentence*, or that of which something is declared, when *either emphatic or compound*, requires a pause after it ; as,

The *cause* ♫ will raise up armies. *Sincerity and truth* ♫ form the basis of every virtue.

2. *Two Nouns in the same Case*, without a connecting word, require a pause between them ; as,

I admire Webster ¶ the orator.

3. *Adjectives that follow* the words they qualify or limit require pauses immediately before them ; as,

He had a mind ¶ deep ¶ active ¶ well stored with knowledge

4. *But, hence*, and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them ; as,

But ¶ these joys are his. Hence ¶ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ¶ the beginning of wisdom.

5. *In Cases of Ellipsis*, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted ; as,

He thanked Mary many times ¶ Kate but once. Call this man friend ¶ that ¶ brother.

6. *A Sturred Passage* requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it ; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird ¶ though none of the homeliest ¶ has nothing bright or showy in it.

Pupils will tell which of the rules are illustrated by the following

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. All promise ¶ is poor dilatory man.

2. Procrastination is the thief of time.

3. Weeping ¶ may endure for a night ¶ ¶ but joy ¶ cometh in the morning.

4. Paul ¶ the Apostle ¶ wrote to Timothy.

5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of IsraëL.

6. He was a friend ¶ gentle ¶ generous ¶ good-humored ¶ affectionate.

7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.

8. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.

9. But ¶ I shall say no more ¶ pity and charity being dead ¶ to a heart of stone.

10. Husbands and fathers ¶ think of their wives and children.

13. *Marks of Ellipsis* [— ****] are formed by means of a long dash, or of a succession of periods. SUCH *Points or Marks* are here introduced as are necessary, in written or printed language, to make plain the meaning of the writer, or to mark a portion of the pauses used in good reading. The teacher will employ this for a reading lesson, and not for a task, making all necessary additional explanations.

1. *The Comma* [,] marks the smallest division of a sentence, and represents the shortest pause ; as,

The butterfly, child of the summer, flutters in the sun.

2. *The Semicolon* [;] separates such parts of a sentence as are less closely connected than those divided by a comma, and usually represents a longer pause ; as,

The noblest men and women have been children once ; lisping the speech, laughing the laugh, thinking the thought, of childhood.

3. *The Colon* [:] separates parts of a sentence less closely connected than those divided by a semicolon, and usually represents a longer pause ; as,

He who receives a good turn should never forget it : he who does one should never remember it.

4. *The Period* [.] is placed at the close of a sentence which declares something, and usually represents a full stop. It must be used after an abbreviated word ; as,

If you will, you can rise. Send the clothing and the money to Geo. W. Stevenson, Esq.

5. *The Interrogation Point* [?] shows that a question is asked ; as,

You say you will do better to-morrow ; but are you sure of to-morrow ? Have you one hour in your hand ?

6. *The Exclamation Point* [!] is placed after words that express surprise, astonishment, admiration, and other strong feelings ; as,

Alas my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !

2. *Two Nouns in the same Case*, without a connecting word, require a pause between them ; as,
 Where, where are you going to sign your name, my

Was there ever a braver soldier? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. There are two kinds of evils—those which can not be cured, and those which can.

8. *Marks of Parenthesis* () are used to inclose words that interrupt the progress of the sentence in which they appear, and that can be omitted without injury to its sense. They should be *slurred* in reading ; as,


Whether playing ball or riding on horseback (*for he rides often*), the boy knows both how to start and when to stop.


9. *Brackets* [] are chiefly used to inclose words that serve to explain one or more words of a sentence, or to point out a reference ; as,

Washington [the Father of his Country] made this remark. You will find an account of the creation in the Bible. [See Genesis, chap. i.]

10. *Marks of Quotation* [“ ”] are used to show that the real or supposed words of another are given. A quotation written within a quotation requires only single marks ; as,

“If this poor man,” said my father, “thus earnestly says, ‘I thank God that He is good to me,’ how can we express our thanks for his many mercies !”

11. *The Index, or Hand* [], points out a passage for special attention ; as,

 All orders will be promptly and carefully attended to.

12. *The Apostrophe* [’], looking like a comma placed above the line, denotes the omission of one or more letters. It is also used before *s* in the singular number, and after *s* in the plural, to mark possession ; as,

Do not ask who’ll go with you : go ahead. Uncle bought Oōrā’s shoes, and the boys’ hats.

13. *Marks of Ellipsis* [— ****] are formed by means of a long dash, or of a succession of periods or stars of various lengths, and are used to indicate the omission of letters in a word, of words in a sentence, or of one or more sentences ; as,

Friend C——s is in trouble. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy Gōd with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.” “Charity sufferèth long, and is kind ; **** beàrèth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.”

14. *The Hyphen* [-] is placed after a syllable ending a line, to show that the remainder of the word begins the next line. It usually unites the words of which a compound is formed, when each of them retains its original accent ; as,

We thank the all'-wise' Gōd for the in'cense-brēath'ing morn.

15. *Marks of Reference*.—The Asterisk, or Star [*], the Obelisk, or Dagger [†], the Double Dagger [‡], the Section [§], Parallel Lines [||], and the Paragraph [¶], are used, in the order named, when references are made to remarks or notes in the margin, at the bottom of the page, or some other part of the book. Letters and figures are often used for marks of reference.

16. *The Dieresis* [¨] is placed over the latter of two vowels to show that they form separate syllables ; as,

His ideās of the Creātor were formed in those aērial heights.

Pupils will be required to give the names and uses of all the *marks* in the following

EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION.

1. The true lover of beauty sees it in the lowliēst flower, meets it in evēry pāth, enjoys it everywhere.

2. Stones grow ; vegetables grow and live ; animals grow, live, and feel.

3. Do not insult a pōor man : his misery entitles him to pity.

4. I take—eh ! oh !—as much exercise—eh !—as I can, Madam Gout. Yqu know my inactive state.

5. "Honest boys," said I, "be so good as to tell me whether I am in the wāy to Richmond."

6. "A pure and gentle soul," said he, "ōften feels that this world is full of beauty, full of innocent gladness."

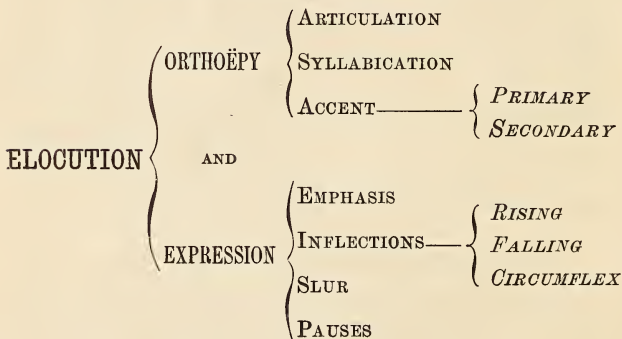
7. Has God provided for the pōor a cōarser ěarth, a rougher sea, thinner āir, a paler sky?

8. Angry children are like men standing on their heads: they see all things the wrōng wāy. To rŭle one's anger is well: to prevent it is better.

9. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old, gnarlèd oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling.

10. What do you sāy? What? I reālly do not understand you. Be so good as to explain yourself again. Upon my word, I do not.—Oh! now I know: you mean to tell me it is a cold day. Why did you not sāy at once, "It is cold to-day?"

GENERAL DIAGRAM.



2. THE FAIRY FLOWER.

PART SECOND.

1. Clăra was growing by the side of a wide, flat
the moon cast the shadow of a beautiful
g and slender stem, upon the rock. She was
and the dew came and comforted her, and in the
1. could not help looking at herself in the brook,
PART FIRST.

ONCE there was a¹ little girl whose name was Clăra. She had a very kind heart, but she was an only child and had been petted² so much that she was likely to become very selfish. Too late her mother lamented³ that she had indulged her so much, and strove to repair the⁴ mischief and to make Clara think of other people's happiness, and not solely⁵ of her own.

2. On some days nothing⁶ could be more charming than Clara's ways. She was gentle and obliging, and sang all day long, and made every one who came near her happy by her agreeable manners. Then everybody admired her.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

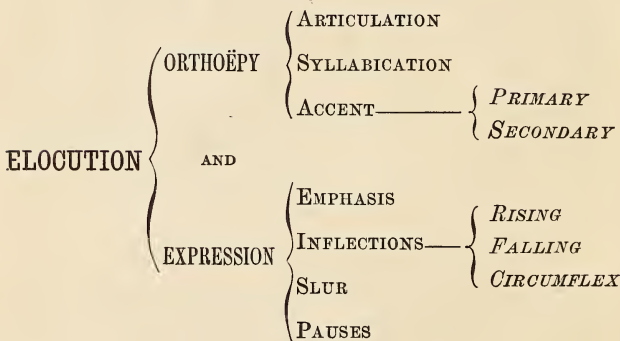
I. TONICS.

7. Angry children are like men standing for a : as, they see all things the wrong way. To rule one's anger is well : to prevent it is better.

9. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old, gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling.

10. What do you say? What? I really do not understand you. Be so good as to explain yourself again. Upon my word, I do not.—Oh! now I know: you mean to tell me it is a cold day. Why did you not say at once, “It is cold to-day?”

GENERAL DIAGRAM.



en the crystal old man took the flowers out of her
 were wet with moisture, and he shook them over
 d said, "Change to a flower! Go and stand by
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GENERAL DIAGRAM.

{	ARTICULATION	{	PRIMARY	
	ORTHOËPY			SYLLABICATION
	ACCENT			

as, vat: 12. w; as, wig: 13. y; as, yet: 14. z, or
s; as, zinc, his: 15. z, or zh; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; as, fife: 2. h; as, hot: 3. k, or c; as, kink, eat: 4. p; as, pop: 5. s, or ç; as, sense, city: 6. t; as, tart: 7. Th, or th; as, Thorn, pith: 8. Ch, or ch; as, Charles, rich: 9. Sh, sh, or çh; as, Sharon, ash, chaise: 10. Wh, or wh; as, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; as, often (ôf'n): x for gz; as, ex æt'.

en the crystal old man took the flowers out of her
were wet with moisture, and he shook them over
d said, "Change to a flower! Go and stand by
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2. On some days nothing⁶ could be more charming than Clara's ways. She was gentle and obliging, and sang all day long, and made every one who came near her happy by her agreeable manners. Then everybody admired her, and her mother and aunt⁷ were sure⁸ that she was⁹ cured of her pettish dispositions.

3. But the very next day, all her charming ways were exchanged. She carried a moody¹⁰ face. She was no longer courteous,¹¹ and every one who came near her felt the chill of her manner, as if an east wind were blowing with her breath.

¹ A (ă), see Rule 2, p. 24.

² Păt'ted, treated as a pet; indulged.

³ La mēnt'ed, felt deep regret or sorrow; mourned.

⁴ The (thă), see Rule 3, p. 24.

⁵ Săle'ly, alone; only.

⁶ Nothing (năh'ing), no thing.

⁷ Aunt (ănt).

⁸ Sure (shqr), see Rule 4, p. 24.

⁹ Was (wöz).

¹⁰ Mood'y, angry; peevish; sad.

¹¹ Courteous, (kért'e us), well-bred; polite; obliging.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUL

y, Clăra went
ured through
r light.

appy. She
ad tried to
happy and

I. TONICS.

1. Angry children are like men standing with their head back
they see all things the wrong way. To rule one's ar
to prevent it is better. arrange thing

9. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thins in his basket,
gnarlèd oak can be twisted as easily as the youngful of flowers,

10. What do you say? What? I really do r
you. Be so good as to explain yourself again. r, will you help
I do not.—Oh! now I know: you mean to tellmake it lighter.”
day Why did you not say at once, “It is cold, “Go away!”

8. Then he said, “I am poor and suffering. Will you not
lighten my load?” Then Clara condescended³ to take the
flowers out of his basket. They were very beautiful, and she
laid them in her lap.

9. The old man said, “My daughter, you have not light-
ened my basket: you have only taken the pleasant things out
of it, and left the heavy, heavy stones. Oh, please lift one of
them out of the basket!”

10. Then Clara was angry, and said, “No, get you gone—I
will not touch those dirty stones.”

11. No sooner had she said this than the old man began to
chänge before her, and became so bright and white, that he
looked like a column of crystal.⁴ Then he took one of the
stones and cast it out of the window; and down it went at
great speed until it reached the eastern side of a grove, where the
sun shone first every morning; and close by it ran a brook
that laughed⁵ and loitered⁶ and sported all day and night, and
played with every thing that would come to it.

¹ Im äg'ine, form in the mind an
idea or notion of; think.

² Mused, studied silently; thought
deeply.

³ Con'de scënd'ed, descended or
stooped; deigned.

⁴ Crÿs'tal, a very clear and fine
kind of glass; any thing that looks
like crystal.

⁵ Laughed (läft).

⁶ Loi'tered, lingered or stopped
idly for no cause; moved slowly.

12. And then the crystal old man took the flowers out of her lap, and they were wet with moisture, and he shook them over her head, and said, "Change to a flower! Go and stand by the stone, till your shadow shall be marked upon the rock."

II.

2. THE FAIRY FLOWER.

PART SECOND.

IN a second, Clără was growing by the side of a wide, flat stone, and the moon cast the shadow of a beautiful flower, with long and slender stem, upon the rock. She was very wretched, and the dew came and comforted her, and in the morning she could not help looking at herself in the brook, that came close up to the stone, and she saw how beautiful she was.

2. All day her shadow fell on the rock, and when the sun went away the shadow went away too. All night she threw a pale shadow on the rock, and in the morning, when the moon went away, the shadow went away too.

3. And the rock lay still, all day and all night, and did not care for the flower, nor feel its shadow. And she gazed long and wistfully; but what could a tender flower do with a hard rock?

4. And the flower asked the brook, "Can you help me?" And the brook laughed out louder than it was laughing before, and said, "Ask the birds."

5. And so she asked a böbolink, and he came frisking to her, with a wonderful speech in Latin, Greek, and Sÿ'riäe, with some words from the great language that was before all other languages. And he alighted upon the flower, and teetered up and down, till she thought her back would break; but he could not teach her how to make her shadow stay upon the rock.

6. Then she asked a spider; and he spun a web from her bright blossoms, and fastened it to the rock, and bent her over, and tied her up, till she feared she would never get loose. But all his nice films did her no good, and her shadow would not stay upon the rock.

7. Then she asked the wind to help hēr ; and the wind blew āwāy the spider's web, and blew so hard that the flower lāy its whōle length upōn the rock , but when the wind left her and she rose up, thêre wāş no shădōw there. And she said, "What is beauty worth, if it grows by the side of a stōne that dōes not feel it, nor cāre for it ?"

8. Then she asked the dew to help her. And the dew said, "How can I help you ? I live contentedly in darknēss. I put on my beaūty ōnly to please other things. I let the sun come through my drops, though I know it will consume¹ me."

9. The flower said, "I wish I wêre dew. I wōuld do some good. Now my beaūty dōes me no good, and I am wasting it ēvēry dāy upōn a rock." When the flower breathed this benevolent² wish, thêre were flutters and whispers all around, but the flower thought it wāş ōnly the brōok.

10. The next day came that wāy a beautiful gīrl. She was gāthēring ferns and mōsses and flowers. Whenever she saw a tuft of moss, she said, "Please, dear moss, may I take you ?" And when she saw a beautiful brānch with scarlet leaves, she said, "Dear bush, may I take these leaves ?"

11. And then she saw a beautiful cōl'umbīne growing by the edge of a rock, and she said, "O sweet Columbine ! may I pluck you ?" And the flower said, "Please, I must not go till my shadow is fāstened on the rock."

12. Then the young lady tōok from her case a pencil, and in a mōmēt traced the shadow of the columbine upōn the rock ; and when she had dōne, she reached her hand and took the stem lōw down and broke it ōff. Then Clără sprang up from her chāir by the wīndōw, and there stood her mother saying,

13. "My dear daughter, you should not fall asleep by an ōpen window, not even in summer, my child. How damp you are ! Come, hāsten to bed."

14. It was many days before Clara could persuade herself that she had ōnly dreamed. It was many mōnth's before she told the dream to her mother. And when she did, her mother said, "Ah, Clara, would that all girls might dream, if ōnly it made them as good as your dream has made you."

¹ Cōn sūme', waste away slowly ;
destroy.

² Be nēv'ō lent, having a wish to
do good ; kind.

III.

3. FIVE PEAS IN THE SHELL.

PART FIRST.

FIVE peas sat in a pea-shell. They wêre green, and the shell waş green; thêrefôre,¹ they thôught that the whôle world must be green; in which opinion² they were about right. The shell grew,³ and the peas grew too. They could accommodate⁴ themselves vëry well to their nărrôw house, and sat very happily together, all five in a rôw.

2. The sun shône outside and warmed the shell. The rain made it so clear that you could see through it. It was vëry warm and pleasant in there—clear by day and dark by night, just as it should be. The five peas grew vëry făst,⁵ and became more intelligent⁶ the older they wêre.

3. “Shall I always be compelled⁷ to sît here?” said one to the rest. “I reălly am afraid that I shall gêt hard from sitting constantly. I do believe strange things are going òn outside of our shell as well as in here.”

4. Weeks păsşed on, and the peas became yëllôw, and the shell grew yellow too. “All the world is yellow!” said they. And we can not blame them, under the cîr’cumstances,⁸ for the exclamation.⁹

5. One dăy thêir house waş struck as if by lightning. They were tôrñ ôff by somebody’s hand, and were put¹⁰ into a côat-pocket which was already nearly filled with peas. “Now there is going to be an end of us,” they sighed to one another, and they began to prepăre themselves for their chănge.

6. “But if we live, I should like to hear from the one who goes fărthest,” said the largëst pea. “It will sôon be over with us all,” said the smallëst pea. But the largest one replied, “Come whăt will, I am ready.”

7. Knack! The shell bûrst, and all five rolled out into

¹ Therefore (thêr’ fôr), for that or this rëason.

² O pîn’ ion (-yun), view or belief.

³ Grew (grô), see Rule 4, p. 24.

⁴ Ac com’ mo dăte, suit; fit.

⁵ Fast (făst), see Note 3, p. 16.

⁶ In têt’ li gënt, knowing.

⁷ Com pëlled’, obliged; forced.

⁸ Circumstance (sêr’ kûm stans), one of the thîngs that surround us in our păth of life.

⁹ Ex’ cla măt’ tion, remark of pain, anger, sûrprise, &c.; outery.

¹⁰ Put (put).

the bright sunshine. Soon they lay in a little boy's hand. He held them fast, and said they would be excellent for his little gun. Almost immediately they were rolling down the barrel of his shot-gun. Out again they went into the wide world.

8. "Now I am flying out into the world. Catch me if you can." So said one, and he was very soon out of sight.

9. The second said, "I am going to fly up to the sun. That is a charming shell, and would be just about large enough for me," and off he flew.

10. "Wherever we go we are going to bed," said two others; and they hit the roof¹ of a great stone house, and rolled down on the ground.

11. "I am going to make the best of my lot," said the last one; and it went high up, but came down against the balcony² window of an old house, and caught there in a little tuft of moss. The moss closed up, and there lay the pea.

12. Everybody seemed to forget that little pea. But not so: God remembered it well. "I shall make the best of my lot," it said, as it lay there.

13. A poor woman³ lived in a room back of the balcony window. She spent the whole day in making little toys of wood and shells, which was her way of getting a little money. She had a good strong body, but nevertheless she was a very poor widow, and the prospect was that she would always be one.

14. In that little room lived her half-grown, delicate⁴ daughter. A whole year she had been lying there, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die. "She will soon go off to see her little sister!" sighed the mother. "I had two children, and it was a difficult⁵ task for me to take care of them both. But the Lord has taken one of them to live with Him.

15. "I should like to keep this one with me; but it appears as if God wants them both with Him. Soon she will go and see her sister." But the sick girl still lived, and lay patiently⁶ on her sick bed, while her mother worked hard for her daily bread.

¹ Roof (rɔf).

² Băl' co nŭ, a platform on the outer walls of buildings.

³ Woman (wum' an).

⁴ Děl' i cate, nice; tender; feeble.

⁵ Dif' fi cŭlt, not easy.

⁶ Patiently (pă' shĕnt lĭ), without complaint or mŭrmŭring.

13. The two which went off together fared no better, for they were both devoured¹ by hungry pigeons. The fourth pea, which went off toward the sun, did not get half-way there, but fell into a water-spout, and lay there for weeks growing larger all the time.

14. "I am getting so corpulent,"² it said one day, "I shall soon burst, I am afraid, and that will certainly be the last of me." And the chimney, who afterward wrote his epitaph,³ told me a few days ago that he did burst. So that was the last of him.

15. But the sick girl stood one day, with bright eyes and red cheeks, at her mother's window, and, folding her hands over the beautiful pea-vine, thanked her Heavenly Father for his goodness.

to be used V.

to a hospital, as it was then called; but in
ouse.³

ONE hot summer morning a little cloud rose out of the sea, and glided lightly, like a playful child, through the blue sky and over the wide earth which lay parched and languishing⁵ from the long drought.⁶

2. As the little cloud sailed along, she saw far beneath⁷ her the poor laborers toiling⁸ in the sweat of their brows, while she was wafted along by the light breath of the morning, free from care and toil.

3. "Ah!" said she, "could I but do something to lighten the labors of those poor men upon the earth, drive away their cares, give refreshment to the thirsty⁹ and food to the hungry!" And the day went on, and the cloud grew bigger and bigger; and as she grew, her desire to devote her life to mankind grew likewise stronger.

¹ Devoured', eaten greedily.

² Pigeons (pij'unz).

³ Cor' pu lent, fleshy; fat.

⁴ Ep' i taph, a writing on a monument in memory of the dead.

⁵ Languishing (läng' gwish ing), pining; suffering, as from heat or dryness.

⁶ Drought (drou't), want of rain; a long continuance of dry weather.

⁷ Beneath', lower in place, rank, or worth; under.

⁸ Toiling, laboring painfully and wearily; over-laboring.

⁹ Thirsty (thērst' i), suffering from want of drink.

4. But on the ěarth the heat waxed¹ mōre intense ;² the sun's rāys būrned like fire, till the wearied laborers nearly fainted in the fields ; and yĕt they worked on and on, for they were vĕry pōōr. From time to time they cast a piteous³ lōōk up at the eloud, as much as to sāy, "Ah, that you woulĎ help us !"

5. "I *will* help you," said the cloud ; and she began to sink gently down. But presently she remembered what she had once hĕard⁴ when a little child, in the depĥs of the sea, that, if a cloud ventures too near the earth, she dies.

6. For awhile she wavered, and waş driven hither and thither by her thōughts ; but at lengĥ she stood still, and, with all the glādnĕss of a good resolution, she cried, "Ye weary men who are toiling on the earth, I will help you !"

7. Filled with this thought, the cloud suddenly expanded to a gĭgāntic⁵ size. She had never imāined⁶ ĥerself capable of mōss. The moss closed up, and there lāy the pe stōōd above the

12. Everybody seemed to forgĕt that littlĕ pĕd fields ; and her ĥōlĥr wānĥrĕsĭtĭg wālls, "Lĥĥllmĭtāĥt she filled man and beast with fear, and the trees and the grāss bent befōre her, while yĕt they all well knew that she was their benefactress.⁶

8. "Ay ;⁷ I will help you," said (sĕd) the cloud again ; "re-ceive me—I die for you !" The energy⁸ of a mighty pŭrpose thrilled through her ; a brilliant flash gleamed ācrōss her, and the thunder rōared.

9. Strōng was that will, and stronger still the love, pĕnĕtratĕd⁹ by which she fell, and dissolved in a shower that shed blessings on the earth. The rain was her work ; the rain was also her death, and the act was glōrĭōŭs.

10. Far over the land, as wide as the rain extended, a brilliant bow was bent, formed of the pŭrĕst rays of the upper hĕāvĕns ; it was the lāst greeting of that self-sacrificing spirit of love. The rainbow vanished, but the blessing of the cloud lōng rested upon the land which she had saved.

¹ Wāxed, became ; grew.

² In tĕnsĕ', fierce ; very great.

³ Pĭt'e ōŭs, fitted to awaken pity ; sorrowful.

⁴ Heard (hĕrd).

⁵ Gĭ gān'tic, huge ; vĕry large.

⁶ Bĕn'e fĭc'tress, a female who confers a benefit or does good.

⁷ Ay (āi), yes.

⁸ Ēn'er ġŷ, strength ; fōrce.

⁹ Pĕn'e trā'ted, entered into ; touched with feeling.

SECTION II.

I.

1 And brothers four, and sisters three,

But mother she has none ;¹

J EAN VIDAL¹ was a boy nine years old. He was laid
 Aurillac,² France. His mother, a widōw, from being rich
 became vëry pōor. She had four sons, of whom Jëan was
 the yōungèst.

2. Two kind gentlemen obtained good places for the three
 older boys ; but as Jean was a bright lad, they sent him to a
 bōarding-school that he might be well educated. The expense
 of doing this, and supporting his mother at the same time,
 they soon found to be too great, and so resolved to send the
 poor old mother to a hōspital, as it was then called ; but in
 reälity an älms-house.³

3. The child, äwāy at school, knew nōthing of this. Wishing
 to break the matter to him as tenderly as possible, the curate⁴
 of the village invited Jean to his house for a hōlidāy ; and the
 boy came in his best clothes.

4. Just as he arrived the curate was called äwāy for a few
 minutes (mīn'īts), and while älonë, little Jean opened a book,
 when out fell a paper. It was an order to admit his mother
 to the hōspital. As soon as Jean read it, he left the house and
 ran back to school as fäst as he could go, put öff his hōlidāy
 clothes, and dressed himself in his ëvëry-day sūt.

5. "Ah, poor child !" said the curate, when the boy came
 back, "curiosity⁵ led you ästrāy ; but the fault has brought its
 own pūnishmënt ; you have been hiding yourself to cry over it."

6. "No, kind sir," answered the brave and noble little fëll-
 lōw ; "I have not been crying. I know it all. My mother
 shall not go to the hōspital : she would die of grief. I will
 not retürn to school. I will support her."

¹ Vidal (ve däl').

² Aurillac (ō'rël yäk').

³ Alms-house (ämz'hous), a house
 set apart for the use of the poor ; a
 poor-house.

⁴ Cū'rate, one who has the cure
 of souls ; a clergymän.

⁵ Cū'ri ös'i tÿ, a desire to seek
 äfter knowledge, or to gratify the
 mind with new information.

7. Touched and surprised, the curate tried to reason with him, and took him to several of his friends, who told him that he could best serve his mother by getting a good education, which would enable him, in after years, to provide for her comfort, as much as to say, "Ah, that you would help us hospital,

5. "I will help you," said the cloud; and she began gently down. But presents to help him, and I am sorry to say that they refused. Then he begged them to lend him a small sum, on which to begin some business (biz'nēs). Poor boy! only nine years old; what could he do? and they coldly and cruelly denied this also!

9. A tender child, alone, friendless—what a task he had before him! God leads the right purpose into right ways. Jean had a watch which the prefect¹ had given him as a reward for study and good conduct at school.

10. This, and some of his clothing, he sold, and with the small capital thus obtained, bought cakes and children's toys and went about the streets selling them. In this way he was able to earn money enough to keep both his mother and himself from want.

11. Dear little fellow! Do not your hearts grow warm toward him? Think of his pure love, and devotion, and care for his mother. Take that dear one, who had watched over him and cared for him so fondly in his infancy and childhood, to the almshouse! No! no! Not while he had heart, and brain, and hands!

12. Did little Jean persevere in his good work? Was he able to support his mother? Yes: nineteen years afterward, when he had grown to be a man, he was living as porter to an inn in Aurillac, still taking care of her, and making her happy by his loving attentions. During all these years, he had been faithful to her, refusing all offers that would separate him from his mother.

13. This life-devotion of Jean Vidal to his mother was a golden deed, precious in the eyes of Him who knoweth all hearts, and who, in His own good time, gives rich and unending rewards.

¹ Pré'fect, an officer in France who superintends one of the departments or divisions of the country, and has charge of its police force.

II.

7. THE WASHER-GIRL.

A FATHER sick and poor has she,
 And brothers fōur, and sisters three,
 But mother she has nōne;¹
 For lōng ago the tūrf² was laid
 Where never falls the willōw shade,
 And ne'er³ a flower has grown.

2. No time has she, the washer-girl,
 Her dress to trim, her hāir to cūrl,
 To read her books, or write;
 For whether summer breezes plāy,
 Or wild or wintry is the dāy,
 She toils from morn till night.
3. Her graceful arms are chapped and bâre,
 And dark the hands that would be fāir
 If life were less severe;
 The while she rubs, and boils, and wrings,
 Her blue eyes sparkle, and she sing⁴
 Some simple sōng of cheer.
4. Deep in the bubbles round and bright,
 Set in a frame of goldēn light,
 She views her cheerful face;
 Her arms, though red and bâre they be,
 Show in the bubbles prettily,⁴
 Their rounded, tapering grace.
5. And thus she toils the līve-lōng dāy;
 Methinks she toils her cāre āwāy,
 She never grieves, I know.
 To brothers fōur, and sisters three,
 Through all responsibility,⁵
 She's mother, sister, too.

¹ None (nūn), not one.

² Turf (tērf), see Note 4, p. 16.

³ Ne'er (nâr), never.

⁴ Prettily (prīt'ti lī).

⁵ Re spōn'si bīl'i tỹ, the state of being answerable, as for a trust or debt; that for which one is made answerable.

6. And oft I think how patiently,
 With what entire submission,¹ we
 Our pōrtion should receive ;
 And whether high or lōw it be,
 Or dark and drear, or fâir and free,
 Should never idly grieve ;
7. But fōllōw in the steps of One
 Who tēachèth little Mary Bonn
 Of life and love the way ;
 And every other humble heart
 How patiently to bear its part,
 Though dark may be the day.

III.

8. *HELPING FATHER.*

PART FIRST.

* **M**ONEY dōes not last² lōng nowadays, Clārissa," said Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. "It is ōnly a week since I received my month's salary, and now I have but little mōre than hălf of it left. I bought a cord of pine wōod to-dăy, and to-mōrrōw I must pay for that sūit of clothes which Dăn'iel has : that will be fifteen dollars mōre."

2. "And Daniel will need a pāir of new shōes in a day or two ; those he weārs now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear," said (sěd) Mrs. Andrews.—"How fāst he wears out shōes ! It seems hardly a fōrt'night since I bought the last shoes for him," said the father.

3. "Oh, well ! But then he enjoys running about so very much that I can not check his plēasure as long as it is quite harmlēs. I am sūre you would fēel sōrry to see the little shoes last longer from not being used so much," answered the affectionate³ mother.

4. Daniel, during thīs conversation,⁴ was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand

¹ Submission (sub mīsh'un), the act of yielding to power or control ; obedience ; meekness.

² Last (lăst), see Note 3, p. 16.

³ Af fēc' tion ate, having great love ; fond.

⁴ Cōn'ver să' tion, familiar discourse or talk ; chat.

upon her hind legs. He was apparently¹ much occupied² with his efforts,³ but he heard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty⁴ soon he arose, and, going to his father, climbed upon his knee and said, "Papā', do I cost you a good deal of money?"

5. Now, Mr. Andrews was book-keeper for a manufacturing company, and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the high rate at which every thing was selling. He had nothing to spare for superfluities,⁵ and his chief enjoyment was being at home with his wife and boy, his books and pictures. Daniel's question was a queer one, but his father replied as correctly as he could.

6. "Whatever money you may cost me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know that it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, your papa does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel."—"How much will my new suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel. "Fifteen dollars," was the reply.—"And how much for my shoes?" "Two dollars more, perhaps," said his father.

7. "That will make seventeen dollars. I wish I could work and earn some money for you, father," said Daniel. "Oh, well, my son, don't think about that now. If you are a good boy, and study well at school, that will repay me," said Mr. Andrews.

8. Daniel said no more, but he determined to try at once and see if he could not help to pay for the clothes his father was so kind as to buy him. That very afternoon the load of wood which his father bought came, and was thrown off close to the cellar-door. It was Saturday, and there was no school.

9. "Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel; and he ran into the house to ask his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar. "I am afraid it is too heavy work for you,⁶ my son," said his mother.

10. "I think I can do it, mother. The wood lies close to the cellar-door, and all I will have to do is to pitch it right down,"

¹ Apparently (ap pâr' ent lî), in appearance; seemingly.

² Oc' cu pîed, employed; busied.

³ Ef fôrt, use of strength or power; a struggle or earnest attempt.

⁴ Pretty (prît' tî), moderately; quite.

⁵ Sû' per flû' i tŷ, more than is needed; overmuch.

⁶ You (yô).

replied Daniel. "Věry well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard, you must let Rooney put it in," said his mother.

11. Daniel dānced āwāy, and went first to the cellar, whēre he unhooked the trap-door and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks clattering one on top of the other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew tedious,¹ and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else.

12. Just then George Flyson came into the yard and asked Daniel if he wasn't going to fish for smelts that day. "I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this afternoon," replied Daniel.

13. "Oh, let the wood alone! We also have some round at our house that ought to go in, but I shā'n't do it. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Rooney will be glad of that job," said George. "No, I am going to do this befōre any thing else," said Daniel, as he picked up a big stick and sent it flying down the cellar-way.

14. "Did your old man make you do it?" asked Flyson. "Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that the boy saw his error, and corrected his form of question. "Did your father make you do this job?"

15. "No: he does not know I am doing it; and, by the way, George Flyson, don't you call my father 'old man.' If you don't know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you shā'n't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

16. "Ho! Seems you are gëttling very pious all of a sudden. Well! I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you;" and, with a sneering look, George went off.

IV.

9. *HELPING FATHER.*

PART SECOND.

THE wood-pile in the cellar grew larger, until the wood-pile in the yard was all gōne; then Daniel shut down the trap-door, ran into the house and brushed his clothes, and started out to find his playmates and have a game of base'-ball.

¹ Tě' dĩ oūs, dull; tiresome from lengāh or slowness.

He felt vëry happy, for he had ěarned something for a kind father who waŝ always earning something for him; and the thought of this pleased him much.

2. He felt happier still when his father came hōme to supper, and said while at the table, "My wood did not come, did it, mother? I told the man to send it up this afternoon, cĕrtainly." Mr. Andrews always called his wife "mother."—"Oh, yĕs, the wood came. I saw the team back into the yard," replied Mrs. Andrews.

3. "Then Rooney must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy-five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews. "I think a boy put it in," said his wife. "What boy?"—"Oh, 'a smart little fĕllōw that plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job, and so I let him do it," said Mrs. Andrews.

4. "Some little boy who wanted some pocket-money, I suppose. Whose boy waŝ it?" asked Mr. Andrews. "There he is; he will tell you all about it;" and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased indeed to hear how gratified his father was at finding his little boy so industrious and thoughtful. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.

5. It was not lōng āfter this that the bleak¹ winds of November began to blōw. The leaves of the trees fell lifelĕss to the ěarth, and ěvĕry thing prepared to put on the ěrmine² garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his cŭrtāin, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tĭny³ flakes had fallen, until hillside and valĕy, street and house-top, were covered with the spōtless snow.

6. "I wōnder how deep it will be by morning. Perhaps there will be enough for sleighing. Old Rooney will be round to clear ōff the sidewalk and platforms. I must get āhĕad of him this winter, and save father some mōre money;" and Daniel got into bed as quick as he could, so that he should āwāke ěarly in the morning.

¹ **Blĕak**, cold and sweeping; cheerless.

² **Er' mĭne**, an animal related to, or somewhat resembling, the weasel.

It inhabits northern climates, and has white fŭr in winter; hence,

snow is called the *ermine garb*.

³ **Tĭ' nŷ**, little; very small.

7. When Mr. Andrews awoke the next day, he heard the scraping of a shovel on the sidewalk, and said to his wife, "Rooney has come very early this morning. These snow-storms are profitable to him. Last winter I guess I paid him five or six dollars for shoveling snow."

8. When he got up, however, and looked out of the window, he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shoveling off the sidewalk, his cheeks all aglow with the healthy exercise.

9. "See that boy, mother," said he to his wife; "he has cleared the walk off nicely. What a good little fellow he is! When Christmas comes, we must reward him for all this."

10. And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He cleared the snow off after every storm. In the spring-time he put the garden and yard all in order, and did a great many things which his father had always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed his play better, because there is always a satisfaction in doing good, which lends a charm to every thing we undertake.

11. One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first load of wood, his father said to him, "My son, I have kept a memorandum¹ of the work that you have done for me the past year, and find that, allowing you what I should have paid Rooney or any other person, I owe you to-day forty-two dollars and sixty cents."

12. "So much as that, father? Why, I did not know I could earn so much by myself, and I did not work very hard either," said² Daniel. "Some of it was pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied his father; "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

13. "Pay me? What! the real money right in my hands?"—"Yēs, the real money;" and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of "greenbacks" in his little son's hands.

14. Daniel looked at it for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll tell you what to do with this money for me, papā."

15. "What, my son?"—"Buy my clothes with it for the next year," said Daniel. And Mr. Andrews did so.

¹ Měm' o răn'dum, a written account of something to be remembered; a note to help the memory.

² Said (sěd).

V.

10. HAND AND HEART.

IN storm or shine, two friends of mine
 Go forth to work or plāy;
 And, when they visit poor men's homes,
 They bless them by the wāy.

2. 'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart!
 The two best friends I knōw;
 Around the hearth¹ come joy and mīrth,²
 Where'er their faces glōw.

3. Come shine, 'tis bright! come dark, 'tis light!
 Come cold, 'tis warm ere³ lōng!
 So heavily fall⁴ the hammer-stroke, with his pockets
 full of money, is idling about in a great city. He is
 waiting for the cōach: it comes up presently, and he gēts on
 the top of it and begins to look about him.
 They soon learn the second best:

Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
 Has lodging in his breast.

5. The hūmblēst bōard has dainties pōured,
 When they sit down to dine;
 The crust they eat is honey-sweet,
 The water good as wine.

6. They fill the pūrse⁴ with hōnēst gold,
 They lead no creature⁵ wrōng;⁶
 So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
 Mērrily sound the sōng!

7. Without these twain,⁷ the poor complain
 Of evils hard to bēar;⁸
 But with them poverty grows rich,
 And finds a lōaf to spāre!⁹

¹ **Hearth** (hǎrth).

² **Mirth** (mērth), see Note 4, p. 16

³ **Ere** (âr), sooner than; before.

⁴ **Purse** (pērs), see Note 4, p. 16.

⁵ **Creature** (krēt' yēr), any thing

created; an animal; a man.

⁶ **Wrōng**, see Note 5, p. 16.

⁷ **Twain**, two.

⁸ **Bear** (bâr), see Note 2, p. 16.

⁹ **Spare** (spâr).

8. Thêir looks are fire; their words inspire;
 Their deeds give cōurage high;—
 About their knees the children run,
 Or climb, they know not why.
9. Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
 Ne'er finds the journey¹ lōng;—
 So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
 Mèrrily sound the sōng!

SECTION III.

put the garden with
 things which his father had always paid a man to do
 he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed
 play better, because there is always a satisfaction in doing go
 which ~~his father~~ ^{we} ~~could~~ ^{undertake} thing we undertake. ver
 built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was
 ev'ry thing! The fields were full of flowers, and the gràss was
 growing tall, and the bees were humming ev'rywhere.

2. Then one of the birds began singing, and the other bird
 said, "Who told you to sing?" And he answered, "The
 flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the wind and leaves
 told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing."

3. Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?"
 And he said, "Ev'ry time you brought in tender gràss for the
 nest, and every time your sōft wings fluttered off again for
 hair and feathers to line the nest."

4. Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?"
 And he answered, "I am singing about every thing and
 nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

5. By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and
 his mate said, "Is there any thing in all the world so pretty² as
 my eggs?" Then they bōth looked down on some people that
 were pàssing by, and pitied them because they were not birds,
 and had no nests with eggs in them! Then the father-bird

¹ Journey (jēr'nī), travel from one
 place to another; voyage; passage.

² Pretty (prīt' tī), pleasing by
 grace, delicacy, or neatness

the south : there they saw green leaves ! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter—where there was summer all the time ; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

16. But the birds that stayed behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold ; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid.¹ Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay.

II.

12. THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

PART FIRST.

A MIDSHIPMAN,² young and careless, with his pockets full of money, is idling about in a great city. He is waiting for the coach : it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it and begins to look about him.

2. They soon leave the chimney-tops behind them ; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest-fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel-bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts.

3. Then he sees a great wagon piled up with barley, and he sung a mēlaneholy¹ song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

6. In a week or two, one day when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said, “ Oh, what do you think has happened ? ”—“ What ? ”—“ One of my eggs has been peeping and moving ! ” Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another and another, till five little birds were born !

7. Now the father-bird sung longer and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds, that it kept both parents busy feeding them.

8. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide, that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths !

¹ Mēlan chōl ỹ, low-spirited ; unhappy ; sad.

8. Their looks are fire; their words inspire;
 Their deeds give courage high;—
 About their knees the children run,
 Or climb, they know not why.

9. Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
 Ne'er finds the journey¹ lǒng;—
 So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
 Merrily sound the sǒng!

SECTION III.

put the garden and things which his father had always paid a man to do. he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed play better, because there is always a satisfaction in doing good which is true to our nature. *ver*
 I built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was every thing! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere.

2. Then one of the birds began singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?" And he answered, "The food² and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more. Then the old birds sat silent and looked at each other a long while. At last the wife-bird said, "Why don't you sing?" And he answered, "I can't³ sing—I can only think and think!"

14. "What are you thinking of?"—"I am thinking how every thing changes. The leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds have flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away."

15. "Let us fly away together!" Then they rose silently and, lifting themselves far up in the air,⁴ they looked to the north: far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to

¹ Often (ǒf'n), many times.

³ Can't (kǎnt), can not.

² Food (fǒd).

⁴ Air (ār), see Note 2, p. 16.

the south : there they saw green leaves ! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter—where there was summer all the time ; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

16. But the birds that stayed behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold ; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid.¹ Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay.

II.

12. THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

PART FIRST.

A MIDSHIPMAN,² young and careless, with his pockets full of money, is idling about in a great city. He is waiting for the coach : it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it and begins to look about him.

2. They soon leave the chimney-tops behind them ; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest-fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel-bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts.

3. Then he sees a great wagon piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it ; then they go through a little wood, and he likes to see the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the white road ; and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he can not forbear to whoop and halloo', though he can not chase it to its nest.

4. The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is and where he is going. But there is one man who has never joined in the conversation ; he is dark-looking and restless ; he sits apart ; he has heard the rattling of coin in the boy's pocket, and now he watches him more narrowly than before.

5. The lad has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y—— ; the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point,

¹ Torpid, having lost motion, or the power of feeling ; inactive. ² Midshipman, a cadet in a ship of war, who aids the superior officers.

and walk, or rather run over to his hōme, through the great leafy wood.

6. The man decides to get down, too, and go through the wood. He will rob the little midshipman ; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him ; it is quite impossible that he can escape ; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

7. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood ; but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

8. But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run ? It is not fear—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for hōme, makes him dash off suddenly with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race ; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. “But I shall have him yet,” he thinks ; “he can not keep this pace up long.”

9. The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he starts up a young white owl that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along, close to the ground, before him. He gains upon it ; another moment, and it will be his. Now it gets the start again ; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted. He knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the path he has left. It is only to run a little faster, and he will be at hōme nearly as soon.

10. On he rushes ; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight, when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right ; the man takes the left ; and the faster they both run, the farther they are asunder. The boy does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on.

11. O little midshipman ! why did you chase that owl ? If you had kept in the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might have outrun him ; or, if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running on straight

to your death ; for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. Oh that the moon might come out and show it to you !

12. The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds ; and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet, as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stone, stumbles, and falls. Two minutes more and he will roll into the black water.

13. "Heyday !" cries the boy, "what's this ? Oh, how it tears my hands ! Oh this thorn bush ! Oh my arms ! I can't get free !" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says ; "I shouldn't have cared for rolling down, if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray in a wood at night again. There, free at last ! And my jacket nearly torn off my back !"

14. With a great deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which arrested his progress, when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble up the bank, and makes the best of his way through the wood.

15. And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water ; and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snow-drift. But the boy is deep in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped.

III.

13. THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

PART SECOND.

QUICKLY all this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently, the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes ; it is too true ; the boy is in the cross track. He will soon pass the cottage in the wood, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

2. The boy bounds into the path ; but, as he passes the cottage, he is so thirsty and so hot that he thinks he must ask

the occupants if they can sell him a glass of ale. He enters without ceremony. "Ale?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper, "no; we have no ale, but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in and shuts the door; and while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

3. The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is gone a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave. Fast and faster the man runs, and, as fast as he can, the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is ploughing up a furrowed mass of gray cloud, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees

4. Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with a stake in his hand for a weapon. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before, but behind him. He stops, and listens breathlessly. Yes; it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake to strike, when the boy shall pass.

5. On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a little gig. "Hilloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What! benighted, youngster?"

6. "Oh! is it you, Mr. D——?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the wood." The man draws farther back among the shrubs. "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in at this time o'night."

7. "Lone!" says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and, if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarter-deck." So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of reach of the pursuer.

8. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and, in that quarter of a mile, there is still a chance of committing the robbery. He

de. elbow. "Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" roared with stamping with pain. "Never mind what I mean," said as th, stepping on the floor, every drop of blood tingling;

9. and fëllōw wants the other boot, he knows how to get it." prepares to get down.—"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

10. "Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this löng tale of yours about the sea-serpent."

11. The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the rōad to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated—the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every turn.

12. Now the little midshipman is at hōme—the joyful meeting has taken place; and, when they have all admired his growth, and mēasured his height on the window-frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, mōre for the plēasure of hearing him talk, than from any curiosity.

13. "Adventures!" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sōfā; "why, dear mother, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nōthing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day—at least nothing particular."

14. "Nōthing particular!" If they could have known, they would have thought lightly, in comparison, of the dangers of "the jib-boom end, and the main-top-mast cröss-trees." But they did not know, any mōre than we know the dangers that hourly beset us.

15. We are awāre of some few dangers, and we do what we can to provide against them; but, for the greater pōrtion, "our eyes are held that we can not see." We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a spärrōw fällèth to the ground;" and, when we have had escapes, at which the angels have wondered, we come hōme and say, perhaps, that "nōthing has happened—at least, nothing particular."

the occupants if they can sell him a glass of ale. He entered without ceremony. "Ale?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper, "no; we have no ale, but perhaps my wife give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in

THE little school-boys went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the larger, among whom was Tom, sat on one another's beds, chatting, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

2. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. He could hardly bear to take off his jacket; however, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

3. "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"—"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring, "that's your wash-stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all."

4. On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

5. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child.

6. Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur. He did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver.

7. Then Tom saw the whole, and, the next moment, the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on

his elbow. "Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain. "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on the floor, every drop of blood tingling; "If any féllōw wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

8. What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the last boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and, in another minute, the old servant, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual, "Good night, gentlemen."

9. Many of the boys took to heart that little scene, before they slept. Tom was wide-awake; sleep seemed to have deserted his pillow. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving.

10. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years before, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down and cried as if his heart would break.

11. Poor Tom! his first and most bitter feeling was a sense of his own cowardice. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it! Then, too, the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

12. The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. He resolved to write home the next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. He resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony the next morning, and then peace came to him.

13. It would be harder to begin in the morning than at night, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the Devil first showed him all his old friends calling him "Saint," and "Squaretoes," and

a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas, it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong and consoling.

14. Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring; and, then, in the face of the whole room, he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him?

15. He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words, "*God be merciful to me a sinner!*" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees, comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

16. It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own cowardly spirit has conquered the whole outward world. He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect that would be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt; but this passed off soon, and, one by one, all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

V.

15. THE STORK OF STRASBOURG.

WHEN travelers in Europe wish to go from Paris to Switzerland or back again, they often take the route which passes through the city of Strás'bourg, in order to visit the great cathedral there. This city used to belong to Germany; but in 1681 it was ceded to France, and held by that country till its capture by Germany in the war of 1870.

2. If you should take a walk or drive through the streets of

Strasbourg, and should chance to look up to the curious roofs of the houses, with their four or five rows of odd, eye-shaped windows projecting from them, you would notice that many of the chimneys were covered on the top with a sort of bedding of straw, and perhaps upon this you would see a great bird, with a long bill and a short tail, mounted on two long, thin legs. He would be standing so very still that you would think it must be one of the curious ornaments that the people in Europe put upon their houses.

3. But if you look long enough, you will see him stretch out a pair of enormous¹ wings, throw back his head upon his body, and rise slowly and majestically² into the air: he would not fly very far, however, but, alighting in the street where there has been a market, seize a fish that has been thrown into the gutter, and fly back with it to his nest. This is the famous stork, —a bird which is common in Europe, especially in the large cities, being fond of the society of man.

4. The stork is a bird of most excellent character. He is a pattern of goodness to his parents, and to his children. He never forgets a kindness, and is so useful that the people in Holland make false chimneys to their houses, so that the storks may find places enough for their nests; and in German cities they put a kind of framework upon their chimneys, so that the storks may find it more convenient.

5. Once, in Strasbourg, a chimney took fire. Upon this chimney was a nest, in which were four young storks not yet able to fly. Think of the despair³ of the stork-mother as the smoke enveloped her poor little ones, and the heat threatened to roast them alive! They were too young for her to carry them away in her beak—that would strangle them; and to throw them out of their nest would only break their little necks.

6. The mother's instinct⁴ taught her what to do. She flew back and forth over the nest, flapping her great wings over it, and so making a current of air in which the young could

¹ *E nor' moüs*, differing from, or exceeding the common rule, form, or size; greater than common.

² *Majës' tic al ly*, with dignity; with a lofty air or appearance.

³ *De spair'*, the loss of all hope.

⁴ *In' stinct*, inward impulse; the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

breathe. But alás ! a great quantity of sōot¹ all on fire began to fall, and now they must cĕrtainly be bŭrnt ālive.

7. No! the good mother extended her great wings over the nest, and allowed the burning soot to fall upon herself. It had burnt one wing nearly away when the people below came with ladders, and saved the nest and the four little birds and the good mother. They took cāre of her, but she was always infirm; she could fly no more, and for many years she used to go round from house to house, and the people would feed her.

8. The storks always spend the winter in Africa, and always make their journeys in the night. When the time comes for them to go, they all assemble together and chōōse a leader. Such a chattering as they make! No doubt they have a great deal of trouble in getting every thing settled; they make all their talk with their jaws, which sound like castanets.² They always go at the same time every year, and return to their chimney nests when the winter is over.

9. One well-bred stork, that had made his nest in the same chimney for many years, used to come and walk up and down before the door of the house where his nest was, the morning after his return, clattering his bill, as much as to say, "Good morning, sir: you see I am here again." And in the autumn, just before he went away, he would come and do the same again, to bid good-bye, and the māster would come out and say, "Good-bye: a pleasant journey to you."

10. Thĕre is a little stōry that is told to illŭs'trate³ the gratitude of the stōrk. Once a naughty boy threw a stōne at a stork and broke its leg. It got into its nest and thĕre lay. The women of the house fed it, sĕt its leg, and cured it, so that it was able, at the proper season, to fly away with the rest.

11. Next spring the bĭrd, which was rĕc'ognĭzed by the women by its pecu'liar gait, retŭrned; and when they came near it, the lame creature dropped gratefully at their feet from its bill the finĕst diāmōnd it had been able to pick up in its travels. It used to be said that they were in the habit of throwing

¹ Soot (sŭt).

² Cās' ta nĕt. an instrument composed of small, rounded shells of ivory or hard wood, shaped like

spōons, fāstened to the thumb, and beaten with the middle finger.

³ Il lŭs'trate, to set in a clear light or make plain.

down one of their young to their landlord before they left their nests, as a kind of rent. That was carrying gratitude a little too far, I think—don't you?

12. One reason why the storks are so welcome in large cities is, that they are very useful in eating up all the refuse that is thrown into the streets. In European cities, two or three times in the week, the farmers, and fishermen, and butchers, in the country round, bring their produce into the city in carts, where it is displayed in tempting order; and then their wives and daughters, in curious caps and dresses, sell it to the city people.

13. The market is over by noon, and then the market-place is covered with the storks, who clean it all up, and carry away all that has been dropped. They are particularly fond of fish and serpents, and eels and frogs are considered a great delicacy by them. They are so valuable, that, in some places, to kill them used to be considered a crime, punished with death, and they have even been worshiped, like the ibis in Egypt.

14. There is a gigantic stork, a native of Bengal,¹ which is called the Adjutant, because from a distance it looks like a man with a white waistcoat and trousers. One of these great birds was brought to London, and lived over seventy years in the Regent's Park. It is from under the wings of this variety that the white, downy feathers, called *marabou*,² come.

SECTION IV.

I.

16. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot³ boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;

¹ Bengal (ben gal'), a province of British India.

² Marabou (măr' a bq').

³ Barefoot (bâr' füt).

With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy tōrn brim's jāunty ¹ grace:
From my heart I give thee joy;—
I was once a barefoot boy!

2. Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.²

Let the million-dollared ride—
Bârefōot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast mōre than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

3. Oh for boyhood's pāinlèss plāy;
Sleep that wakes in lāughing dāy;
Health that mōcks the doctor's rûles;
Knowledge (never lēarned of schōōls)
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude ³
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tōr'toise ⁴ beārs his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the ō'riōle's ⁵ nest is hung;

4. Whêre the whitèst lilies blow,
Where the freshèst berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wāsp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,

¹ Jāunty (jān' tī), airy; showy.

² Repūblican (re pūb' li can), one who favors or prefers a government of the people exercised by elected representatives.

³ Hăb' i tūde, usual manner of living, feeling, or acting.

⁴ Tortoise (tər' tīs).

⁵ O' ri ōle, a bird of several varieties of the thrush family—some of a golden-yēllōw, mixed with black, and others having ōrange in place of the yellow; sometimes called *golden-robin* or *hang-bird*.

And the ärehitëct'ural plans¹
 Of gray hornet ärtisanş!²—
 For, eschewing³ books and tâsk,
 Nature änswerş all he äsk;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy,
 Blessings on the barefoot boy!

5. Oh for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I hëard or saw,
 Me, their mâster, waited for;—
 I waş rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my spört the squirrel (skwŭr'el) played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry-cone
 Pŭrpled over hedge and stone;
 Lăughed the bröök for my delight,
 Through the day, and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall!

6. Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyönd,
 Mine on bending orchard trees
 Apples of Hespërideş!⁴
 Still as my hōrizon⁵ grew,
 Larger grew my riches, too;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex⁶ Chīnëşe toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

¹ Ar' chí tēct' ūr al, of, or relating to, the art of building.

² Ar' ti san, one trained to hand skill in some mechanical art or trade; a mechanic.

³ Eschewing (es chū' ing), keeping one's self clear of; shunning.

⁴ Hes pēr' idēs, four sisters fabled as guardians of golden apples; hence, *golden* apples are here meant.

⁵ Hō rī' zon, the line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.

⁶ Cōm' plex, not simple.

7. Oh for festal ¹ dainties spread,
 Like my bōwl of milk and bread,—
 Pewter spōon and bowl of wōod,
 On the door-stone gray and rude!
 O'er me like a regal ² tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Pûrple-cûrtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;³
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pōmp and joy
 Waited on the bârefōot boy!
8. Chēerily, then, my little man,
 Live and lāugh, as boyhood can,
 Thoug_h the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Fvery evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
9. All too sōon these feet must hide
 In the prison-cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil
 Up and down in cēaselèss moil;⁴
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground,—
 Happy if they sînk not in
 Quick and trēacherous ⁵ sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
 Ere it pāsses, BAREFOOT BOY!

¹ Fēs' tal, belonging to a holiday, or feast; joyous; gay. of musicians performing in public.

² Rē' gal, pertaining to a king; comes from severe labor; a spot.

³ Orchestra (gr' kes trā), a band ⁵ Trēach' er oūs, faithless; betraying a trust.

II.

17. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART FIRST.

DURING my winter travels in Afrîcâ, several years ago, I visited Khartoum,¹ an Egyptian capital town of Nû'bîâ, situated at the junction² of the Blue and the White Nile. The two rivers meet just bēlōw the town, and flow as a single stream to the Mediterrâneän, a distance of fifteen hundred miles.

2. When I reached Khartoum, the Austrian Consul³ invited me to his house; and thêre I spent three or four weeks making acquaintance with the Egyptian ôffîcers, the chiefs of the desêrt tribes, and the former kings of the different tribes of Ethîôpiâ. When I left my bôat, on arriving, and walked through the nârrōw streets, between mud walls, very few of which were êven whitewashed, I thought it a miserable place, and began to look out for some garden where I might pitch my tent, rather than live in one of those dîrty-looking habitations.⁴

3. The wall around the Consul's house wâs of mud like the others; but when I entered I found clean, hândsome rōoms, which fûrnished delightful shade and coolness during the heat of the dây. The rōof was of pâlmlōgs, covered with mud, which the sun baked into a hard mâss, so that the house was in rêâl'ity as good as a brick dwelling. It was a great deal mōre comfortable than it appeared from the outside.

4. Thêre wêre other features of the place, however, which it would be difficult to find anywhere except in Central Africa. After I had taken possession of my room, and êaten breakfast with my host,⁵ I went out to lōok at the garden. On each side of the steps, leading down from the door, sat two apes that barked and snapped at me.

5. The next thing I saw was a lēopard tied to the trunk of

¹ Khartoum (kâr tòm').

² Junction (jûngk'shun), the place or point of union.

³ Cōn' sul, a person commissioned to reside in a fōreign country, as a representative or agent of a government, to protect the rights, commerce, merchants, and seamen of

the state, and to aid in commercial and sometimes other transactions with such foreign country.

⁴ Hăb' i tâ' tion, a place of âbōde; a house.

⁵ Hōst, one from whom another receives fōod, lodging, or entertainment; a landlord.

an orange-tree. I did not dare to go within reach of his rope, although I afterward became well acquainted with him. A little further, there was a pen full of gazelles¹ and an antelope² with immense horns; then two fierce, bristling hyenas; and at last, under a shed beside the stable, a full-grown lioness, sleeping in the shade.

6. I was greatly surprised when the Consul went up to her, lifted up her head, opened her jaws so as to show the shining white tusks, and finally sat down upon her back. She accepted these familiarities so good-naturedly that I made bold to pat her head also. In a day or two we were great friends; she would spring about with delight whenever she saw me, and would purr like a cat whenever I sat down upon her back.

7. I spent an hour or two every day among the animals, and found them all easy to tame except the hyenas, which would gladly have bitten me if I had allowed them a chance. The leopard, one day, bit me slightly in the hand; but I punished him by pouring several buckets of water over him, and he was always very amiable after that. The beautiful little gazelles would cluster around me, thrusting up their noses into my hand, and saying, "*Wow! wow!*" as plainly as I write it.

8. But none of these animals attracted me so much as the big lioness. She was always good-humored, though occasionally so lazy that she would not even open her eyes when I sat down on her shoulder. She would sometimes catch my foot in her paws as a kitten catches a ball, and try to make a plaything of it—yet always without thrusting out her claws.

9. Once she opened her mouth, and gently took one of my legs in her jaws for a moment; and the very next instant she put out her tongue and licked my hand. There seemed to be almost as much of the dog as of the cat in her nature. We all know, however, that there are differences of character among animals, as there are among men; and my favorite probably belonged to a virtuous and respectable family of lions.

10. The day after my arrival I went with the Consul to visit

¹ *Ga zëlle'*, a small, swift, and beautiful species of antelope.

² *An' te lope*, an animal almost midway between the deer and goat.

Its horns are almost always round and ringed. The eyes of some varieties are large, black, and very beautiful.

the Pasha,¹ who lived in a large mud palace on the bank of the Blue Nile. He received us very pleasantly, and invited us to take seats in the shady cōurt-yard. Here there was a huge pānther tied to one of the pillars, while a little lion, about eight months old, ran about perfectly loose.

11. The Pasha called the latter, which came springing and frisking tōward him. "Now," said he, "we will have some fun." He then made the lion lie down behind one of the pillars, and called to one of the black boys to go across the cōurt-yard on some errand. The lion lay quite still until the boy came opposite to the pillar, when he sprang out and after him.

12. The boy ran, terribly frightened; but the lion reached him in five or six leaps, sprang upon his back and threw him down, and then went back to the pillar as if quite satisfied with his exploit. Although the boy was not hūrt in the least, it seemed to me like a cruel piece of fun. The Pasha, nevertheless, laughed very heartily, and told us that he had himself trained the lion to frighten the boys.

III.

18. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART SECOND.

AMONG the Egyptian officers in the city waṣ a Pasha' named Ruḡah, who had been banished from Egypt by the Vice'roy.² He was a man of considerable education and intelligence, and was very unhappy at being sent away from his hōme and family. The climate of Khartoum is very unhealthy, and this unfortunate Pasha had suffered greatly from fever. He was uncerṭain how lōng his exile³ would continue: he had been there already two years, and as all the letters dīrēcted to him pāssed through the hands of the officers of government, he was quite at a lōss how to get any help from his friends.

2. What he had done to cause his banishment,⁴ I could not ascertain; probably he did not know himself. There are no

¹ Pasha (pa sha'), a Turkish governor or commander.

² Vice'roy, the governor of a kingdom or country, who rules in the name of the king.

³ Exile (ěks' il), forced separation from one's native country and home.

⁴ Bān' ish ment, the state of being forced by the government of a country from its borders.

elections in those Eastern countries : the people have nothing to do with the choice of their own rulers. The latter are appointed by the Viceroy at his pleasure, and hold office only so long as he allows them. The envy or jealousy of one Pasha may lead to the ruin of another, without any fault on the part of the latter. Probably somebody else wanted Rufah Pasha's place, and slandered him to the Viceroy for the sake of getting him removed and exiled.

3. The unhappy man inspired my profound sympathy. Sometimes he would spend the evening with the Consul and myself, because he felt safe, in our presence, to complain of the tyranny¹ under which he suffered. When we met him at the houses of the other Egyptian officers, he was very careful not to talk on the subject, lest they should report the fact to the government.

4. Being a foreigner² and a stranger, I never imagined that I could be of any service to Rufah Pasha. I did not speak the language well, I knew very little of the laws and regulations of the country, and, moreover, I intended simply to pass through Egypt on my return. Nevertheless, one night, when we happened to be walking the streets together, he whispered that he had something special to say to me.

5. Although it was bright moonlight, we had a native servant with us, to carry a lantern. The Pasha ordered the servant to walk on in advance ; and a turn of the narrow, crooked streets soon hid him from our sight. Every thing was quiet, except the rustling of the wind in the palm-trees which rose above the garden-walls.

6. "Now," said the Pasha, taking my hand, "now we can talk for a few minutes, without being overheard. I want you to do me a favor."—"Willingly," I answered, "if it is in my power."—"It will not give you much trouble," he said, "and may be of great service to me.

7. "I want you to take two letters to Egypt—one to my son, who lives in the town of Tahtah, and one to Mr. Murray, the English Consul-General, whom you know. I can not trust

¹ Týr' an ný, exercise of power over subjects and others with an undue rigor ; cruel discipline. ² Föör' eign er, a person not belonging to, nor native in the country spoken of.

the Egyptian mērchants, because, if these letters were opened and read, I might be kept here many years longer. If you deliver them safely, my friends will know how to assist me, and perhaps I may soon be allowed to return hōme."

8. I promised to deliver bōth letters with my own hands, and the Pasha parted from me in mōre cheerful spirits at the door of the Consul's house. After a few days I was ready to set out on the retārn joūrney; but according to custom, I was first obliged to make farewell visits to all the officers of gōv'ernment.

9. It was vēry easy to apprise Rūfah Pasha beforehand of my intention, and he had no difficulty in slipping the letters into my hand without the action being observed by any one. I put them into my portfolio, with my own letters and papers, where they were entirely safe, and said nōthing about the matter to any one in Khartoum.

† 10. Although I was glad to leave that wild town, with its burning climate, and retrace the lōng way back to Egypt, ācrōss the desert and down the Nile, I felt very sōrry at being obliged to take leave forever of all my pets. The little gazelles said, "Wow! wow!" in answer to my "Good-bye;" the hyenas howled and tried to bite, just as much as ever; but the dear old lioness I know would have been sōrry if she could have understood that I was going.

11. She frisked around me, licked my hand, and I tōok her great tawny¹ head into my arms, and gave her a kiss. Since then I have never had a lion for a pet, and may never have one again. I must confess, I am sōrry for it; for I still retain my love for lions—four-footed ones, I mean—to this dāy.

12. Well, it was a lōng joūrney, and I should have to write many days in order to describe it. I should have to tell of fierce sand-storms in the desert; of resting in pālm-groves near the old capital of Ethiōpia; of plodding,² day after day, through desolate landscapes, on the back of a camel, crōssing stōny ranges of mountāins, to reach the Nile again, and then floating down with the current in an ōpen bōat.

¹ Taw' ny, of a dull yellowish-brown color, like things tanned, or persons who are sunburnt. ² Plōd' ding, traveling steadily, heavily, and slowly.

IV.

19. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART THIRD.

IT was nearly two months before I could deliver the first of the Pasha's letters—that which he had written to his son. The town of Tahtah is in Upper Egypt. You will hardly find it on the maps. It stands on a little mound, several miles from the Nile, and is surrounded by the rich and beautiful plain which is every year overflowed by the river.

2. There was a head-wind, and my boat could not proceed very fast; so I took my faithful servant, Achmet, and set out on foot, taking a path which led over the plain, between beautiful wheat-fields and orchards of lemon-trees. In an hour or two we reached Tahtah—a queer, dark old town, with high houses and narrow streets. The doors and balconies were of carved wood, and the windows were covered with lattices, so that no one could look in, although those inside could easily look out. There were a few sleepy merchants in the bazaar,¹ smoking their pipes and enjoying the odors of cinnamon and dried roses which floated in the air.

3. After some little inquiry, I found Rūfah Pasha's house, but was not admitted, because the Egyptian women are not allowed to receive the visits of strangers. There was a shaded entrance-hall, open to the street, where I was requested to sit, while the black serving-woman went to the school to bring the Pasha's son. She first borrowed a pipe from one of the merchants in the bazaar, and brought it to me.

4. Achmet and I sat there, while the people of the town, who had heard that we came from Khartoum and knew the Pasha, gathered around to ask questions. They were all very polite and friendly, and seemed as glad to hear about the Pasha as if they belonged to his family. In a quarter of an hour the woman came back, followed by the Pasha's son and the school-master, who had dismissed his school in order to hear the news.

5. The boy was about eleven years old, but tall of his age. He had a fair face, and large, dark eyes, and smiled pleasantly

¹ Bazaar (bā zār'), in the East, an assemblage of shops where goods are exposed for sale; an exchange, or a market-place.

when he saw me. If I had not known something of the customs of the people, I should have given him my hand, perhaps drawn him between my knees, put an arm around his waist, and talked familiarly; but I thought it best to wait and see how he would behave toward me.

6. He first made me a graceful salutation,¹ just as a man would have done, then took my hand and gently touched it to his heart, lips, and forehead, after which he took his seat on the high divān,² or bench, by my side. Here he again made a salutation, clapped his hands thrice, to summon the woman, and ordered coffee to be brought.

^x7. "Is your Ex'cellency in good health?" he asked. "Very well, praised be Allah!"³ I answered. "Has your Excellency any commands for me? You have but to speak: you shall be obeyed."

8. "You are very kind," said I; "but I have need of nothing. I bring you greetings from the Pasha, your father, and this letter, which I promised him to deliver into your own hands." Thereupon I handed him the letter, which he laid to his heart and lips before opening. As he found it a little difficult to read, he summoned the schoolmaster, and they read it together in a whisper.

9. In the mean time coffee was served in little cups, and a very handsome pipe was brought by somebody for my use. After he had read the letter, the boy turned to me with his face a little flushed, and his eyes sparkling, and said, "Will your Excellency permit me to ask whether you have another letter?"

10. "Yes," I answered; "but it is not to be delivered here."—"It is right," said he. "When will you reach Caïro?"⁴ "That depends on the wind; but I hope in seven days from now." The boy again whispered to the schoolmaster, but presently they both nodded, as if satisfied, and nothing more was said on the subject.

11. Some shēr'bet (which is nothing but lemonade flavored

¹ Sāl' u tā' tion, the act of greeting or paying respect by words or actions commonly used.

² Dī vān', a cushioned seat placed

against the wall of a room.

³ Al' lah, the true or only God—the Arabic name of God.

⁴ Caï' ro, the capital of Egypt.

with rose-water) and pomegrănates¹ wêre then brought to me, and the boy asked whether I would not honor him by remaining during the rest of the day. If I had not seen his face, I should have supposed that I was visiting a man—so dignified and self-possessed and graceful was the little fëllōw.

12. The people looked on as if they were quite accustomed to such mature² manners in children. I was obliged to use as much çer'emony with the child as if he had been³ the governor of the town. But he in'terested me, nevertheless, and I felt curious to know the subject of his consultation with the school-master. I was sûre they were forming some plan to have the Pasha recalled from exile.

13. After two or three hours I left, in order to overtake my bōat, which was slowly working its way down the Nile. The boy ārōse, and walked by my side to the end of the town, the other people following behind us. When we came out upon the plain, he took leave of me with the same salutations, and the words, "May Gōd grant your Excellency a prosperous journey!"

14. "May God grant it!" I responded; and then all the people repeated, "May God grant it!" The whole interview seemed to me like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights." To me it was a pretty, picturesque⁴ experience, which can not be forgotten: to the people, no doubt, it was an every-day matter.

15. When I reached Caïro, I delivered the other letter, and in a fōrt'n'ight afterward left Egypt; so that I could not ascertain, at the time, whether any thing had been done to forward the Pasha's hopes. Some months afterward, however, I read in a Europeän⁵ newspaper, quite accidentally, that Rufah Pasha had returned to Egypt from Khartoum. I was delighted with the news; and I shall always believe, and insist upon it, that the Pasha's wise and dignified little son had a hand in bringing about the fortunate result.

¹ **Pomegranate** (pŭm grăn' ět), a fruit as large as an ōrange, having a hard rind filled with a soft pulp and numerous seeds, of a reddish color.

² **Ma tŭre'**, ripe; full-grown.

³ **Been** (bĭn).

⁴ **Pict' ur esque'**, fitted to form a good or pleasing picture; presenting that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.

⁵ **Eu' ro pē' an**, pertaining to Europe; a native of Europe.

8. And while he marveled much at this,
 And wondered how it came,
 He felt a languor¹ creeping o'er
 His young and weary frame,
 And heard a voice, a gentle voice,
 That plainly spoke his name.
9. That gentle voice that named his name
 Entranced² him like a spell,³
 Upon his ear so vëry near
 And suddenly it fell,
 Yët söft and musical, as 'twëre
 The whisper of a bell.
10. "Since lăst I spoke," the voice began,
 "Seems many a dreary year!
 (Albeit, 't is öny since thy birth
 I've lain neglected here !)
 Pray list, while I rehëarse a tale
 Behooves⁴ thee much to hear.

VI.

And by its side that āncient Bell,
 Half⁶ hidden in the ground !

¹ kind of hall at the ³ Tröth, trüth; belief; faith.

"O NCE, from yön ivied tower, I wătcheu . . .

The villagers, around,
 And gave to all their joys and griefs
 A sympathetic⁵ sound—
 But mōst are sleeping, now, within
 This consecrated⁶ ground.

¹ Languor (lăng'gwur), that flagging or droöping condition of the body which is caused by the effect of heat, or by weakness from any cause; listlessness.

² Entranced (en trānst'), placed in a condition in which the soul seems to have left the body and gōne into another state of being;

filled with delight or wonder.

³ Spëll, words repeated for their magical power; hence, any charm.

⁴ Behooves (be hō'z'), is meet, fit, or necessary for.

⁵ Sým'pa thët'ic, tending to, or showing sympathy.

⁶ Cōn'se crāt'ed, given or set apart for sacred purposes.

2. "I used to ring my mērriēst peal
 To hail the blushing bride ;
 I sadly tōlled for men cut down
 In strengfh and manly pride ;
 And solemnly—not mournfully—
 When little children died.

3. "But, chief, my duty was to bid
 The villagers repāir,
 On each retūrning Sabbath morn,
 Unto the House of Prāyer,
 And in His own appointed place
 Our Father's mercy share.

4. "Ah ! well I mind me of a child,
 A gleesome, happy maid,
 Who came, with constant step, to church,
 In cōmely¹ garb,² arrayed,³
 And knelt her down full solemnly,
 And penitently⁴ prayed.

5. "And oft when church was dōne, I marked
 seemed to me like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights"
 me it was a pretty, picturesque⁴ experience, which can
 forgotten: to the people, no doubt, it was an every-day

15. When I reached Caïro, I delivered the other le
 And wept with grief sincere.

6. "Years rōlled āwāy—and I beheld
 The child to wōman⁵ grōwn ;
 Her cheek was fāirer, and her eye
 With brighter luster shōne ;
 But childhood's trūth⁶ and innocence
 Were still the maiden's own.

7. "I never rang a mērriēr peal
 Than when, a joyous bride,

¹ Comely (kūm'li), suitable or becoming ; handsome.

² Garb, clothing ; dress.

³ Ar rāyed', decked or dressed.

⁴ Pēn'i tent ly, with sincere sorrow for sin.

⁵ Woman (wum'an).

⁶ Truth (trūth), Rule 4, p. 24.

She stood beneath the sacred porch,¹
 A noble youth beside,
 And plighted² him her maiden troth,³
 In maiden love and pride.

8. "I never tölled a deeper knell,⁴
 Than when, in áfter years,
 They laid her in the chûrchyard here,
 Where this lów mound appears—
 The very grave, my boy, that you
 Are watering now with tears !

9. "*It is thy mother !* gentle boy,
 That claims this tale of mine—
 Thou art a flower whose fatal birth
 Destroyed the parent⁵ vine !
 A precious flower art thou, my child—
 Her life waş given for thine !

10. The boy áwōke, as from a dream,
 And thoughtful looked around,
 But nothing saw, save at his feet,
 His mother's lowly mound,
 And by its side that áncient Bell,
 Half⁶ hidden in the ground !

¹ **Pōrch**, a kind of hall at the entrance of churches or other buildings ; an entrance way.

² **Plight'ed**, gave as security for the performance of a cērtain act ; pledged.

³ **Trōth**, trŭth ; belief ; faith.

⁴ **Knell** (nĕl), the stroke of a bell rung at a funeral, or at the death of a person.

⁵ **Parent** (pâr'ent).

⁶ **Half** (hăf).

SECTION V.

I.

22. *THE RAIN.*

A MERCHANT, riding hōme from a fâir, had a pōrtmăn'-teau¹ with a large sum of money behind him. It was raining vëry heavily, and the good man became wet through. He was annoyed at this, and complained very much that Gōd had given him such bad weather for his jōurney.

2. His wāy led him through a thick fōrest. The fierce winds, the black clouds, the sad sighings of the swaying trees, the snapping and clatter of dead limbs, the roll of the thunder, the gleam of the lightning, and the hissing and rōar of the tēmpèst filled him with fear.

3. As he approached a tuft of tall trees for shelter from the storm, to his great terror he saw a robber standing there, who aimed his gun at him and drew the trigger.

4. He would have certainly been killed, but the powder had become damp with the rain, and the gun would not go off. He immediately gave spūr to his horse, and happily escaped the dānger.

5. When the merchant was in safety, he said to himself, "What a fool I was to complain about the bad weather, instead of taking it patiently as a providence² of God! If the sky had been bright, and the air pure and dry, I should now be lying dead in my blood, and my children would wait in yain for their father's return.

6. "The rain at which I murmured saved my property and life. In future, I will not forgèt what the proverb³ says—'What Gōd sends is always well, though why, 'tis öften hard to tell.'"

¹ **Portmanteau** (pōrt măn' tō), a bag usually made of leather, for carrying clothing and other things on jōurneys.

² **Pröv' i dence**, foresight ; time-

ly care ; readiness to provide.

³ **Pröv' erb**, an old and common saying ; a sentence which expresses with fōrce and brevity some practical trūth.

II.

23. SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

TWO children stood at their father's gate,
 Two girls with golden hair;
 And their eyes were bright, and their voices glad,
 Because the morn was fair.
 For they said—"We will take that long, long walk
 In the hawthorn copse¹ to-day;
 And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
 From off the scented Māy;²
 And oh! we shall be so happy there,
 'Twill be sorrow to come away!"

2. As the children spoke, a little cloud
 Passed slowly across the sky;
 And one looked up in her sister's face
 With a tear-drop in her eye.
 But the other said—"Oh! heed it not;
 'Tis far too fair to rain;
 That little cloud may search the sky
 For other clouds, in vain."
 And soon the children's voices rose
 In merriment again.
3. But ere the morning hours waned,
 The sky had changed its hue,
 And that one cloud had chased away
 The whole great heaven of blue.
 The rain fell down in heavy drops,
 The wind began to blow,
 And the children, in their nice warm room,
 Went fretting to and fro;
 For they said—"When we have aught in store,
 It *always* happens so!"
4. Now these two fair-haired sisters
 Had a brother out at sea;
 A little midshipman, aboard

¹ Cōpse, a wood of small growth.² Māy, the hawthorn or its flowers.

- The gallant "Victory."
 And on that self-same morning,
 When they stood beside the gate,
 His ship was wrecked! and on a raft
 He stood all desolate,
 With the other sailors round him,
 Prepared to meet their fate.
5. Beyond they saw the cool, green land—
 The land with her waving trees,
 And her little brooks, that rise and fall
 Like butterflies in the breeze.
 But above, the burning noon-tide sun
 With scorching stillness shone;
 Their throats were parched with bitter thirst,
 And they knelt down, one by one,
 And prayed to God for a drop of rain,
 And a gale to waft them on.
6. And then that little cloud was sent—
 That shower in mercy given!
 And, as a bird before the breeze,
 Their bark was landward driven.
 And some few mornings after,
 When the children met once more,
 And their brother told the story,
 They knew it was the hour
 When they had wished for sunshine,
 And God had sent the shower.

V.

23. *LITTLE GERTRUDE.*

PART FIRST.

LITTLE Gertrude¹ was the daughter of a German peasant,² who had a cottage and a few acres of land of his own. She was the eldest of five children, and ten years of age. The little cottage stood in the midst of a village, that was sur-

¹ Gertrude (gēr' trūd).

class of tillers of the soil, or farm

² Pěas' ant, one of the lowest laborers, in Europe; a countryman.

rounded by fine large mēadōws on one side, and on the other by high hills, covered with vineyards¹ to the verry summit.

2. Her father had but little money; but when the harvest was good, and the weather favorable, they had not only plenty for themselves, but something for the pōor as well. It was a regular festival,² when the time for gāthering the fruit arrived: they all went then to the large mēadōw, and helped to gather the beautiful red apples and yēllōw pēars, for the large plain was covered with fruit-trees of ēvērý kind.

3. Mōre delightful still it was, when in autumn they climbed the hills to gāther in the grapes. The men had a kind of panier slung on their backs, and when the children had filled their little bāskets, they threw the beautiful white and pūrple bunches into them.

4. Little Gertrude was a bright, mērrý little gīrl, and she had been obliged to help her mother so much in nūrsing her brothers and sisters, that she had become a verry steady child. In the morning she rose very early, and lighted the fire in the stove, while her mother was milking the cow: ōften, when the others came in, the industrious little girl had the kitchen swept nice and clean, and on the table stood a large dish of pōrridge ready for brēakfast. The little children would all eat out of the same dish, but there was a second one for the older people.

5. If it was not a busy time of the year, little Gertrude was allowed to go to the village school; but she could not ōften be spāred. She was verry fond of going to school, perhaps mōre so than she would have been had she been able to go ēvērý day, because people dōn't cāre so much about blessings they have never felt the want of.

6. What she liked best of all she was taught at school was the singing, and it made her very happy to join in the pretty hymns and sweet sōngs of the village children. Often, when she was coming back from the market on her father's cart, she would sing so heartily with her clear voice, that the people looked with plēasure at her bright face, and said, "What a happy child!"

¹ Vīnē' yard, a yard for grape-vines; a field of vines for raising grapes.

² Fēs' ti val, a time of feasting; a feast; a cērtain day of great joy each year.

7. One dāy she had just retürned with her father, who had desired her to carry the market-bāskets into an outhouse behind the yard. A strānge man was looking ācrōss the low wall, and as sōōn as he saw her, he called her by name. "Gertrude," he said, "come here for a mōmēt."

8. Gertrude wās not in the least afraid, and ran over to him at once, to āsk what he wanted. "Thère is one of your father's lambs caught in a hedge,"¹ said the man; "come down and I will gēt it out for you."

9. Gertrude dreamed of no harm, and ran öff at once. For a considerable distance she followed the man, until at last they had reached the furthest end of the hedge; but no lamb was to be seen. "It must have strayed āwāy," said the man; "come down the lane a little, we shall find it there."

10. But Gertrude had by this time become a little alarmed; and saying that she was afraid her mother would want her, she was turning back, when the man caught her up in his arms, and stuffing something into her mouth, to prevent her from screaming, he ran down the lane with her, where a small cart was standing. Into this he threw her, loosened the pony that was tied to a tree, and sītting up in frōnt, he drove away as fāst as possible.

11. Poor Gertrude tried several times to free her mouth to cry for help, but it was of no use. For many hours they drove ālōng the lonely rōad, until the pony seemed almost too weary to move on. Then önly was poor Gertrude delivered from the gag,² and her companion told her that he would not harm her, if she would remain perfectly quiet.

12. After this, he drew out a knife that was concealed under his cōat, and showing it to the terrified girl, he said, "But if you dāre say a word to anybody about the way I took you āwāy, I shall be obliged to kill you." They had stopped near a barn, into which they now went. The man brought a bāsket of provisions out of the cart, and pressed Gertrude to eat; but the poor girl was too miserable³ to do that, and sōōn afterward cried herself to sleep.

¹ Hēdge, thorn bushes, or other shrubbery, planted as a fence. mouth or thrōat to hinder speaking.

³ Mis' er able, wretched; suffer-

² Gāg, something thrust into the ing from any cause; very unhappy.

13. Her companion was a German by birth ; but he had been in almost every country in the world. He had spent all his life in wandering from place to place : at present he had a small stock of goods, that he had offered for sale in the neighboring town, where he had several times observed little Gertrude, and heard her sing.

14. "Such a child," thought he, "would be the very thing for me; if I took her to England, her voice would be a little fortune to me." He was glad when he saw the poor little thing asleep, for though he was a bad man, he was not without feeling.

15. For several days they traveled from place to place: poor Gertrude became more unhappy every day, though her companion really tried to amuse her. At last they reached a large seaport town, where Martin—for that was the name he went by—sold his pony and cart, and took little Gertrude on board a large vessel to sail for England (ing'gland).

IV.

occupation alone. She had learned to play the guitar; when her unfortunate companion had been buried, she went
to the place where he lay, and wept over his grave. One day she was

SOME few days after, they arrived in London, where Martin showed Gertrude many curious and strange sights. One evening he called her to him, and said, "You see, my little woman, I have now nearly spent all my money, and we must do something to earn our living. You have behaved very well, and if you do so still, I shall soon be able to let you go home again; but first you must help me to earn some money."

2. "But how could I earn money?" sobbed the poor child. "You have a vĕry good voice, and can sing many pretty sŏngs; I can teach you some mŏre. I shall play the guitar:¹ and you must call me father."

3. Poor Gertrude saw that she must submit, and promised, with trembling voice, to do her best. And so she did. Wherever these two went, everybody admired the pretty (prī'tī) little girl with the pale face and sad eyes, and when she began to

¹ Guitar (gĩ tār'), a stringed instrument of music somewhat like the violin, but larger and played upon with the fingers.

sing, the people stopped in their walk to listen to the sweet sounds, for she really had a beautiful voice.

4. Meanwhile, Gertrude's father and mother were in the deepest grief for their lost child. Everybody in the village liked little Gertrude, and joined in searching for her with all their hearts, but to no purpose; and the poor parents thought at last that their little girl must have been drowned in the river.

5. After she left them, all seemed to go wrong. A disease came among the sheep, and killed half of them. Two years afterward, a bad harvest made it impossible for them to pay their way. Some of their land had to be sold, and one thing went after another, until, ten years after Gertrude's disappearance, they had lost almost every thing.

6. Sadly were they sitting one evening in their little cottage, that now looked bare and cheerless. Though the autumn wind was cold, they had no fire. The mother had her youngest child on her lap; the father was leaning his head upon the window-sill, looking the picture of hopeless despair — screaming, he ran down the lane with her, where a slave said at was standing. Into this he threw her, loosened the ponape has was tied to a tree, and sitting unly, "If it be God's will, all may be well yet!" but as she said so, she glanced at the helpless little group around her, and a tear fell down upon the baby's face.

8. "Go well with us, indeed!" said her husband, with a laugh that almost frightened his wife. "Nothing has gone well with us since the child was lost. To-morrow we shall have to leave the house, and God only knows what is to become of us then."

9. A vehicle stopped at the door. The poor man started from his chair. "Here they are already!" he cried. "Will they have the cruelty to turn us out this very night?"

10. A tall, graceful-looking young lady stood there in the dim twilight; around her the group of wondering people. The lady seemed much affected,² and for some moments unable to speak. At last, she threw herself into her father's arms, for the lady was Gertrude, the stolen child. For a moment all was confusion. The poor mother sobbed, and the baby began to cry.

¹ *Vō' hī cle*, that in which any wagon, cart, carriage, or the like. thing is or may be carried, as a ² *Af fect' ed*, moved; overcome.

11. Gertrude was the first to recover herself; and when she had persuaded them to sit down again, she told them her strange story. For two years she had led a wandering life with her companion; his expectations had been fulfilled, and they had become possessed of a considerable sum of money in a short time. She had been supported by the hope of being allowed to return home, and succeeded in persuading him to write and tell her parents what had become of her.

12. After some weeks, he had told her that a neighbor had replied to his letter, and informed him that Gertrude's friends had gone to America. Soon after, Martin had fallen into bad company, and began to drink. This had been a terrible time for the putting out of the house as bold as a lion, and his passion for drink had Primmins, mamma'; it was I ever sober. One evening he was with a companion, and received a blow on his head, from the effects of which he soon after died.

13. There was nothing left now for poor Gertrude but to follow her occupation alone. She had learned to play the guitar; and when her unfortunate companion had been buried, she went on her way, though she knew not whither. One day she was playing a sad air, when an elderly gentleman stopped to listen to her sweet voice. He made some inquiries.³ Gertrude told her history. He proposed to have her voice cultivated, as he knew it would well repay the outlay and trouble.

14. For two years Gertrude enjoyed every advantage money could buy, and she had now become a celebrated singer. But her heart was not satisfied by the admiration of thousands, while she was uncertain as to the fate of her parents. She resolved to go to America to seek them, and her kind benefactor offered to accompany her. For this purpose, she had now sought her native place once more to gather what information she could. The pastor⁴ had just told her the sorrowful story of her parents.

15. In a few weeks, Gertrude's friends were established in a comfortable farm in their native village. Her brothers and

¹ Worse (wērs), see Note 4, p. 16.

² Brawl (brāl), a noisy quarrel.

³ In quēr' y, a question.

⁴ Pastor (pās' tar), one who has the care of souls; a minister of the gospel; a shepherd.

sisters wêre educated at hêr expense; and thōugh Gertrude's engagements required her absence during the winter, she spent two happy summers with them, âfter which she gave her hand to her former school-fellōw, the young pâstor of her native village. Her father ôften acknowledged with gratitude¹ that Gōd's ways are not our ways, for what he had deemed his grêatèst misfortune had in reälity proved the means by which they had all been raised to prosperity.²

SECTION V, be

almost èvèry thing.

26. they sîtting one evening in their li^t

A bâre and chēerlèss. Though the

ONE fine day in summer, my fâther wæs seated on the lāwn³ befōre the house, his straw-hat over his eyes, and his bōōk on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, which had been set on the wîndōw-sill of an upper stōry, fell to the ground with a crāsh, and the fragments⁴ clattered round my father's legs.

2. "Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the pōrch;⁵ "my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have dōne this? Primmins, Primmins!" Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the fâtal⁶ wîndōw, nodded to the call, and came down in a trice,⁷ pale and brêathlèss.

3. "Oh," said my mother, mōurnfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse⁸ in the great blight⁹ lāst

¹ Grāt' i tūde, warm and friendly feeling toward a giver; thankfulness.

² Prōs pēr' i tỹ, success; good fortune; happiness.

³ Lawn (lān), grāss-ground in frōnt of or near a house, generally kept smoothly mown.

⁴ Fräg' ment, a part broken ôff; a small piece separated from any thing by breaking.

⁵ Pōrch, a kind of small rōom within, and nearest the outer door of a building; entrance into a house.

⁶ Fā' tal, causing death or destruction.

⁷ Trice, instant; a vèry short time.

⁸ Grēen' house, a house in which tender plants are sheltered, and kept green in cold weather.

⁹ Blight, mildew; decāy.

May; aided by my father, I effected the desired exchange, gerāniū, our return, ran into the house. Ah! how proud, Mr. Caxton, I was when, after placing vase and flower on the child must have done this!"

4. Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully āfrāid of my father; why, I know not, except that vĕry talkative, sōcial¹ persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy, thoughtful ones. She cast a hasty glānce at her māster, who was beginning to evince² signs of attention, and cried very promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy, it was I!"

5. "You! how could you be so cāreless? and you knew how I prized them bōth. Oh, Primmins!" Primmins began to sob. "Dōn't tell fibs, nŭrsy," said a small shrill voice; and I, coming out of the house as bold as a lion, continued rapidly, "don't scold Primmins, mammā'; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

6. "Hush!" said nŭrse, more frightened than ever, while gazing at my father, who had vĕry deliberately taken ōff his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes, wide awake. "Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sisty? *Speak!*" this in a whisper, "*or papa will be so very angry.*"

7. "Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident: take cāre in future, my child. You are sōrry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss; don't fret."—"No, mammā', you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on pŭrpose."

8. "Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf. "For fun!" said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papā'; and that's the trŭth of it. Now beat me—do beat me!"

9. My father threw his book fifty feet off, stōoped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have dōne wrōng; you shall rĕpair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed Gōd for giving him a son who spoke trŭth in spite of fear."

¹ Social (sō' shal), relating to society; companionable; friendly.

² E vŭnce', manifest; show in a clear manner.

sisters were educated at her expense; and though Gertrude's engagements required her absence during the winter, she had two happy summers with them, after which she gave her

her former school-fellow, the young master of

PART SECOND.

THE box of *dömnos*¹ was my delight. "Ah!" said my father, one day when he found me playing with it in the parlor, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"—"Ah, yes, *papă*."

2. "You would be very sorry if your *mammă*' were to throw that box out of the window and break it for fun." I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer. "But, perhaps, you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of would change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium in a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, and that you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill."

3. "Indeed I would," said I, half crying. "My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions—good actions mend bad actions." So saying, he shut the door and went out; I can not tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant.

4. The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he paused, and looked at me with his grave, bright eyes very steadily. "My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to town, will you come? And, by the bye, fetch your domino-box; I should like to show it to a person there." I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the high-road, we set out.

5. "Papa," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now."—"What then, my child?"—"Why, how then can my domino-box be changed into a beautiful geranium and a blue and white flower-pot?"

6. "My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him—one here," and he touched my forehead; "one here," and he touched my heart. "I don't understand, *papa*," said I thoughtfully. "I can wait till you do, my boy," said he.

¹ *Dömn*' *i nös*, twenty-eight pieces spots on them, used for playing a game called *dominos*.

7. Aided by my father, I effected the desired exchange, and, on our return, ran into the house. Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot. "It is his doing and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

8. "What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all; "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of? We shall go to-morrow and buy it back if it costs us double."

9. "Shall we buy it back, my boy?" asked my father. "O no—no—no—it would spoil it all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

10. "My wife," said my father, solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child—the sanctity¹ and happiness of self-sacrifice²—undo not what it should teach him to his dying hour."

Falsehood an their harp-string³ rung so merry

Prisoner had in their dancing feet so small;

Safe. But! the words of their talking

Merrier far than all."

As a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a crime committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you fully understand the nature of an oath?"

2. "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer. "Your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "this witness should be rejected. She does not know the nature of an oath."

3. "Let us see," said the judge, "Come here, my daughter." Assured³ by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked trustingly up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless⁴ and frank that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

¹ Sanc' ti tĭ, sacredness; goodness.

² Sacrifice (săc' rĭ fiz). loss or surrender of any thing for the sake of something else; the thing given up.

³ Assured (aşh şhord'), made sure or confident.

⁴ Art' less, free from art or craft; simple; honest.

4. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror,¹ and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.²

5. "I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"—"No, sir, I never was in court before," was the answer. He handed her the Bible, open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?"

6. She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."—"Do you ever read it?" he asked. "Yes, sir; every evening."—"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge. "It is the word of the great God," she answered.

7. "Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually taken by witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness: will you tell me what will happen to you

8. "Indeed I would," said I, half crying. "My dear boy, believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions—the actions mend bad actions." So saying, he shut the door, not going further. I can not tell you how puzzled I was to make the judge again.

9. The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the one that read, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."—"Has any one talked to you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

10. "Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

¹ **Hör'ror**, a painful feeling of fear, and dislike; the feeling caused by something frightful and shocking.

² **Blasphēmed'**, reviled or spoken reproachfully or lightly of God, Christ, or the Holy Spirit.

11. "Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.¹ "Yes, sir," said the child with a manner that showed her conviction. "All up on the Caldōn hill?"

12. "I heard the drops the water made,
good And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Were "O! tell me all, my Mary—
me, I w All, all that ever you know;
examined or you must have seen the fairies

13. She Last night on-the Caldōn Lōw."
was, but t hen take me on your knee, mother;
tion of its nd listen, mother of mine:
ined. The ndred fairies danced last night,
questionings d the harpers they were nine;

14. The t Falsehood an their harp-strings rung so merrily
prisoner had in their dancing feet so small;
self safe. But! the words of their talking
chaff. merrier far than all."

15. The little at were the words, my Mary,
strength to be g en you heard them say?"—
Gōd, broke the cu u all, my mother;
like a potter's¹² ves e have my way.
for was given her, a.

rib. 8. "Some of them played with the water,
whi And rolled it down the hill: ~ from God himself.

¹ **Emotion** (e mō' shun), a moving of the soul or mind; feeling.

² **Con vic' tion**, strong persuasion or belief.

³ **Cōm' pe tent**, having needful qualities; fit.

⁴ **Sim plīc' i tŷ**, artlessness of mind; sincerity.

⁵ **Ingenious** (in jēn' yŷs), witty; well-formed.

⁶ **Sub līme'**, lifted up; high; excellent; grand.

⁷ **Per' ju ry**, false swearing in a court of law.

⁸ **In trēnched'**, surrounded with

a ditch or some other defense.

⁹ **De vice'**, a scheme, plan, or trick, by which some advantage is sought to be obtained.

¹⁰ **Ma tūred'**, fully worked out; made ready for use; ripened.

¹¹ **Vīl' lān' ŷ**, the greatest degree of vileness or wickedness.

¹² **Pōt' ter**, one whose business is to make crockery or earthen vessels.

¹³ **Rēv' e lā' tion**, the act of making known, or discovering, or showing to others, what was before concealed or unknown to them; that which is made known.

SECTION VII.

had ever blasphemed.²

5. "I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw I take, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"—"N never was in court before," was the answer. He had the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter^{yes},

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"I learned that," she said, "before I could read."—"Has one talked to you about being a witness in court here ag

"AND where have you been, my Mary, And where have you been from me?"

"I've been to the top of the Căldon Lōw The midsummer-night to see!"

2. "And what did you see, my Mary, All up on the Căldon Lōw?"

¹ Im ăg'i na ry, fanciful; not real.

² Măn'i fôld, different in quality or kind; many in number.

³ Lē'gend, that which is appointed to be read; any story, especially a marvelous or remarkable

one, handed down from early times.

⁴ Marvel (măr'vel), that which seizes on and fixes the attention, and causes admiration or surprise; a wonder.

⁵ Been (bîn).

- "I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the mērry winds blōw."
3. "And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?"
"I heard the drops the wāter made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."
4. "O! tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fāiries
Last night on-the Cāldon Lōw."
5. "Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies dānced lāst night,
And the harpers they were nine;
6. "And their harp-strings rung so mērrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."
7. "And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you hēard them sāy?"—
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my wāy.
8. "Some of them played with the wāter,
And rōlled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily tūrn
The poor old miller's mill;
9. "'For thêre has been no water
Ever since the first of Māy;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the dāy.
10. "'Oh! the miller, how he will lāugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill bōth his eyes!'
11. "And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;

- And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew bōth loud and shrill ;
12. “ ‘ And thêre,’ they said, ‘ the merry winds go
Away from every horn ;
And they shall clear the mildew dank ¹
From the blind old wîdōw’s corn.
13. “ ‘ Oh ! the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so lōng,
She’ll be blithe ² enough when the mildew’s gōne,
And the corn stands tall and strōng.’
14. “ ‘ And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Lōw ;
‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s crōft ³ shall grōw.
15. “ ‘ Oh ! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he lāugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night !’
16. “ ‘ And then outspoke a brownie, ⁴
With a lōng bēard on his chin ;
‘ I have spun up all the tōw,’ said he,
‘ And I want some mōre to spin.
17. “ ‘ I’ve spun a piece of hempen clōth,
And I want to spin another ;
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron ⁵ for her mother.’
18. “ ‘ With that I could not help but lāugh, ⁶
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldōn Low
There was no one left but me.
19. “ ‘ And all on the top of the Caldōn Low
The mists were cōld and grāy,

¹ Dank, damp ; moist ; wet.² Blithe, joyful ; gay ; sprightly.³ Crōft, a small fenced field used
for pāsture or crops.⁴ Brown’ ie, a good natured spirit.who wāṣ supposed to do useful
things around the house at night,
such as thrashing, churning, &c.⁵ Apron (ā’ pērn).⁶ Laugh (lāf).

And nōthing I saw but the mōssy stones
That round about me lāy.

20. "But, coming down from the hill-top,
I hēard afar belōw,
How busy the jolly miller wāṣ,
And how the wheel did go.

21. "And I peeped into the wīdōw's field,
And, sūe enough, wēre seen
The yēllōw ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

22. "And down by the miller's crōft I stole,
To see if the flax wēre sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

23. "Now this is all I hēard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prīthee,¹ make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

III.

"Now you are to do about it," concluded the
ēd marched āwāy hōme again.

could comfort PAKR'FIRSI. being crowned mōre deeply

AN old water-goblin² had fōur sons, three of whom were steady-going, well-to-do brōōks—the first being in the vīōlet-growing business, the second a scene-maker, while the third had hired himself out to a wool-spinner; but Steme, the youngēst, had all his days been a cāre and vexation to his father. He had all the antic³ tricks of his cousins, the fogs and mists, and the fickle⁴ disposition⁵ of his mother, who was of the Fire family. One moment he drew himself out to the length of a giānt, as if he had been so much gutta-percha⁶ or

¹ **Prīthee** (prīth'ē), I pray thee.

² **Gōb' lin**, an evil spirit; an imaginary being, once thought to exert a wonderful power over man.

³ **An' tic**, wild; odd.

⁴ **Fick' le**, changeable; not continuing long of the same mind.

⁵ **Dis' po sī' tion** (zīsh'un), natural bent of mind; mōral character.

⁶ **Gutta-percha** (gūt' tā-pēr' chā), a hard gum or juice of several trees in the Malayan Islands. It resembles India rubber, and is used for many useful pūrposes.

India rubber ; the next, he made himself so small that you löst him altogether.

2. Now he sung, röared, puffed, bëllöwed, shrieked, and whistled, till the family were wild with his noise. A little äfter, he was göne—mum as a mouse, however you called him ; and never any two days älike, except in the fact that he waş at all times idle and üselëss—till one fine morning his fäther, being utterly out of patience, hustled him out of fäiry-land, with, “See here, my lad ! it is time you were seeking your fortune.”

3. “It is vëry odd,” said Steme to himself. “I am sürë I could do something, if there were not some mistake somewhere ;”—and coming just then to a house which had on the döor-plate the words, “WISËST MAN,” he rang the bell, thünking, perhaps, the question could be settled there ; but the Wisest Man öny shoök his head. “If you could have been of any use, somebody would have discovered it bëföre,” said he.

4. So Steme traveled on till he came to the cöurt of the king, where was a great hubbub ; and as no one would pay him the least attention, Steme grew sulky, and, coiling himself up, hid äwäy in the tea-këttle. “Now if anybody wants me, let them find me,” said he ; and you would never have known that he was thëre, unless by the wäy that the këttle-cöver clattered now

‘I have spun up all the töw,’ said he,

‘And I want some möre to spin. e king’s spectacles ; and whether he had changed them at the tailor’s, where he ordered the trimming for the Lord High Fiddlestick’s green satin gown, or at the jeweler’s, where his crown was being mended, or at the grocer’s, where he had stopped for a mug of ale, his Royal Highnëss was quite unable to decide.

6. Only, these could never be the spectacles that usually rested on his royal nose ; for whenever he lööked through them, he could see nöthing but möth and rust—möths eating the bed-covers, the hangings, the carpets, the silks and velvets, the wool and linen, the lace and embroidery, in ëvëry part of his Majesty’s dominions—rust on the gold and silver, the marble and gränite, the oak and wälnut, the houses and ships, everywhere in his kingdom.

7. The king grew nervous. “We are all coming to poverty,” said his Royal Highnëss ; and though it was drawing töward

Christmas, he did little but peep through the spectacles and look dismal.¹ Of course, all the court looked dismal too. The courtiers² got a crick in the neck by going about with heads on one side, like his Majesty.

8. The Lord High Fiddlestick, being of the jolly³ persuasion,⁴ was obliged to shut himself up and laugh privately by the hour, to take the fun out of him before waiting on his Royal Highness; while the ladies wore their old gowns to court, and said, where the king could hear them, "Oh, we are obliged to piece and patch in these days. Between that dreadful Moth and Rust we are all coming to poverty, you know."

9. In this dilemma⁵ they sent for the Wisest Man, who came at once, looking so profound⁶ that the king took courage, and said, "What shall we do? Tell us, now."—"Hum!" said the Wisest Man, "that is a grave question. Let us go back to first principles. If there was nothing to eat, there would be no moths; and nothing to consume, there would be no rust—do you see?"

10. "Yes—certainly—of course," said all the courtiers; but the king only groaned. "But as there is silk and satin, velvet and linen, gold and diamonds, everywhere in the kingdom, I really don't see what you are to do about it," concluded the Wisest Man, and marched away home again.

11. This was cold comfort, and the king groaned more deeply than ever; but the king's son said to himself, "If there is no help for it, why can not we contrive to grow rich faster, and so keep ahead of the leak?" So he sent for all the rich men in the kingdom. "How did you grow rich?" asked the prince. "By trading," answered they altogether.

12. "Trade more, then, and we shall not all come to poverty," said the prince. "Alas! your Highness!" answered the rich men, sorrowfully, "we send away now just as much wheat and

¹ Dīs' mal, gloomy; unhappy.

² Courtier (kōrt' yer), a member of, or one who attends, the court of a prince; one who flatters to please.

³ Jōl' lŷ, full of life and fun; laughter-loving.

Persuasion (pēr swā' zhun), act of winning over; a creed or belief;

a party of the same creed or belief.

⁵ Dilemma (dī lēm' mā), a state of things in which hinderances are found on every side, and it is difficult to tell what to do; a difficult or doubtful choice.

⁶ Pro found', having a deep mind; skilled.

oil, and bring hōme just as much silk and gold, as we can find horses and wagons for carrying, and houses for stōring."

13. "Work fāster, then," suggested the prince. "We work as fast as flesh and blood is able," answered the rich men together as befōre.

14. "Now is my time," said Steme to himself. "Here is work a little mōre to my taste than vīōlèt-growing;"—and he began to clatter the cover of the kēttle. "Who is there?" asked the prince. "Steme," gurgled the kettle. "And what can you do, Steme?" said the prince. "Carry as many tōns as you like, and run sixty miles an hour," spluttered the kettle.

15. "That is a likely stōry!" cried the prince—"cūrled up thēre in a kēttle, whoever you are!"—"Try me," said Steme, coming out of the kettle. So the prince ordered a lōad that wōuld have brōken the backs of forty horses to be strapped behind Steme, who darted off with it as if it had been a feather, shrieking, snorting, and puffing, as he always did when his blood was up; and though he had a three-days' jōurney befōre him, he was back in a few hours, fresher than when he started.

IV.

32. *MOTH AND RUST.*

PART SECOND.

"**M**ORE lōads! mōre tōns!" bēllōwed Steme. "Lōnger jōurneys! I want to go fūrther. I want to go fāster. I can run twice as fast! Huzzā!" swinging his arms, and capering, and jumping all the while, as if he wās beside himself.

2. "Ah! this is better," said the prince, setting all the men in the palace to lōad Steme still mōre heavily. "Not much chānce here for Mōth and Rust." Presently, back came Steme rōaring for more loads.

3. All the men in the kingdom were set at work. Twice as much wheat and oil was sent out, and fōur times as much silk and gold were brought in, as ever befōre. "Not much danger of poverty now," exclaimed the courtiers; and even the king smiled, till he thought to put on his spectacles, when he saw more moth and more rust, eating twice as fast as ever before at the wheat and oil, the silk and gold.

4. "That is because you dōn't work fäst enough," shouted Steme. "Who ever saw such wheels and lōoms? Let me spin! Give me thousands of wheels! I can weave! Give me looms! give me spindles!—millions of spindles—hundreds of thousands of looms!" So men worked night and dāy to make spindles and wheels and looms for Steme; and a thousand workmen could not spin and weave the tenth part of what Steme did in a dāy. "Mōre, more!" cried Steme, buzzing and whīrring and clicking and whizzing among his wheels and spindles. "Not hālf enough yēt!"

5. But the king, looking through his spectacles, saw Mōth and Rust busy as ever at the vëry wheels and spindles and looms themselves. "Still it is your fault," shouted Steme. "You dōn't get about fast enough. Your horses creep like snails. Give me horses with iron backs—hundreds of them—thousands! I will draw your carriages. Give me paddles—twenty and thirty in a hand! I will row your bōats."

6. So Steme drove the carriages, and rowed the boats; and as people went dashing and tearing about everywhere, they pānted to each other, "What a wonderful nation we have grown to be! no chānce for Moth and Rust now!"

7. But, looking through his spectacles, the king saw mōths by the million, and rust on ëvëry thing. "Your fault still!" snorted Steme. "Why don't you read mōre? Why not have more bōōks? Let me make your books. Everybody shall have them. Every one shall read and be wise. Some one will then find out the remedy for Moth and Rust."

8. So Steme made books by the ton, and carried them everywhere—thundering continually, "Mōre, more! faster, faster! not hālf enough yēt!" But still the king saw moths and rust increase, and on Christmas eve he had no heart for Yule-lōgs¹ and Christmas-trees, but wandered āwāy in the fōrest,² and walked there by-himself, till just at dark he met a strānger.

9. "Who are you, and where are you going?" āsked the king; for the man had such a broad, jolly, smiling face that the

¹ Yule (yol), Christmas, or the feast held in memory of the birth of our Saviour. *Yule-log*, a large log of wood formerly put on the hearth on

Christmas eve, as the foundation or support of the fire.

² Fōr' est, a large tract of land covered with trees; a large wood.

king knew it was none of his court. "I am Merry Christmas," said the stranger, "and I am going to the cottage in the forest." The king was curious to know why Merry Christmas had passed his palace, where were a hundred Christmas-trees and a Yule-log on every hearth, to stop at the cottage, where they could have nothing more than a pine branch, and he walked on too.

10. In the cottage lived an old woman and a little girl. Against the chimney hung the little one's stocking, and on the table, before the fire, was a chicken nicely browned. The mouths of the dame and the little one watered, for the dame had few chickens, and, as you may believe, they had not roast chicken for dinner every day; but just as Merry Christmas opened the door, there stepped in, before him and the king, a poor little, hungry, shivering boy.

11. "Sit down," said the dame; "we were waiting for you. And let us thank our Lord for all His grace."—"Why, there is hardly meat enough for two," cried the king. "Such a little chicken!"—"But hush!" said Merry Christmas, "I carve!"

12. And, looking at him, the king understood how there would not only be enough for three, but that it would taste better than the choicest bit of turkey that the Lord High Fiddlestick would carve for his Majesty's own plate; and when Merry Christmas sat down on the hearth, there was such a glow in the pine chips, and such a light in the tallow candle, and such a brightness through all the room, that came out of Merry Christmas, and had nothing to do with either fire or candle, that the three at the table rejoiced like birds or babies, without understanding why; and the king knew that the great hall in his palace, with its Yule-log and its chandeliers,¹ would be dark and cold beside the little room.

13. Just then he remembered his spectacles, and, pulling them out, hastily clapped them on his nose and looked about him. "Bless my soul!" cried the king with a start; and, taking off his spectacles, he rubbed them carefully, and looked again; but stare² as he would, he saw neither Moth nor Rust.

¹ Chandelier (shān' dē lēr'), a frame with branches to hold a number of candles or other lights.
² Stare (stâr), see Note 2, p. 16.

14. "How is this?" thought the king, when, looking again and mōre sharply, he spied written on ěvery thing in the little rōom, "We give of what we have to-dāy to whoever needs, and trust to Gōd for to-mōrrōw."—"Oh," said Mĕrry Christmas, chuckling, "no preventive like that against Mōth and Rust;" but the king went hōme sōrrōwful, for he wāş vĕry rich.

V.

"No matter!" quōth² the stranger.

18. His limbs are strōng, his bĕard is lōng,
His hāir is dark and wavy.

THE apple-boughs hālf hid the house
Whĕre lived the lonely wīdōw ;
Behind it stōōd the chĕstnut wōōd,
Befōre it spread the mĕadōw.

2. She had no money in hĕr till,
She wāş too poor to bōrrōw ;
With her lame leg she could not beg ;
And no one cheered her sōrrōw.
3. She had no wood to cōōk her fōōd,
And but one chāir to sit in ;
Last spring she lōst a cow, that cōst
A whōle year's steady knitting.
4. She had wōrn her fingers to the bōne,
Her back was growing double ;
One day the pig tōre up her wig—
But that's not hālf her trouble.
5. Her best black gown was faded brown,
Her shoes were all in tatters,
With not a pāir for Sunday weār :
Said she, "It little matters !
6. "Nobody āsks me now to ride,
My garments are not fitting ;
And with my crutch I cāre not much
To hobble ōff to meeting.
7. "I still preserve my Testament,
And though the *Acts* are missing,

And *Luke* is törn, and *Hebrews* wörn,
On Sunday 'tis a blessing.

8. "And other dāys I ōpen it
Befōre me on the table,
And thêre I sit, and read, and knit,
As lōng as I am able."

10. In the cottagē ~~nyen was ordered, the book~~
Against the chimney hung the little one's stocking, and on t
table, befōre the fire, was a chicken nicely browned. 'T
"Mew-mew!" the little one watered. for the

10. And on the heärth, with sober mīrth,
"Chīrp, chirp!" replied the cricket.
'T was dark—but hark! "Bow-ow!" the bark
Of Rānger at the wicket!

11. Is Ranger barking at the moon?
Or what can be the matter?
What trouble now? "Bow-ow! bow-ow!"—
She hears the old gate clatter.

12. "It is the wind that bangs the gate,
And I must knit my stocking!"
But hush!—what's that? Rat-tat! rat-tat!
Alàs! thêre's some one knocking!

13. "Dear me! dear me! who can it be?
Whêre, where is my crutch-handle?"
She rubs a match with hasty scratch,
She can not light the candle!

14. Rat-tat! scratch, scratch! the worthlèss match!
The cat growls in the corner.
Rat-tat! scratch, scratch! Up flies the latch—
"Good evening, Mrs. Warner!"

15. The kitten spits and lifts her back,
Her eyes glāre¹ on the strānger;
The old cat's tail ruffs big and black,
Loud barks the old dōg Ranger!

¹ Glare (glâr), shine with a clear, bright, dazzling light.

16. Blue bûrns at læst the tardy match,
And dim the candle glimmers ;
Along the floor beside the door
The cold white moonlight shimmers.¹
17. "Sit down !"—the wîdōw gives her chair.
"Gět out !" she says to Ranger.
"Alås ! I do not know your name."
"No matter !" quōth² the stranger.
18. His limbs are ströng, his bēard is löng,
His hâir is dark and wavy ;
Upon his back he beârs a sack ;
His stâff is stout and heavy.

VI.

- He tûrned three times ; he gave a jump ;
His læugh rang loud and mērry !
18. He placed his hand upon his heart—
"MY way is löst, and with the fröst
I feel my fingers tingle."
Then from his back he slips the sack—
Ho ! did you hear it jinglē ?
2. "Nay, keep your châir ! while you sît thêre,
I'll take the other corner."
"I'm sörri, sîr, I have no fire !"
"No matter, Mrs. Warner !"
3. He shakes his sack—the magic³ sack !
Amazed the wîdōw gazes !
Hō, ho ! the chimney's full of wood !
Ha,⁴ ha ! the wood it blazes !
4. Ho, ho ! ha, ha ! the mērry fire !
It sputters and it crackles !
Snap, snap ! flash, flash ! old oak and ash
Send out a million sparkles.

¹ Shîm'mer, to shine faintly ; to glimmer.

² Quoth (kwōth), spoke ; said.

³ Măg'ic, relating to the hidden wisdom supposed to be pos-

sessed by the Măgî, or "wise men from the East," who brought gifts to the infant Jesus ; seeming to require mōre than man's power.

⁴ Ha (hä).

5. The strānger sits upon his sack
Beside the chimney-corner,
And rubs his hands befōre the brands,
And smiles on Mrs. Warner.
6. She feels her heart beat fāst with fear,
But what can be the dānger?
“Can I do aught for you, kind sir?”
“I’m hungr̃y!” quōth the strānger.
7. “Alās!” she said, “I have no fōōd
For boiling or for baking!”—
“I’ve food,” quoth he, “for you and me!”
And gave his sack a shaking.
8. Out rattled knives, and forks, and spōōns!
Twelve eggs, potatoes plenty!
Of Rānger at the wicket!
11. Is Ranger barking at the moon?
9. And Rachel, cālming hēr sūrpr̃ise,
As well as she was able,
Saw, following these, two roasted geese,
A tea-urn, and a table!
10. Strange, wās it not? each dish was hot,
Not even a plate was brōken;
The clōth was laid, and all arrayed,
Before a word was spōken!
11. “Sit up! sit up! and we will sup,
Dear mād̃am, while we’re able!”
Said she, “The rōōm is pōōr and small
For such a famous table!”
12. Again the strānger shakes the sack,
The walls begin to rumble!
Another shake! the rāfters quake!
Yōu’d think the roof wōūld tumble!
13. Shake, shake! the room grows high and large,
The walls are painted over!
Shake, shake! out fall four chairs, in all,
A bureau (bū’rō), and a sōfā.

14. The strānger stops to wipe the sweat
That down his face is streaming.
“Sit up ! sit up ! and we will sup,”
Quoth he, “ while all is steaming !”
15. The wīdōw hobbled on hēr crutch,
He kindly sprang to aid her.
“All this,” said she, “ is too much for me !”
Quoth he, “ We’ll have a waiter !”
16. Shake, shake, once mōre ! and from the sack
Out popped a little fēllōw,
With elbows bāre, bright eyes, sleek hāir,
And trousers striped with yēllōw.
17. His legs were short, his body plump,
His cheek was like a chērry ;
He tūrned three times ; he gave a jump ;
His lāugh rang loud and mērry !
18. He placed his hand upon his heart,
And scraped and bowed so handy !
“Your humble servant, sir,” he said,
Like any little dandy.

VII.

wo before bed-time.

So they talked togēther about their garden, and their corn,
their bees and their crane-vine which clambered over the

THE wīdōw lāughed a lōng, loud laugh,
And up she started, screaming ;
When ho ! and lo ! the rōom wās dark !—
She’d been asleep and dreaming !

2. The strānger and his māgie sack,
The dishes and the fishes,
The geese and things, had taken wings,
Like riches, or like witches !
3. All, all was gōne ! She sat ālōne ;
Her hands had dropped their knitting.
“Meow-meow !” the cat upon the mat ;
“Mew-mew ! mew-mew !” the kitten.

4. The heärth is bleak—and hark ! the creak—
 “Chirp, chirp !” the lonesome cricket.
 “Bow-ow !” says Ranger to the moon ;
 The wind is at the wicket.¹
5. And still she sits, and as she knits
 She ponders² ö’er the vision :³
 “ I saw it written on the sack—
 ‘ A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.’ ”
6. “ I know Göd sent the dream, and meant
 To teach this useful lesson,
 That out of peace and pure content
 Springs every ěarthly blessing ! ”
7. Said she, “ I’ll make the sack my own !
 I’ll shake äwäy all sörröw ! ”
 She shook the sack for me to-däy ;
 She’ll shake for you to-mörröw.
8. She shakes out hope ; and joy, and peace,
 And häppinèss come äfter ;
 She shakes out smiles for all the world ;
 She shakes out love and läughter.
9. For poor and rich—no matter which—
 For young folks or for old folks,
 Not even a pläte¹ was for proud, and meek
 The clöth was laid, and all arrayed,
 Before a word was spöken !
 And sometimes for the teacher ;
 For white and black, she shakes the sack—
 In short, for every creature.
11. And everybody who has grief,
 The sufferer and the mōurner,
 From far and near, come now to hear
 Kind words from Mrs. Warner.
12. They go to hër with heavy hearts,
 They go äwäy with light ones ;

¹ Wick’et, a small gate or door. and cäreful attention of an object.

² Pön’der, to weigh in the mind ; ³ Vision (vīzh’un), that which is
 to examine or dwell upon with löng seen ; sight ; a dream.

They go to hēr with cloudy brows,
They come away with bright ones.

13. All love her well, and I could tell
Of many a cheering present,
Of fruits and things their friendship brings,
To make her fireside pleasant.

14. She always keeps a chēery fire ;
The house is pāintèd over ;
She has fōōd in stōre, and chāirs for fōur,
A būreau and a sōfā.

15. She says these seem just like her dream,
And tells again the vision :
"I saw it written on the sack,—
'A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION !'"

VIII.

36. THE WONDERFUL PITCHER.

PART FIRST.

ONE evening,¹ in times lǒng ago, Philē'mon and his wife Bāu'cis,² an āgèd couple, sat at thèir cottāge dōor, enjoy-
ing the cālm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten
thèir frugal³ supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour
or two before bed-time.

2. So they talked togethēr about their garden, and their corn,
and their bees, and their grape-vine which clambered over the
cottāge wall, and on which the grapes wēre beginning to tūrn
pūrple. But the rūde⁴ shouts of children and the fierce bark-
ing of dōgs, 'in the village near at hand, grew louder and
louder, until at lāst it wāş hardly possible for Baucis and
Philemon to hear each other speak.

3. "Ah, wife !" cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is
seeking hōspitālity⁵ among our neighbors yōnder, and instead

¹ Evening (ē' vn ing).

² Baucis (bā' sis).

³ Frugal (frō'gal), cāreful ; prū-
dent ; spāring ; saving of expenses
without meanness.

⁴ Rude (rūd), cōarse ; saucy.

⁵ Hōs'pi tāl'i ty, reception and
entertainment of guests or strangers
without reward ; kindness to stran-
gers or guests.

of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

4. "Well-a-day!" answered good Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

5. "These children will never come to any good," said Philémon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor homeless stranger that may come along and need it."—"That's right, husband," said Baucis; "so we will!"

6. There was a confused din¹ which lasted a good while, and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley. Soon, at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little further off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might.

7. Once or twice the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about, and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children, or the pack of curs² whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

8. Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

9. "Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

10. "Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I

¹ Din, loud noise; racket.

² Cur (kēr), a worthless dog.

make haste within dōors, and see whether we can gèt them any thing for supper; a comfortable bōwl of bread and milk would do wonders tōward raising their spirits."

11. Accordingly she hāstened into the cottage. Phīlē'mon on his part went forward and extended his hand with so hōspitable an aspect,¹ that there wāṣ no need of saying, what nevertheless he did say in the heartiēst tone — "Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

12. "Thank you," replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of a way, notwithstanding his wēarinēss and trouble. "This is quite another greeting from that we met with yōnder in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

13. "Ah!" observed Philemon, with a quiet kindly smile, "Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends² I can for the inhōspitality of my neighbors."

14. "Well said, old fāther!" cried the traveler, lāughing; "and if the trūth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. These children—the little rascals!—have bespattered us finely with their mud-balls; and one of the cūrs has tōrn my clōak, which was already rāggèd enough. But I hit him ācrōss the muzzle³ with my staff, and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far ōff."

15. By this time Philemon and his two guests⁴ had reached the cottage dōor. "Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife, Bāuçis, has gōne to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."⁵

16. "Was thêre not," asked the strānger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake in very āncient⁶ times, covering the spot where now stands yōnder village?"

17. "Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yēt

¹ As'pect, look, or pēculiar appearance of the face; countenance.

² Amēnds', satisfaction for lōss or injury.

³ Mūz'zle, the nose or mouth; a fastening for the mouth.

⁴ Guēst, a stranger entertained; a visitor.

⁵ Cupboard (kūb'erd), a closet with shelves for cups, saūcers, &c.

⁶ Ancient (ān'shent), old; that happened or lived many years ago.

I am an old man, as you see. Thêre wêre always the fields and mēadōws, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream mûrmûring through the mids of the valley. My fâther, or his father bēfore him, never saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtlêss it will still be the same, when Philemon shall be gōne and forgotten."

18. "That is mōre than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something vëry stërn in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy cûrls were shaken with the movemēt: "Since the inhabitants of yōnder village have forgotten the affections of their nature, it wêre better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again."

19. The traveler lōoked so stern, that Philē'mon was reälly almost frightened; the mōre so, that at his frown the twilight¹ seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the âir.

20. But in a mōmēt âfterward the stranger's face became so kindly and mild, that the old man quite forgot his terror.² Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveler must be no ordinary person, although he happened now to be attired so humbly, and to be journeying on fōöt.

IX.

37. *THE WONDERFUL PITCHER.*

PART SECOND.

WHILE Baucis waş gëttîng the supper, the travelers bōth began to talk vëry pleasantly with Philemon. But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man as he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however, about the events of his pâst life, in the whōle cōurse of which he had never been a seōre³ of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from thêir yōuth upward, ēarning their bread by hōnèst labor, always poor, but still contented.

¹ Twi'light, the faint light seen bēfore the rising and âfter the setting of the sun.

dread; great alarm or fear that agitates the body and mind.

³ Scōre, a notch or mark made to keep an account; twenty.

² Tër'ror, that which may cause

2. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis had made, and how nice wēre the vegetables he raised in his gārden. He said, too, that because they loved one another so vĕry much, it was the wish of bōth that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, togēther.

3. As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance,¹ and made its expression as sweet as it was grand. "You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your help-meet. It is fit that your wish should be grānted." And it seemed to Philemon just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

4. Baucis had now got supper ready, and coming to the door, began to make apologies² for the poor fāre she was fōrced to set befōre her guests. "Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gōne without a mōrsel,³ rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the mōst part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our lāst lōaf is already hālf ēaten. Ah me! I never feel the sōr-rōw of being poor, save when a poor traveler knocks at our door."

5. As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungr̃y travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown lōaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was besides a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately sized ēarthēn pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the bōard; and when Baucis had filled the bōwls, and set them befōre the strangers, ōnly a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher.

6. At their very first sitting down, the two travelers bōth drank ōff the milk in their two bōwls at a draught. "A little mōre milk, kind mother Baucis, if you please," said the younger traveler, whose name was Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am vĕry much athīrst."

7. "Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great con-

¹ Coun'te nance, the expression doing something improper or wrōng; or appearance of the human face; an excuse.
lōok; aid.

³ Mor'sel, a bite; a mouthful.

² A pōl'o gŷ, a regret offered for a small piece.

fusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed. But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

8. "Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table, and taking the pitcher by the handle; "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you think them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher." So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded not only to fill his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty.

9. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterward and seen the bottom of the pitcher as she set it down on the table. "But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher can not help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

10. "What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing¹ the contents² of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess,³ but I must really ask you for a little more." Now, Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see any thing, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and had poured out every drop of milk in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left.

11. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea⁴ that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant supply fell bubbling into the bowl, that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! "And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

12. Baucis cut him a slice, accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable,⁴ it was now as light and moist as if

¹ Quaffing, (kwăf'fing), drinking largely.

² Cōn'tents, that which is contained or held.

³ Hōst'ess, a female host; a landlady.

⁴ Pāl'a ta ble, pleasing to the taste; agreeable.

but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb which had fallen on the table, she found it mōre delicious¹ than bread ever waſ befōre, and could hardly believe that it was a lōaf of her own kneading and baking. Yēt, what other loaf could it possibly be?

13. But oh, the hōney! Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt. The pērfume² flōated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful, that, had you closed your eyes, you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbor, with honeysuckles creeping over it.

14. Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Phīlēmon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper. "Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

15. "No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile; "and I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had pōured out the milk, I should have seen thrōugh the matter at once. There happened to be a little mōre in the pitcher than you thought, that is all."

16. "Ah, husband, say what you will, these are verry uncommon people," said Baucis. "Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They cērtainly do lōok as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

17. Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis, who rubbed her eyes in order to see the mōre clearly, was of opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bŭrſting with ripe juice. It was a wonder to her to see how such grapes could ever have been produced from the old stunted vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

¹ **Delicious** (de līsh'us), delightful; most grateful or sweet to the senses.

² **Per'fume**, the odor or scent that comes from sweet-smelling substances; sweetness of smell.



18. Věry ād'mirable grapes these ! Pray, my good hōst, whence did you gāther them ?" observed Quicksilver, as he swallowēd one āfter another, without appārently dīmīn'ishing his cluster. "From my own vine," answered Phīlē'mon. "You may see one of its brānches twisting ācrōss the wīndōw yōnder ; but wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

19. "I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this excellent milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince." This time, Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher ; for he was curious to discover if thēre wās any reālity in the marvel which Bāuçis had whispered to him. He slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the

brim with rich, foaming, sweet-smelling milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the mīrāe'ūloūs¹ pitcher from his hand.

20. "Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more surprised than his wife had been. "Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wāyfärer!" The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose.

X.

38. THE WONDERFUL PITCHER.

PART THIRD.

THE old man and his wife were stirring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and prepared to depart. Philēmon hōs'pitably entreated them to remain a little lōnger, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast.

2. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to get over a good part of their jōurney before the heat of the day should come on. They thērefōre pērsisted² in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk fōrth with them a short distance, and show them the rōad they were to take.

3. So they all fōur issued³ from the cottage, chatting together like old friends. It was vērly remarkable, indeed, how familiar the old couple insensibly⁴ grew with the elder traveler, and how their good and simple spirits melted into his, even as two drops of water melt into the ocean. And as for the yōunger, with his keen, quick, lāughing wits, he appeared

¹ Mī rāc'ū loūs, beyond the common laws of nature; wonderful.

² Per sīst'ed, continued firm; did not give up or lāy aside.

³ Issued (īsh'shod), proceeded; went out.

⁴ In sēn'si bly, so as not to be perceived or made aware of.

to discover evêry little thôught that but peeped into their minds befôre they suspected it themselves.

4. They sometimes wished, it is true, that Quicksilver had not been quite so quick-witted, and also that he would fling äway his staff, which looked so mysteriously mis'chievous,¹ with the snakes always writhing äbout it. But then, again, he showed himself so very good-humored, that they would have been rejoiced to keep him in the cottage, staff, snakes, and all, evêry day, and the whôle day löng.

5. "Ah me ! well-a-day !" exclaimed Philê'mon, when they had walked a little wäy from their door. "If our neighbors öny knew what a blessèd thing it is to show höspitälity to strängers, they would tie up all their dögs, and never allow their childrèn to fling another stöne."

6. "It is a sin and shame for them to behave so—that it is!" cried good Baucis. "And I mean to go this vêry dāy and tell some of them what naughty people they are!"—"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find nöne of them at hōme."

7. The elder traveler's brow just then assumed such a grave, stêrn, and awful grandeur,² yêť serene³ withal, that nêither Baucis nor Philemon dāred to speak a word. "When men do not feel toward the hūmblêst stranger as if he wêre a bröther," said he, in tones so deep that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on ĕarth, which was created as the abode⁴ of a great human brotherhood !"

8. Philemon and his wife túrned tōward the valley, whêre, at sunset, öny the dāy befôre, they had seen the mēadōws, the houses, the gārdens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street, with children playing in it, and all the tōkens⁵ of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was thêir astōnishmènt ! Thêre was no löngêr any appearance of a village ! Even the fêr'tile⁶ vale, in the höllöw of which it lāy, had ceased to have existence.

¹ *Mis'chiêv* öűs, inclined to harm, or to injury that disturbs.

² *Grandeur* (grănd'yör), splendor of appearance; display.

³ *Se rēne'*, clear and cālm; bright.

⁴ *A bōde'*, the place whêre one dwells or lives.

⁵ *Token* (tō'kn), a sign.

⁶ *Fer'tile*, able to produce vêry much; frūitful.

9. In its stead, they beheld the broad blue sùrface of a lake, which filled the great bāsìn of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the sùrrounding hills in its bōsòm,¹ with as tran-
quil² an image as if it had been thêre since the creation of the world. For an instant the lake remained pěrfectly smōōth; then a little breeze sprang up, and eāused the wāter to dānce, glitter, and sparkle in the ēarly sunbeams, and to dash with a pleasant rippling mûrmûr against the shōre.

10. "Alās! what has become of our poor neighbors?" cried those kind-hearted old people. "They exist no lōngēr as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "Thêre was nēither use nor beauty in such a life as thêirs; for they never sōftened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality³ by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bōsòm; thêrêfōre the lake that there was of old, has spread itself fōrth again to reflect the sky!"

11. "As for you, good Phīlē'mon," continued he, "and you, kind Baucis, who, with your scanty means have mingled so much heartfelt hōspitālity with your reception of the hōmélèss stranger, you have dōne well; whêrêfōre request whatever favor you have mōst at heart, and it is granted."

12. Philemon and Baucis looked at one another; and then I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the dēsirē of bōth their hearts. "Let us live togēther while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die! for we have always loved one another!"

13. "Be it so!" replied the strāngēr with majestic kindnèss. "Now, lōōk tōward your cottage!" They did so; but what was their surprise on beholding a tall building of white marble, with a wide-ōpen pōrtal, occupying the spot where their humble cottage had so lately stōōd!

14. "Thêre is your hōme," said the strāngēr, kindly smiling on them bōth. "Exercise your hōspitālity in yōnder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us lāst

¹ Bosom (bu'zum).

² Tranquil (trāngk' wil), quiet;
eālm; peaceful.

³ Mor tāl'i tŷ, the state of being
mōrtal, or subject to deāth; human
nature.

evening." The old folks fell on their knees to thank him ; but behold ! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

15. So Philémon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody happy and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its wonderful quality of being never empty when it was desirable to have it full.

16. Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning, when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable¹ smile overspreading both their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of overnight² to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere from top to bottom of the spacious³ palace, and all to no purpose ; but after a great deal of searching, they espied in front of the portal two venerable⁴ trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before.

17. Yet, there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage⁵ overshadowing the whole front of the edifice.⁶ One was an oak, and the other a linden-tree, and their boughs, it was strange and beautiful to see, were so closely intertwined together, that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's embrace.

18. While the guests were marveling how these trees, that must have required at least a century⁷ to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up and set their intermingled boughs astir, and then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking. "I am Philemon!" murmured the oak. "I am Baucis!" murmured the linden-tree.

19. But as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at

¹ Hōs'pi ta ble, kind to strangers or guests ; free-hearted.

² Spā'cioūs, wide extended ; having large or ample room.

³ Vēn'er able, deserving of honor and respect ; aged.

⁴ Fō'li age, leaves ; a cluster of leaves, flowers, and branches.

⁵ Ed'i fice, a large building ; a house.

⁶ Century (sēnt'yu rī), a hundred years ; a hundred.

once: "Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!" as if one were bōth, and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual¹ heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their youth, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden-tree.

20. And oh, what a pleasant shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wāyfârer pâssed benēath it, he heard a cheerful whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these: "WELCOME, WELCOME, DEAR TRAVELER, WELCOME!"

SECTION VIII.

I.

39. GREAT AND SMALL.

A SPARROW caught upon a tree
A fly so fat, his taste grew strōngēr;
His victim, struggling to get free,
Begged but to live a little lōngēr;
The mûrderer ānswered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

2. A hawk beheld him at his feast,
And in a mōmēt pounced upon him;
The dying spārrōw wished, at least,
To know what injury he had done him;
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

3. The eagle sees the hawk belōw,
And quickly on the gormand² seizes—
"O, noble king! pray let me go!
"Mērcy! thou pēckèst me to pieces!"
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

¹ Mût'u al, given and received; ² Gormand (ġar'mand), a glutton;
interchanged; common. ³ ravenous or greedy eater.

4. He feasted ; lo ! an ärrōw flew
 And pierced the eagle's boſom through.
 Unto the hunter loud ſcreamed he,
 "O, tyrant ! whêrefōre¹ mûrder me ?"
 "Ah !" ſaid the murderer, "thou muſt fall,
 For I AM GREAT AND THOU ART SMALL !"

II.

40. CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

IN the ěarly part of the ſixteenth century chĕrries wĕre vĕry rĕare in Germany. Thĕre had been a rot, and it wāſ with the utmoſt difficulty that any coułd be preſĕrved.

2. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wōłf, had in the middle of the town a walled gĕrden, and in the garden he had gĕthered the rĕrĕſt of chĕrry-trees, and by conſtant watchfulnĕſſ he had kept āwĕy the diſĕaſe from his fruit, ſo that he alone poſſeſſed healthy cherry-trees, and thoſe in great abundance, beĕring the juĭĕſt cherries.

3. All who wiſhed chĕrries muſt go to him for them, and he ſold them at the highĕſt prices, ſo that ĕvĕry ſĕaſon he reaped a great harvĕſt of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wōłf's cherry-trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

4. One ſeaſon, when his cherry-trees were in bloſſom, and giving promiſe of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was beſieged, and ſo ſurrounded by the enemy, that no help coułd reach it.

5. Slowly they conſumed all the proviſions that were ſtōred, and famine² was ſtĕring them in the face ; nor did they dĕare yield to the enemy, for in thoſe days there was little mercy ſhown to the conquered, and while any hope remained, the people held out, making vain ſallies³ into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as leſſ and leſſ fōōd remained to them.

6. Meanwhile, the enemy had grown mōre fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brōōks and ſprings

¹ **Wherefore** (whĕr'fōr), for what or which reaſon.

² **Fĕm'ine**, want of ſufficient fōōd.

³ **Sĕl'ly**, a darting or ſpringing fōrth ; a marching of troops from a place to attack beſiegers.

in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them more savage, and the commanding general would listen to no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women and children, to the sword.

7. But would it not be better thus to be killed outright than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb,¹ fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth to water at the sight.

8. A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the people delirious.² He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed.

9. He brought them into his orchard and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshaling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

10. The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and suspected some stratagem.³ Then he was told that they were the children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing luscious⁴ cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mock him, and he would surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

¹ Su perb', grand; showy; rich.

² De lir'i oüs, deranged; wandering in mind.

³ Strät'a gëm, an artifice or trick

by which some advantage is expected to be gained.

⁴ Luscious (lüşh'us), sweet; delightful.

11. But when the procēssion¹ came befōre him, and he saw the pōor children, so thin, so pale, so wōrn out by hunġer, the rough man's heart waſ touched; a ſpring of fatherly love, that had lōng been choked up in him, brōke fōrth; he was filled with pity, and tears came into his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful children in white did—they vanquished² the hard heart.

12. That evening the little chērry-bēarers retūrnēd to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the vēr̄y next day a treaty of peace was signed.

13. In mēmōry of this event, the people of Hamburg still keep ēvēry year a festival, called the Feast of Chērries; when the children of the city, clad in white garments, march thrōugh the streets, holding green boughs, to which the people, coming out of their houses, hāsten to tie bunches of cherries; ōnly now the children are chubby and mērry, and they eat the cherries themselves.

III.

41. *THE OAK-TREE.*

1.

SING for the oak-tree, the monarch of the wōōd !
Sing for the oak-tree, that grōwēth green and gōōd !
That groweth broad and brānching within the fōrest shade ;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid !

2.

The oak-tree waſ an acorn once, and fell upon the ċārth ;
And sun and shower nōurished it, and gave the oak-tree bīrth :
The little sprouting oak-tree ! two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and shower nourished it, then out the brānches būrst.

3.

The winds came and the rain fell ; the gusty tēmpēst blew ;
All, all were friends to the oak-tree, and strōnġer yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and grāy ;
But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every dāy.

¹ **Procession** (pro sēsĥ'un), a train of persons or animals moving in order.

² **Vanquished** (vāngk'wisht), subdued in battle ; beat in any contest.

4.

Four centuries grows the oak-tree, nor does its verdure¹ fail ;
 Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like plaited mail.
 Now cut us down the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood ;
 And of its timber stout and strong we'll build a vessel good.

5.

The oak-tree of the forest both east and west shall fly ;
 And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our ship shall lie.
 She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate shall she be ;
 But a noble, Christian merchant-ship, to sail upon the sea.

IV.

42. THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

AT an early period in the history of Holland, a boy, who is the hero² of the following narrative, was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace.

2. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of finding itself under water, rather than above it.

3. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, and closes them again carefully at night ; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, overflow them, and inundate³ the whole country. Even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

4. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dike.⁴ His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late.

5. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and

¹ Verd'ure, greenness.

² Hē'ro, a great warrior ; the chief person in a story.

³ In ün'dâte, cover with water.

⁴ Dike, a mound of earth thrown up to prevent an overflow ; a ditch.

the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

6. As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy first stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, then, in childish gayety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary,¹ and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager, returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard.

7. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage,² and he looked up in some dismay.³ The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible,⁴ though not as distinctly as by day.

8. The child thought of his father, of his injunction,⁵ and was preparing to quit the ravine⁶ in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examined it, and soon discovered a hole in the rotten wood, through which the water was flowing.

9. With the instant⁷ perception which every child in Holland would have had, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole, through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow.

10. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and, to his delight, he found that he had succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

¹ Söl'i ta rŷ, lonely; retired.

² Herbage (ěrb'aj), herbs collectively; pasture; grass.

³ Dis māj', loss of courage and hope; fear.

⁴ Per cěp'ti ble, that can be seen,

felt, or known by the senses.

⁵ Injunction (in jungk'shun), order or command.

⁶ Ravine (ra vĕn'), a deep and narrow hollow, usually worn by water.

⁷ In'stant, immediate; quick.

Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger :
 We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
Wait a little longer.

2. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The pen shall supersede¹ the sword ;
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger ;
 The proper impulse² has been given ;—
Wait a little longer.

3. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 WAR in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity³
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger ;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—
Wait a little longer.

4. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Hateful rivalries⁴ of creed⁵

11. This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered.

12. He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas, the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not.

the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

6. As he went *ălōng* by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy first stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, then, in childish gayety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary,¹ and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager, returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard.

7. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage,² and he looked up in some dismay.³ The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible,⁴ though not as distinctly as by day.

8. The child thought of his father, of his injunction,⁵ and was preparing to quit the ravine⁶ in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examined it, and soon discovered a hole in the rotten wood, through which the water was flowing.

9. With the instant⁷ perception which every child in Holland would have had, the boy saw that the water must soon

43. THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming :

We may not live to see the day,

But earth shall glisten in the ray

Of the good time coming.

¹ **F**altering (*fəl'ter ing*), falling short; trembling; hesitation.

² **E**vincing, showing clearly.

³ **F**or'ti tūde, that strength of mind which enables one to meet danger with coolness and firmness, or

to bear pain or disappointment without murmuring or discouragement.

⁴ **U**ndaunted (*un dānt'ed*), brave; fearless.

⁵ **M**use, one of the nine goddesses of history, poetry, painting, etc.

Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger :
 We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
Wait a little longer.

2. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The pen shall supersede¹ the sword ;
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger ;
 The proper impulse² has been given ;—
Wait a little longer.

3. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 WAR in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity³
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger ;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—
Wait a little longer.

4. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Hateful rivalries⁴ of creed⁵
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger ;
 And Charity⁶ shall trim her lamp ;—
Wait a little longer.

¹ *Su per sēde'*, set aside ; take the place of.

² *Im'pulse*, sudden force given ; impression.

³ *Iniquity* (in ik'we tī), want of uprightness ; some certain act of wickedness.

⁴ *Ri'val rŷ*, strife to excel, or to secure the same thing that another is trying to obtain.

⁵ *Crēed*, articles of faith ; a short account of what is believed.

⁶ *Chă'r'i tŷ*, love ; good-will ; act of giving freely.

5. Thère's a good time eoming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 And a poor man's family
 Shall not be his misery
 In the good time coming.
 Every child shall be a help
 To make his right arm ströñger ;
 The happier he the möre he has ;—
 Wait a little longer.
6. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Little children shall not toil
 Under, or above, the soil
 In the good time coming ;
 But shall play in healthful fields
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
 And every one shall read and write ;—
 Wait a little longer.
7. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The people shall be temperate,
 And shall love instead of hate,
 In the good time coming.
 They shall use and not abuse,
 And make all vîrtue stronger.
 The reformation has begun ;—
 Wait a little longer.
8. There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every wöman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallèst helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger ;
 'Twill be strong enough one day ;—
 WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

SECTION IX.

I.

44. ANTONY CANOVA.

CANOVA¹ first saw the light of day in the little Venetian² village of Possagno.³ Falieri⁴ the senator was lord of this village. One day he gave a great dinner, and there was served up to his guests the image of a lion, beautifully formed in butter.

2. This unexpected dish gave as much surprise to the senator as to his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to come up stairs, that he might congratulate⁵ him in presence of the party, so much pleased was he with the marvelous⁶ work of art. The cook was introduced into the banqueting-hall, and was so overwhelmed with congratulations, that the tears came into his eyes.

3. "You weep for joy?" said his master to him. "No, my lord," he replied; "it is through despáir at not having executed the work of art which is the object of so much admiration."

4. "I should like to make the artist's⁷ acquaintance," said the senator. The cook withdrew, assuring his master that his wish would be gratified; and in a few minutes returned, leading in the artist.

5. He was a little peasant-boy, about ten years old, meanly clad, for his párents were poor. Poor as they were, however, these worthy people had exposed themselves to great straits,⁸ rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture⁹ which a professor had kindly undertaken to give for a vëry moderate fee.

¹ Canova (kă nō' vā).

² Ve nē'tian, of, or pertaining to, Venice, a fortified city of Italy.

³ Possagno (pos sän' yo).

⁴ Falieri (fä le ä' re).

⁵ Con grät'ū lâte, to wish joy to.

⁶ Mar'vel oŭs, strange; wonderful; surprising.

⁷ Art'ist, one who is skilled in some one of the *fine arts*, as painting, sculpture, &c.

⁸ Sträit, difficulty; distress.

⁹ Scŭlpt'üre, the art of carving, cutting, or hewing wood or stone into images or figures, as of men, beasts, or other things.

6. Antony Cänō'vä had early exhibited¹ a strong faculty for statuary. He modeled² clay when he could get it, and, with the help of his knife, carved little figures out of all the chips of wood he could lay his hands on.

7. His pârents were acquainted with the cook of Senator Falieri. On the morning of the great dinner, he came to impart the difficulty he had in giving a graceful finish to the table. He had exhausted³ all the resôurces of his skill and imagination;⁴ but he still wanted one of those effective⁵ dishes, capable of producing a great sensation,⁶ which rear on a solid basis the reputation⁷ of the cook of a great house.

8. The little Cänō'vä thought for a minute, and then said: "Do not trouble yourself; I shall soon come to you. Leave it to me, and I shall answer for it that your table will be complete." The boy went as he had promised to the senator's house, showed the cook the design⁸ of the figure which he meant to execute, answered for the success of the attempt, and cut the block of butter with that purity of imagination and perfect taste, which he afterwards displayed in cutting blocks of marble.

9. Surprised as the guests had been by the work, they were much more so when they beheld the workman. He was loaded with attentions, and from this time fôrth, Falieri was the pâtron⁹ of the young Cänō'vä.

10. The happy result of the first attempt of the little peasant-boy, suddenly made his name famous, and opened up for him the rôad to permanent success. Falieri placed him as a pupil in the stûdiö¹⁰ of the best sculptor of the time. Two years

¹ **Exhibited** (egz hīb'it ed), held forth or presented to view; displayed.

² **Môd'eled**, molded; shaped; formed into a pattern.

³ **Exhausted** (ëgz hæst'ed), used or entirely expended.

⁴ **Im äg'i nã'tion**, the image-making power of the mind; the power to put in new forms objects of sense before noticed or seen.

⁵ **Ef fëct'ive**, having the power, or suited, to produce effects.

⁶ **Sen sã'tion**, feeling awakened by whatever affects an organ of sense; a state of excited feeling.

⁷ **Rëp'u tã'tion**, the character given to a person, thing, or action of good name.

⁸ **De sign'**, a first sketch; a plan.

⁹ **Pã'tron**, one who, or that which, countenances, supports, or protects.

¹⁰ **Stû'diö**, the workshop of an artist.

after—that is to say, when Cänōvā was only twelve years of age—he sent to his pātron a gift of two marble fruit-baskets of his own workmanship, of remarkable merit, which still adorn the Falieri palace at Venice.

11. You will lēarn elsewhere the claims of this great artist to the admiration of posterity.¹ All the academies of Europe solicited the honor of enrōlling him among their members. All the kings vied with each other in enriching their nātional muṣṣ'umṣ² with the beautiful prōducts of his genius.³

12. He was elected Prince-perpetual of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome—a title conferred on no other artist since his death. The funeral-ceremony with which his remains were honored, was the grāndèst which had ever occurred in connection with the fine arts since the death of Rāphaël.⁴

II.

45.



PART FIRST.

SPRINGFIELD, Pennsylvania, in 1738, became the birth-place of a Quaker infant, from whom his pārents and neighbors looked for wonderful things. A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had foretold that he would be one of the mōst remarkable characters that had appeared on the ĕarth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed upon the boy.

2. Some of his ancestors⁵ had won great renown in the old wars of Engländer and France; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher, and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be verry fortunate in having a son of such promise.

¹ Pōs tēr'i ty, offspring to the fūr-thest age, or from the same forefather.

² Mū sē'um, a place where curious things are kept for exhibition.

³ Genius (jēn'yus), the peculiar form of mind with which each person is favored by nature; the high and peculiar gifts of nature which

fōrce the mind to certain fāvorite kinds of labor.

⁴ Rāph'a ēl was a very great painter, whose works are the admiration of the world. He lived between 1483 and 1520.

⁵ An'ces tor, one from whom a person descends; a forefather.

3. Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing any thing worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand, and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe that lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

4. The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they came near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

5. It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen¹ hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful² quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

meant to execute, answered for the success to himself. "What cut the block of butter with that purity! did not last forever!" Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had heard but little of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

7. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

8. "Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion³ in his face. At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper.

9. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well

¹ **Waxen** (wăk'sn), made of wax; degree; full of joy.
wax-like—hence, soft; yielding.

² **Bliss'ful**, happy in the highest
³ **Confu'sion** (zhun), state of being confused or made ashamed; shame.



before in the house or

6. "Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Indian, "what has possessed thee to paint these pictures? Where didst thou get them?" Then Benjamin explained that all these pictures were painted

with no better materials than red and yellow ochre and with brushes made of the bark on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and great joy.

10. "Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" and then she threw her arms around our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

11. As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues¹ and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild

¹ Hûe, tint ; dye ; color.

roses of summer, and the scarlet eărdinal-flowers¹ of eărly autumn.

12. In the decline of the year, when the wōods were variegated² with all the cōlors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nōthing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The pŭrple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he wăş continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountaiņs, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and tŭrkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

13. In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Evěry year a party of them used to păy a visit to Springfield, because the wĭgwăms³ of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him věry happy by giving him some of the red and yěllōw paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces.

14. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he now had three cōlors—red, blue, and yěllōw—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtlěss showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likeněssēs in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, &c., hē măy be said⁴ and ārrōws.

And thěre were pens and paper, and colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen ar
ver, and kneeling down beside the cradle, begar
nēss of the infant. While he was busied i
heard his mother's step approaching.

ALL this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor wěre there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadělphiă on purpose. However, he wăş a věry ingenious⁵ boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself.

2. With this design he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, which was sleeping

¹ Car' di nal-flow' er, a plant which beărs bright red flowers of much beauty.

² Vă'ri e găt ed, marked with different colors

³ Wigwam (wĭg'wōm), an Indian hut or cabin.

⁴ Tōm'a hawk, an Indian hatchet.

⁵ Ingenious (in jĕn'yus), skillful or quick to invent or contrive

quietly by the fireside. "Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fûr from the tip of your tail?"

3. Though Ben addressed the black cat so civilly, yet he was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously¹ clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush.

4. This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and raggèd that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful² look. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.

5. About this period Friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadélphiä, who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds with beautiful plumage,³ and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the house of a Quaker farmer.

6. "Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where didst thou get them?" Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yèllow ocher⁴ and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fûr.

7. "Vëriely," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter; and Providence is wiser than we are." The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently⁵ considered him a wonderful boy.

¹ Dëx'ter oûs ly, adroitly; skillfully; handily.

² Rueful (rô'ful), woful; mournful; sorrowful.

³ Plûm'age, the collection of

plumes or feathers which cover a bird.

⁴ O'cher, a kind of fine clay of various colors.

⁵ Ev'idently, easily seen; clearly

8. When his p^árents saw how much their son's performances w^ére admired, they, no doubt, remembered the prophecy¹ of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben's future eminence. Y^ét they could not understand how he was ever to become a v^éry great and useful man merely by making pictures.

9. One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's ret^úrn to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, d^ír^écted to our little friend Ben. "What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

10. On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped² it, behold! th^ére was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these tr^éasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

11. What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bed-time he put the paint-box under his p^íllow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night l^óng, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkn^éss. In the morning he h^úrried to the garret, and was seen no m^óre, till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of f^óod b^éfore he hurried back to the garret again.

12. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at l^ást his mother th^óught it time to ascertain³ what he w^ás about. She accordingly f^óllowed him to the garret.

13. On opening the d^óor, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the l^ást touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied p^órtions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of b^óth, with such *á*d'-mirable⁴ skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals.⁵

¹ *Pr^óph' e cy*, a foretelling; that which is foretold.

² *En v^él'oped*, surrounded as a covering.

³ *As cer t^áin'*, find out or l^éarn: make c^értain.

⁴ *Ad'mi ra ble*, worthy to be admired; having qualities to awaken wonder joined with affection or agreeable feelings.

⁵ *O r^íg'i nal*, that which came before all others of its cl^áss; first copy.

The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. Thêre, too, were the sunshine and the shădôw, looking as natural as life.

14. "My dear child, thou hast dōne wōnders!" cried his mother. The good lady was in an ecstasy¹ of delight. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

IV.

It was the same that little Ben had painted in his carret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings

PART THIRD.

WELL, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity² about their son.

2. According to the idē'as of the Quakers, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no reāl and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures?

3. This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his pārents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting-house, and discussed³ the matter.

4. Finally, they came to a vëry wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Quakers resolved not to oppose his wishes. They even acknowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discōurse.

¹ Ec'sta sy, very great and overmastering joy; a being beside one's self with excitement.

certain state of mind; embarrassment; doubt.

³ Dis cüssed', examined fully in all its parts; argued.

² Per plëx'i tŷ, a troubled or un-

5. They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world, and learn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

6. So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors; he left all the places and persons that he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift by many great Pennington. There were likewise several squares which he such as artists use for painting pictures in his childhood.

7. When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts.

8. When the Quakers of Pennsylvaniā heard of his success, they felt that the early hopes of his parents as to little Ben's future eminence were now accomplished. It is true they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

9. But they approved of the great paintings in which he represented the miracles² and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. He was afterward employed to adorn a large and beautiful chapel³ at Windsor Castle with pictures of these sacred subjects.

10. He likewise painted a magnificent⁴ picture of Christ Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hospital at Philadēphiā. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit,

¹ So brī'e ty, the habit of soberness or temperance; calmness.

² Mīr'a cle, a wonder; an event or effect contrary to the known laws of nature

³ Chāp'el, a lesser place of worship; a small church; a place of worship not connected with a church.

⁴ Mag nī'f'i cent, on a large scale; grand in appearance

that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate thirty more patients.

11. If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, yet it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital, who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

12. We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of Christ Healing the Sick was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

13. He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations¹ than that of a little unknown Quaker boy, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

14. Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities, as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of God, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame,² it matters but little whether we acquire it or not.

ery fond of them—almost as fond as she was of James. ad a kind mother, then? Yes; but do you see that crowds, like a little black swarm, round the pretty white gate to his house?

You can not see what they are looking at so earnestly at the fence; but you can hear their shouts and laughter, like those of James. His face is not white now—it is as

WHEN the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing,

And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing,
Their way to and from them the early birds winging,

¹ Tráns'for mā'tion, change of form, substance, or condition. ² Fāme, public report; renown. the condition of being celebrated

And their anthems¹ of glădnèss, and thanksgiving singing,
 Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?
 Becăuse they've had nòthing but wăter to drink.

2.

When a shower on a hot day in summer is over,
 And the fields are all smelling of white and red clover,
 And the hōney-bee—busy and plundering rover—
 Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over,
 Why so fresh, clean and sweet are the fields, do you think?
 Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

3.

Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing,
 Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
 Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going,
 Against trade-winds and head-winds like hūrricanes blowing?
 Why are oaks, cloud, and war-ships so strōng, do you think?
 Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

4.

Now if *we* have to work in the shop, field, or study,
 And would have a strōng hand and a cheek that is ruddy,
 And would *not* have a brain that is addled² and muddy,
 With our eyes all banged up, and our noses all bloody—
 How shall *we* make and keep ourselves so, do you think?
 Why, *we* must have nothing but water to drink.

By now up to the summit of the mountain.

9. But they approved of the great paintings in which represented the mīracles² and sufferings of the Redeem mankind. He wăş afterward employed to adorn a larg beautiful chapel³ at Windsor Castle with pictures of boys, sacred subjects.

10. He likewise painted a magnificent⁴ picture of Cimb- Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hōspital at Philadēl- ing up trees, some over fences, some by leap-frog, some by bat and ball; and thus they all separated and went their different ways hōme.

¹ An'them, a piece of music set to verses from the Bible, used in church; a sacred song or hymn; sometimes, a song.

² Ad'dled, corrupted; made barren or unfruitful.

³ Hurrah (hə rā'), a shout of joy or triumph, or applause.

2. And James Lawton went his way home, too, though it was not with so light a step as his school-fellows. When the last boy was out of sight, he drew a deep sigh, and drawing his cap down over his eyes, and looking carefully about him in every direction, as if to reassure himself that not one boy lingered to keep him company, moved on.

3. He was an honest boy. He had no thought of stealing any thing on the way—it was not that. He was not afraid of the master; for he was always at the head of his class, and seemed more anxious to understand his lessons than any other boy in school. He was not afraid any big boy would thrash him, nor was he lying in wait for any small boy to thrash. No, James was no such coward.

4. On he moved, with leaden feet, past the old, familiar spots; past the grocer's, with his peanuts, and oranges, and coconuts, and nice potted flowers, that he hoped would attract the housewives who came to buy his sugar and tea; past the baker's with his tempting pies and tarts, and piles of sugared cakes, and heaps of candy; past the toyshop, and the tinman's, and the shoestore: he had read all their signs till they were as familiar to him as his own name, and now he had turned the last corner of the street in which was his own house. *Never* for the wrong child turned pale, and set his white teeth together, his breath hard.

5. His house was a very pretty one, with a nice little garden spot in front, in which were fragrant flowers, for his mother was very fond of them—almost as fond as she was of James. He had a kind mother, then? Yes; but do you see that crowd of boys, like a little black swarm, round the pretty white gate before his house?

6. You can not see what they are looking at so earnestly inside the fence; but you can hear their shouts and laughter, and so, alas! does James. His face is not white now—it is as red as the daisies in his mother's garden, and his eyes flash like the raindrops on the daisies' bosoms, that the bright sun is now shining upon. Alas! when will there be sunshine in James's house?

7. "Ah, there's Jim now," said a rude boy, loud enough for James to hear. "Here's your drunken father, Jim."

8. "Stand āwāy! go hōme! öff with you all!" shouted James, in a harsh, fierce voice, that contrasted strangely with his slight figure, and sweet, in'fantile face; "off with you!" and he walked into the center of the group, where, crouched upon the ground, was a man, vainly trying, on his hands and knees—for he could not stand—to reach the door to get in.

9. His nice brôadclöfh cōat was covered with dīrt. His hat was crushed in. Bits of straw and grāss were sticking in his thick, black hair. His eyes were red. He did not even see his own little boy, who was crimson with shame as he stood over him, and vainly tried to help him to his feet.

10. "Off with you!" shouted James again to the boys, who lāughed as his father fell against him, almost knocking him over; "off with you, I say!" bringing his little fööt to the ground with a stamp that made them all start. He then rushed up to the door, rang the bell violently, and turned his head away, to conceal the tears that would no longer be kept back. A wōman came to the door—it was the mother, and together they helped in the drunken husband and father.

III.

With our eyes al'

How shall we *THE DRUNKARD'S SON.*

Wher

PART SECOND.

NO wōnder James dreaded going hōme from schōöl! It wās not the first time, nor the second, nor the thīrd, that he had helped his father in at the area¹ door when he was too drunk to find his wāy up the frōnt steps to his own house. Sometimes James, only that he thought of his mother, would have wished himself dead. It was so terrible—the brutal lāugh and jests of those crüel boys.

2. Oh! I hope *you* never do such mean things. I have known children who täunted their school-mates with such troubles when they were angr̃y with them, or sometimes, as in this case, for mere spōrt. It is a sign of a base, mean, crüel nature. The boy or gīrl who would remind any children of a disagreeable thing of this kind, which is hard enough to bear

¹ Area (ā're ā), a sunken space around the basement of a building.

at best, and twit and taunt them with it, or pain them by noticing it in any way, is a boy or girl to be shunned and avoided.

3. Nero, the tyrant¹ of Rome, who roasted people for his amusement, must have been such a boy. I am sorry to say I have known little girls equally malicious² and wicked. Bad women they will surely grow up, if not broken of such mean cruelty while they are young.

4. A drunkard is a drunkard all the same, whether he gets drunk on bad rum, or on wine; whether he takes his senses away at the club-house, or at the low, corner grocery: he comes to the gutter just as surely in the end. It made no difference to little James that his father got drunk on rich old wine, and sipped it from cut glasses in a handsome apartment: his mother was just as heart-broken, and her children just as miserable.

Supporting solid good.

might need all he could earn to coin into bread and butter, by the time he got old enough to keep his mother, and his little brothers and sisters. And his father *used* to be so kind—that memory came often to the child, to make him patient under his trouble, and to help him to excuse his father for the wrong he was doing both himself and them.

6. "He was so kind *once*!" James would sob out in his little bed at night. "I remember—" and then he would beguile³ himself by remembering the walks and rides he used to take with him—the Christmas presents—how pleased father was to hear his lessons well recited—and now! Oh, nobody who has not dropped from such a height of happiness down to that dreadful "now" can tell how bruised the poor heart may be by the fall!

7. God help little James and all like him, who have sorrows all the greater that they must bear the burden alone; that they are *unspeakable* sorrows, save to Him who will never taunt⁴ us with their heavy burden, or turn to us a careless ear.

8. You may be sure that when James grew up he never

¹ Ty'rant, a cruel master or ruler.

³ Be guile', deceive; amuse.

² Malicious (ma lish'us), ill-disposed; spiteful.

⁴ Taunt (tänt), reproach with severe or insulting words

drank. Lōng befōre the bēard grew on his sōft, white chin, his father's bloated face wās hidden under a tombstone. In āfter years, when young men of his own age locked arms, and, clapping each other on the shōulder as they pāsSED some gilded saloon, said to one another and to him, "Come in and take a drink," you may be sūre that the smile died away on his face.

9. James saw—not the bright lights in the saloon windōw, nor the gay, lāughing thrōng inside—but instead, a form erouching like a beast at his feet, dirt-besmeared, with blood-shot eyes—creeping, crawling, like a lōathsōme rēptile, that has no soul to save—for which there is no heaven, no glōrious future after death. Ah, no ; James could not "take a drink"—his vērý soul sickened when they āsked him.

V.

up to the door, rang the bell violently, and turned his hē away, to conceal the tears that would no lōnger be kept bē.

YOUNG men of every creed !

Be up and doing now ;
The time is come to "run and read,"
With thōughtful eye and brow.

2. Extend your grāsp to cātch
Things unattained¹ befōre ;
Touch the quick springs of reason's latch,
And enter at hēr door.

3. The seeds of mind are sōwn
In every human breast ;
But dōrmant² lie, unless we own
The spirit's high behest !³

4. Look outwardly, and *learn* ;
Look inwardly, and *think* ;
And Truth and Love shall brighter bŭrn
O'er Error's wasting brink.

5. Give energy to thought,
By musing as ye move ;

¹ Un at tāined', not gained or done.

² Dor'mant, sleeping ; not used

³ Be hēst', that which is willed or

ordered ; command.

- Nor dream unworthy aught,
Or trifling for your love.
6. Plunge in the crowded märt,¹
Thère read the thoughts of men ;
And human nature's wondrous chärt
Shall ôpen to your ken.²
7. Shun drünkennèss—'tis sin !
The deadliëst, fatal ban ³
Which ever veiled the light within,
And palled ⁴ the soul of man !
8. In Freedom walk sublime,
As Gôd designed ye should ;
Pillared props of growing time,
Supporting solid good.
9. Tread the far förest, climb
The sloping ⁵ hill-wäy side,
And feel your spirits ring their chime
Of gladnèss far and wide.
10. Where'er your footsteps tend,
Where'er your feelings flôw,
Be man and brother to the end—
Compassionate the lów.
11. Cûrb Anġer, Pride, and Hate ;
Let Love the watchword be ;
Then will your hearts be trûly great,
God-purified and free !
12. Oh live a life like this,
And you shall know ere lǒng,
Know how sublime á thing it is
To suffer and be strǒng.

mountain

¹ **Mart**, a place of traffic or sale ;
a market.

³ **Bǎn**, cûrse ; great evil.

² **Kĕn**, view ; reach of sight or
knowledge.

⁴ **Palled** (pald), depressed ; made
spiritless.

⁵ **Slǒp'ing**, bending downward.

SECTION XI.

I.

52. DOGS.

DOGS are distinguished as being vëry faithfully attached to man. A celebrated naturalist describes the domestic dōg as the one “with tail tūrned tōward the left:” and another says, “that the whōle species is become our property; each individual is entirely devoted to his mǎster, adopts his manners, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs not from mere necessity, nor from restraint, but simply from true friendship.”

2. It is, indeed, wonderful, and what is almost as curious, the dog is the *only* animal that has fōllōwed man all over the ēarth. Another curious fact has been remarked about the dog—that if he has any white on any part of his tail, it will also be found at the tip. A dog is considered old at the end of five yēars, and his life rǎrely exceeds twenty years.

3. Thère is some doubt as to what was the pǎrent-stock of this friend of man, for there are no traces of it to be found in a primitive¹ state of nature. No fossil² remains of the dog, properly so called, have ever been found. Many suppose the breed to have been derived from the wolf.

4. The New Holland, or Austrǎliǎn dog, is so wolf-like in its appearance, that it is sometimes called the “New South Wales wolf.” Its height, when standing erect, is rather less than two feet, and its length two feet and a-hǎlf. The head is formed much like that of a fox, the ears short and erect, with whiskers from one to two inches in length on the muzzle, so that it appears much mōre like a wolf than a dog.

5. The shepherd’s dog, a variety which wǎs mōst probably one of the first that civilized and settled man called in aid to presërve his flocks from beasts and bīrds of prey, is remarkable for its large brain, and its great sagacity.³ While superior to,

¹ Prīm’i tīve, relating to the petrified; changed into stōne.
origin or beginning; first.

² Sa gǎc’i ty, quickness of sight

³ Fōs’sil, dug out of the earth; or scent; wisdom.



it may be ranked with spaniels¹ and hounds, which are among the most useful and intelligent dogs. It is difficult to distinguish the bones of the wolf from those of the shepherd's dog.

6. Dogs are useful in many ways. It is not very unusual to see them trudging along, in villages and cities, carrying with

¹ Spaniel (spān'yel).

their mouths large baskets of meat, fruit, or vegetables. A friend of mine has a very noble and useful dog. When milk is wanted by the family, they put the money inside a tin can. Away runs the dog with the can and money to the dairy.

7. He never loiters in the streets, looking in at shop-windows, like too many boys and girls. When the dog finds the gate of the dairy shut, he knocks with his paw, or barks, until the gate is opened. The milkman knows his customer well, and is very attentive to him. When the milk is ready, away the dog goes, but so steadily does he carry the can, that he is rarely known to spill a drop of the milk !

8. A story is told of John Godfrey's dog which goes far to prove that dogs use more sense than many men. This man owned a dog which was in the habit of accompanying his master on his frequent visits to the public-house. The dog was taught by his master to drink malt liquor ; and the animal became so used to it, that he would not leave the public-house without it.

9. On one occasion, when Godfrey and one of his companions visited a beershop, his companion said, "John, let us make the dog drunk !" This was agreed upon ; more than the usual quantity of liquor was given to the animal, which had the desired effect. On reaching the house where his master lodged, the poor animal could not ascend the stairs leading to his master's room, but kept rolling down as fast as he got up.

10. This afforded much amusement to John Godfrey and his companion. But the poor dog, which lived five years after this occurrence, as if to mark his detestation¹ of the worse than useless draught,² *would never afterward taste it*, but used to show his teeth and snarl every time a publican's³ pot was presented to him.

11. Now, the dog probably had but little sense of shame and disgrace. But man should consider every thing that is sinful as both a shame and a disgrace. It's a shame for a man willingly to lose all his sense and reason, and act worse than the lowest of the lower animals ; but this is what the drunkard

¹ Dět'es tā'tion, extreme or very great hatred.

² Draught (dráft), pōtion ; drink.

³ Pūb'li can, the keeper of an inn or public-house ; one licensed to retail beer, spirits, or wine.

does. It's a shame for a man to reel through the streets, and wallōw in the gutter like a pig; but this is what the drunkard does.

12. It's a shame for a man to lose all proper feeling, and become as hard-hearted as a stone; but this is what the drunkard does. It's a shame for a man to neglect his business, and spend his time in idleness, to leave his children beggars, and his wife a broken-hearted widōw; but this is what the drunkard does. It's a shame for a man to gamble, and rob, and mûrder, and commit all kinds of abominations; but these are what the drunkard does.

13. John Godfrey died in a workhouse, the inside of which he would probably have never seen had he followed the exămple of his poor dog. His companion continued for some time the degrading habit of getting intoxicated, and was öften reproved by his wife with the unwelcome remark, "You have not hälf the sense of John Godfrey's dog!"

II.

53. THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

"**B**OB, the Fireman's Dög," was probably the mōst wonderful dog of modern times. He was a noble fëllōw, and a good example to boys and men of quickness, bravery, and honest work. When the fire-bell rang at the station to "make ready," Bob always started up prōmptly at the call of duty and ran before the engine, barking to clear the way, and was mōst useful not önly in



preventing obstructions,¹ but in stimulating² the men by his energy.

2. For years he attended the fires of London, but not, as many do, to look on and make a noise, and obstruct the workers; not as, I am almost ashamed to say, some do to plunder and make a wicked profit out of one of the heaviest calamities; not, as others do, to gratify their eyes with a grand and awful sight, as if human affliction was to them merely as an exhibition of fireworks: no, a helper, and so efficient³ was the aid he afforded, that the firemen had a brass collar made for him, on which was engraven,

“Stop me not, but onward let me jog.
I'm Bob, the London fireman's dog.”

3. At the time of the great explosion⁴ of the firework-maker's



premises, in Westminster Road, when dread filled all minds, the nature of the materials being very explosive—Bob rushed in, undeterred by the noise, as of a great gun, the smell or the smoke, and when he came out he brought a poor cat in his mouth, and thus saved it from a cruel death.

4. At a fire in Lambeth, when the firemen were told that all the inmates were out of the burning premises, Bob was not satisfied with this testimony; he went to a side-door and listened, and there, by loud and continual barking,

attracted the notice of the firemen. They felt sure, from Bob's agitation, that some one was in the passage, and, on bursting open the door, a child was found nearly dead from suffocation.⁵

¹ **Obstruc'tion**, that which blocks up, or hinders from passing.

² **Stim'u lāt ing**, exciting, or rousing to action.

³ **Efficient** (ef fish'ent), causing

effects; not inactive or slack.

⁴ **Explosion** (eks plō'zhun), the act of bursting with a loud noise.

⁵ **Sūf'fo ca'tion**, the condition of being stifled, smothered, or choked.

5. Bob was also an orator.¹ True, he could not utter words, though he could make *himself clearly understood*, which is more than all speakers can. There was a meaning and a purpose in his mode of expression, and that, I am afraid, is more than can be said of many speakers.

6. Those who talk for talking's sake, those who utter folly and nonsense, and those who abuse their gift of speech by using bad, or rude, or cruel words, are not to be compared to Bob, who employed every sound that he could make for good. "He could all but speak," said the men who loved him; and more than speak in the hour of danger, for his loud, sharp bark had a vast deal of meaning in it.

7. But Bob was an orator in the sense of attending public meetings, and giving testimony. At the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was held in 1860, and on previous occasions, this brave dog went through a series of wonderful performances to show how the fire-engines were pumped, and most kindly and effectually would he give his warning bark, and in his way tell the scenes that he had passed through.

8. Fine, noble creature! It was sad that a violent death should have been his lot after a life spent in merciful actions. But he died at his work, doing his duty.



III.

53. A COMPLETE FAMILY.

MY friend Cabassol used to say that a family, to be quite complete should consist of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dog. There was a time indeed when he

¹ Or a tor, a public speaker, especially a noted one.

never would have said it, but that was when he was a bachelor ; for he was the crüstiäst, möst growling bachelor that I ever knew.

2. He lived by himself in the country, whêre he smoked his pipe and read his books, and took câre of his garden, or walked over the field with his dög. Yës, he had a dog, a përfect one, named Medor, and in those days he thought a perfect family consisted of a man and his dog. Indeed he said once, when I was there too, that Medor was his best friend, and yët it was I that gave him the dog.

3. Medor had belönged to a wîdöw lady living at *St. Germain*,¹ who thöught the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot ; for Medor was a born hunter, and the förest park at St. Germain was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters. The keepers of the park declared they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again ; so his mîstrëss begged me to save his life by finding for him a new måster.

4. I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fäst friends, and understood each other përfectly. They were made for one another, and were always together. If Cabassol went to walk, Medor went with him. If the master ate dinner, the dog had his at the same time ; and it reälly seemed as if Cabassol were right, and that they made a perfect family.

5. But one day, when Medor's nose was in the plate, and he seemed to be thînkîng of nöthing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in the most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang ; Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him, he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself.

6. It was, as you have guessed, his old mîstrëss, who had moved from St. Germain to live in Paris, and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to ask him back again, for now that she lived in Paris, there

¹ *St. Germain* (sënt jër'man), a town of France, ten miles from Paris

was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Mōnsiēur¹ Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the three years he had been absent from her, and a round sum besides.

7. Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner! Give up his dog? never! "I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried, and gave a rude shrug of his shoulders, which said as plainly as words, "Go about your business, madame."²

8. The lady bitterly reproached him, and grew very angry, not because he had treated her so rudely, which was reason enough—she did not mind that—but because he was likely to make Medor die of grief, by refusing to give him up to her. "See!" she cried, "he has never ceased to regret me. He still loves me and no one else."

9. These last words enraged Cabassol; they aroused his pride, and, determined to show her that Medor loved him best, he said, "Come! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill which lies between my house and Paris. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever one of us he chooses to follow."

10. "Very well," said she, "I am agreed;" for she was confident the dog would follow her. Medor did not quite understand the agreement, but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarreling, and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gamboling about them, and petted by both.

11. Cabassol, though a crusty bachelor, as I said, was, after all, a pleasant companion when he chose; and now, feeling some pity for the lady, who must be disappointed, he began to talk and make himself quite agreeable, for she was his and Medor's guest, after all; and the widow lady, sorry for the loss which she was to cause him, and feeling happy at recovering Medor, was in high spirits, and made herself quite entertaining.

12. When the time came for her to go, the three walked

¹ Monsieur (mo sēr'), sir; mister. gentlewoman; a polite form of address.

² Madame (mā dām'), my lady; dress to an elderly or married lady

slowly together to the top of the hill—the two I mean—for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at once down the northern slope, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her.

13. But in a moment he perceived that his master was not with them; he ran back to him: then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path; he ran back to her: then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path; then to his mistress; then to Cabassol, then to his mistress; then—and so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time.

14. At last, poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted, on the very top of the hill where they had separated; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

15. Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top.

16. At the same moment the lady came up the hill from the other side; she, too, out of pity for Medor, had resolved to sacrifice her own feelings, and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow, who was now wagging his tail in a feeble manner, to express his delight.

17. But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? if he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart. Cabassol reflected. He saw only one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that was to marry the lady.

18. Would she have him?—Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to save the dog; and Cabassol came to say, as I told you at first, that a perfect family consisted of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dog.

SECTION XII.

Always brighter when daylight waned,¹
 Only to keep it constantly in view and they
 were but one thing to intercept it, and that

THE twilight is sad and cloudy;
 The wind blows wild and free;

And like the wings of sea-birds,
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

2. But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the windōw
 Peers out into the night.
3. Close, close it is pressed to the window,
 As if those childish eyes
 Wēre lōoking into the darknēss,
 To see some form arise.
4. And a wōman's waving shādōw
 Is pāssing to and frō,
 Now rising to the ceiling,
 Now bowing and bending lōw.
5. What tale do the rōaring ocean
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
 As they beat at the crazy cāsemēt,
 Tell to that little child?
6. And why do the rōaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,
 Drive the colōr from her cheek?

II.

57. MARY OF DEE.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle hōme,
 And call the scōurje¹ of the bay—had ōften caused. There it
 stood, right opposite the harbor, ōff the cōast of one of the
 Orkney Islands, yielding no fōōd nor shelter for beast or bīrd.

¹ Scourge (skērij), a lash; a whip; a means of causing suffering.

2. Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One wild night in March, while the father was away ^{separated, and came} while the lady went down the southern, ^{and} at her spinning-
after her. In vain she looked

13. But in a moment ^{he was} and ^{that} ^{he} trembling, to the wind and the sea.

3. The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's boat—it had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down. Half a mile from his cottage her father's body was washed up on the shore.

4. In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; yet she said in her heart, that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor.

5. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell she arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming from the sea, and guide him safely into harbor.² She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

6. As many hanks¹ as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity,² and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never ^{break his heart.} getting out of the difficulty, and that was to marry the lady.

18. Would she have him?—Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to save the dog; and Cabassol came to say, as I

¹ **Hank** (hăngk), a parcel containing two or more skeins of yarn or thread tied together.

² **Ma tū'ri ty**, a ripe or perfect


state; the maturity of age usually extends from the age of thirty-five to fifty; also, a becoming due; the end of the time a note has to run.

is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gōne fōrth, can not now be told.

8. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steady as constant cāre could make it. Always brighter when dēylight waned,¹ the fishermen had ōnly to keep it constantly in view and they wēre safe; there wāš but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to the sea, they had ōnly to bear down for that lighted windōw, and they were sūre of a safe entrance to the harbor.

9. What do the bōatmen and boatmen's wives thiñk of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that.

10. Do they thiñk her? No. Perhaps they thiñk that thanks of thēirs would be inadequate² to express their gratitude; or perhaps, lōng years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they lōok upon it as a matter of cōurse, and forget for the time the pātient watcher within.

11. Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold³ and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now that she is getting old, and spin a han̄k or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pās her hut quietly, and not to sing or shout before her door, lest they should distūrb her. That is a——their thanks are not '—ar—scārcely supposed to—mōre than she expects, and as mūch as she desires.

12. There is many a rock elsewhere, as perilous⁴ as the one I have told you of; perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose stōry is befōre you, pray that her candle may bŭrn a little lōnger, since this record of her charity is true.

III.

57. MARY OF DEE.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle hōme,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,

¹ Wāned, decreased; lessened.

³ Thrēsh'ōld, the door-sill; entrance; outset.

² In ād'e quate, not equal or sufficient.

⁴ Pēr'ilōūs, full of risk; dangerous

Across the sand of Dee !”
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

2. The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she !

3. “Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee.”

4. They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea ;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

IV.

58. At, and trimmed it, and spun ; but wh

dawned she went to bed and slept

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west—
Away to the west as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack¹ came rolling up ragged and brown.

¹ Rack, properly, moisture ; dampness ; hence, thin, flying, broken clouds, or any portion of floating vapor in the sky.



But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor-bar be mōaning.

3. Three corpses lāy out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam, as the tide went down ;
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come hōme to the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its mōaning.

SECTION XIII.

he

I.

Anc

And *IN TIME'S SWING.*

As far as
he blind
And r

OTHER TIME, your footsteps go
Lightly as the falling snōw.
your swing I'm sitting, see!

Push me softly ; one, two, three—
Twelve times only. Like a sheet
Spread the snow beneath my feet.
Singing merrily, let me swing
Out of winter into spring.

2. Swing me out, and swing me in !
Trees are bare, but birds begin
Twittering to the peeping leaves
On the bough beneath the eaves.
Wait—one lilac-bud I saw.
Icy hillsides feel the thaw.
April chased off March to-day ;
Now I catch a glimpse of Māy.
3. Oh the smell of sprouting grass !
In a blur the violets pass.
Whispering from the wild-wood come
Mayflower's breath, and insects' hum.
Roses carpeting the ground ;
Thrushes, orioles, warbling sound :—
Swing me low, and swing me high,
To the warm clouds of July.
4. Slower now, for at my side
White pond-lilies open wide.
Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal-blossoms burn like fire.
They are gone : the golden-rod
Flashes from the dark green sod
Crickets in the grass I hear ;
Asters light the fading year.

5. Slower still ! October weaves
 Rāinbōws of the förest leaves.
 Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
 Glimmer out of sleety dew.
 Meadōw-green I sadly miss :
 Winds through withered sedges¹ hiss.
 Oh, 'tis snowing, swing me fāst,
 While December shivers pāst !
6. Frōsty-bēarded Father Time,
 Stop your footfall on the rime !²
 Hard your push, your hand is rough ;
 You have swung me löng enough.
 "Nay, no stopping," say you ? Well,
 Some of your best stōries tell,
 While you swing me—gently, do !—
 From the Old Year to the New.

starry forms of pure white.

III.

D⁶¹ANIEL DESMOND, *THE SILVER SHIP*, a white-headed māriner,³ who for fifty years had followed the sea, had at lāst given up the pursuit, and moored his old hulk in the place of his bīrth. He wās living in the old house which his father had built, and whēre his childish memories clustered.

2. That āft'ernōōn his shaggy dōg, Liōn, sole house-companion, had strayed āwāy, whither he knew not ; and Dāniēl shook his head miserably all the evening as he crouched over his fire, which warmed his old bones to be sūre, but seemed unable to send a particle of warmth into his shivering soul. As he sat rubbing his hands slowly over his head, he began to think of his voyages, of the strange lands he had seen.

3. Everywhere that he had been, to be sure, he had thought it not hālf so beautiful as the little hōme on the mountaiņs ; but somehow, now that he was here, the old man was rēstlēss to

¹ Sēdġe, a plant found growing in thick tufts, generally in wet ground.

² Rīme, hōar or white frōst.

³ Mār'in er, seaman ; sailor.

be elsewhere. He went to the windōw and lōoked out, shading his face with his hands. Nōthing to be seen ; it was all black, and thêre was no sign of the faithful Lion.

4. "Dear, dear," he sighed to himself, "if ōnly I could take one voyage mōre and sail to some new land, whêre all this trouble should be gōne, and things wōuldn't be quite so black and dismal. Oh, this is a doleful¹ New Year's eve. It dōn't look as if the new year wêre going to be much better than the old ones," and Daniel fumbled about the rōom with his tǎllōw candle, putting things to rights bêfōre he should go to bed.

5. Even when he had gǎthered himself up for a night's sleep, he continued to shake his head, and mumble over the forlorn world which he had to live in, when he wǎs sùre there was one somewhere which was bright and pure. But where was the bark that would sail to such a world, and take in such a weather-beaten, dreary fellōw ? If Daniel had bēen ǎsked, he would have shaken his head mōre dolefully than bêfōre, and

A whistling wind-sweeping savor.

On the bough beneath the eaves.

Wait—one lilac-bud I saw.

Icy hillsides feel the thaw.

with its
ing in
ubble
ut of

sight, not to be wished back ; something better was to come, and that right sōon. For now there came, without sound, but filling the place with light, a ship of silver, shaped like the new moon, without mǎst or sails or rudder, and yêt flōating on the ǎir, close by the white-headed mariner.

7. "Come ! sail with us, Daniel," he hēard from a voice, and wondering, but nōthing lōath,² old Daniel stepped abōard and away sailed the silvership through the ǎir. He was not alone ; for as he sat, feeling a gentle warmth steal through him there, he saw bright figures all about, and one, mōre beautiful than the rest, who had called him to the ship and now stood beside him. It was Neōnëttǎ, the fǎiry of New Year's night ; this was her silver ship, and these her attendants.

8. The light grew brighter and Daniel's eyes got mōre ōpen, for èvêry thing now was distinct. They had left the dingy èarth ;

¹ Dōle'ful, full of dole or grief ;
sorrowful ; sad.

² Lōath, reluctant ; very unwill-
ing ; backward.

that and the old year had gone off together; they were sailing over a sea of cloud which lay in billōws benēath, while above the bright stars were shining. There was no wind to chill, and yet the ship sped on, cutting her way over the billowy clouds.

9. But what wēre all the little attendants doing? Wonderful works they were at, to be sure, for, loōking behind, Dāniēl saw a bright train of them, reaching over the ship's side and receiving from little hands glittering balls of ēvēry hue; they tossed them as if in mērry spōrt, and a shower of the balls shot across the silver ship. But beyōnd in the prow¹ was another train of bright fairies, leaning over the side and flinging down the balls into the deep. Once, looking at the wake, the clouds parted, and Daniel saw that the train reached far down in a brilliant flowing line: he could see them flinging up the little balls, which grew brighter and brighter as they neared the ship; but, strange to say, as they shot along to the fairies at the prow, they clung together, and from glittering balls of ēvēry hue they became starry forms of pure white.

III.

61. THE SILVER SHIP.

PART SECOND.

"THESE are the white star-makers," said Neōnēttā, smiling, as old Dāniēl looked wonderingly at her. "They are busy now, for we are sailing to a new land, in which I am to be queen, and the white stars are to decorate² the country. Are you not weary of the old ēarth and the bāre trees and rāggèd ground?" Daniel nodded vēhemently.³ "Yēs, yes," he mumbled, but could not hear himself speak.

2. "Well," she continued, "that is gōne. I knew you were weary of it, and so I am taking you to my home. Oh, it will be glōrious thēre, so pure and still!" The little lady waved her hands and fāster flew the bright balls, while the white stars dānced through the āir, as if they, too, were glad. "What house shall we live in, Daniel?" asked Neōnēttā, dancing

¹ Prow, the fore part of a ship.

² Dēc'o rāte, beautify.

³ Vē'he ment ly, with great fōrce; vēry eagerly or urgently.

about him. "Shall it be in one with shining spires and glittering domes, with stars for windōws and crystals for doors?"

3. "Let us have a good fire," mumbled Daniel, who at this moment felt the wind from Neonetta's robe. "No, no," she cried, looking faint; "but we will have a sōft white carpet, and, when we walk abroad, soft white mantles over our shoulders. But what shall we have to eat, Daniel? We will pluck the boughs and shake off the sweet fruit that grows on the ever-green. And then the music and the pictures! Music so sweet, that it is like the chiming of distant bells, and such pictures as never were seen on the old, dingy ěarth."

4. Again the little lady flung up her tīny arms, and dānced over the silver ship. Fāster flew the white stars, and the lōng train of fāiries ascended and descended in a flowing line of changing light. The silver ship sped on, and now the billowy clouds grew thinner, while above, the stars that had shōne, one by one went out before a clearer light which began to spread and spread over the sky.

5. "The new land!" cried Neōnĕttā, dāncing about old Daniel, who was now peering over the ship's side. "Come with me out of my silver ship," and she reached her hand to him. He looked around: the shining fairies had vanished, but Neonetta was by him. He looked once more. Neonetta was gōne, and at the same moment vanished the silver ship.

6. Old Daniel sprang up. It was dark about him, but his old legs bōre him, hālf groping, tōward an opening of light. He looked beyōnd, and there, far away in the distant sky, was sailing the silver ship, now turned to gold. In crescent¹ form it was flōating in the air and sailing away, away, growing fainter and fainter.

7. He looked about him, and found himself in the new land; for instead of the old, dingy ěarth, there was a pure, white soil, stretching away in gentle ridges. Instead of the naked trees, which he had left in all their dismal bārrennĕss, here were fair trees, laden with white fōliāge, their boughs weighed down with the heavy white fruit.

8. He tūrned and looked behind him. There stood a little

¹ Crĕs'cent, increasing; curved like the new moon.

house, all dressed in white, with a white robe flung over it, that hung down from the rōōf and over the wīndōw top. He looked above and beyōnd. A mountāin raised itself, like a good old man, with splendid brow ; while a fōrest spread around, like a great company of beautiful maidens clad in snowy white.

9. The āir was still, when a chieadee¹ set up its little note of cheer and welcome. Far ōff he hēard a wagon, with its lōad of wood. As it moved over the new soil, a blissful sound rose in the air, as if in this new land all toil was sweet with music. Then, better still, he hēard a distant bāying.² “Ho, ho !” it cried, like a clear bell ; “ho ! ho !” nearer still, coming through the fōrest.

10. Old Daniel looked again for the silver ship tūrned golden, but it had gōne, and in its place bright colors of rose and violet filled the sky, as if no clouds were to hang over this beautiful ēarth, but glad hues of every kind. He listened still, and heard now the voice of Neonetta calling to him in the distance. “Come !” she cried, “ēre it is too late ;” and the voice, even while she spake, grew fainter. “Ho, ho !” sounded the baying, nearer now and nearer. “Come !” cried Neonetta, in faint tones. “Ho, ho !—ho, ho !”

11. Only a moment mōre, Queen Neonetta ! for thy enchantment over Daniel. The sun will rise, the cock will crow, good Lion will bound across the snow-covered clearing. But, we will not stāy. Hark ! there is Lion again. Ho, ho !

IV.

62. FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the glōaming,³
And busily, all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

2. Every pine and fīr and hemlock
Wōre ērmīne too dear for an ēarl,⁴

¹ Chīck’a dee, a bīrd of North America—named from its note.

³ Glōam’ing, twilight ; dusk.

² Bāy’ing, barking, as a dog at his game.

⁴ Earl (ērl), a nobleman of Eng-
land of the same rank as a count
in France.

And the poorèst twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pëarl.

3. From sheds new-rōofed with Cärrärä¹
Came Chanticleer's² muffled crow ;
The stiff rails were söftened to swan's down—
And still wavered down the snow.

4. I stōöd and wätched from the wīndōw
The noiselèss work of the sky,
And the sudden flūrries of snow-bīrds,
Like brown leaves whīrling by.

5. I thōught of a mound in sweet Auburn,³
Whêre a little headstone stōöd ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the Babes in the Wōöd.

6. Up spoke our own little Mäbel,
Saying, " Fäther, who makes it snōw ?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cäres for us here belōw.

7. Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And I thought of the leaden sky,
That arched ö'er our first great sörrōw
When that mound was heaped so high.

8. I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snōw,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scars of our buried wōe.

9. Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not knōw
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snōw.

¹ Carrara (kär rä'rá), a beautiful, white, Italian marble, so called from the name of the city near which it is found—here compared to the covering of snow on the rōofs.

from the clearness or loudness of his crowing.

³ Mount Auburn, a beautiful burial-place situated about one mile west of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

² Chänt'i cleer, a cock, so called



SECTION XIV.

I.

63. WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hēs'perus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him cōmpany.

2. Blue wēre hēr eyes as the fāiry flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of dāy,
And her bōsom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of Māy.
3. The skipper¹ he stōōd beside the helm;²
His pipe wāṣ in his mouth;
And he wāṭched how the veering³ flaw⁴ did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.
4. Then up and spake an old sailor,
Who'd sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yōnder pōrt,
For I fear a h'rrricane.⁵
5. "Lāst night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful lāugh laughed he.
6. Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billōws frōthed like yeast.
7. Down came the storm, and smote amain⁶
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then lēaped her cable's length.
8. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roūghèst gale
That ever wind did blow."
9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's cōat
Against the stinging blāst;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the māst.

¹ Skīp'per, the māster of a small trading or mērchant vessel.

² Hēlm the instrument by which a ship is steered.

³ Vēer'ing, shifting; tūrning.

⁴ Flaw, a sudden būrst of wind.

⁵ Hūr'ri cāne, a fierce storm, marked by the great fury of the wind and its sudden changes.

⁶ A māin, with sudden fōrce.

10. "O fäther ! I hear the chûrch-bells ring ;
 O say, what may it be ?"
 " 'Tis a fög-bell on a rock-bound cōast !"
 And he steered for the öpen sea.
11. "O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;
 O say, what may it be ?"
 "Some ship in distress, that can not live
 In such an anġry sea !"
12. "O father ! I see a gleaming light ;
 O say, what may it be ?"
 But the father answered never a word—
 A frozen corpse was he.
13. Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,¹
 With his face tûrned to the skies,
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glässy eyes.
14. Then the maiden clâsped her hands and prayed
 That sâvèd she might be ;
 And she thought of Him, who stilled the wave
 On the lake of Galilee.
15. And fäst through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a shêtetèd ghost, the vessel swept
 Toward the reef² of Norman's Woe.
16. And ever, the fitful³ gusts between,
 A sound came from the land ;
 It was the sound of the trampling sûrf⁴
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
17. The breakers were right benċath her bows ;
 She drifted a dreary wreck ;
 And a whooping⁵ billōw swept the crew,
 Like icicles, from hër deck.

¹ Stark, ströng ; rugged.

² Reef, a chain or line of rocks lying at or near the surface of the water.

³ Fit'ful, often and suddenly ; changeable.

⁴ Surf (sêrf), the swell of the sea which breaks upon the shōre, or upon sand-banks or rocks.

⁵ Whooping (hōp'ing), crying out with eagerness or enjoyment.

18. She struck whêre the white and fleecy waves
Looked sŏft as cardèd wool;
But the eruel rocks they gŏred her side
Like the horns of an anġry bull.
19. Her rattling shrouds,¹ all sheathed in ice,
With the mǎst went by the bŏard;
Like a vessel of gláss, she stove and sank—
Ho ! ho ! the breakers rŏared !
20. At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghāst,²
To see the form of a maiden fǎir
Lashed close to a drifting mǎst.
21. The salt sea was frŏzen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hǎir, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billŏws fall and rise.
22. Such was the wreck of the Hēs'perus,
In the midnight and the snow ;
Lord save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

II. .

64. WRECK OF THE WHITE SHIP.

IN the year 1120, King Henry the First of Engġland³ went over to Normandy with his son, Prince William, and a great retinue,⁴ to have the prince acknowledged as his successor⁵ by the Norman nobles,⁶ and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou.⁷

2. Bŏth of these things were triumphantly⁸ done, with great

¹ Shrouds, a set of ropes, reaching from the mǎst-heads to the sides of a vessel, to support the masts.

² Aghast (a gǎst'), struck with sudden horror or fear.

³ England (ing'gland).

⁴ Rět'i nŭe, a train of attendants.

⁵ Suc cēs'sor, one who succeeds

or follows ; one who fills the place which another has left.

⁶ Nŏ'ble, a person of rank in Europe above the common people ; a nobleman.

⁷ Anjou (ǎn'jŏ).

⁸ Tri ũmph'ant ly, victoriously ; with joy and rejoicing.

show and rejoicing; and on the twenty-fifth of November the whole retinue prepared to embark at the pōrt of Barfleur¹ for the voyage home. On that dāy, and at that place, thère came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said :

3. "My liege,² my fāther sērved your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer Engländer. I beseech you to grānt me the same office. I have a fāir vessel in the harbor here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire,³ to let your servant have the honor of steering you in the White Ship to Engländer!"

4. "I am sōrry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chōsen, and that I can not, thērefōre, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the Prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

5. An hour or two āfterward, the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by ōther vessels, and, sailing all night with a fāir and gentle wind, arrived upon the cōast of Engländer in the morning. While it wāz yēt night, the people in some of those ships hēard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

6. Now the Prince was a young man of eighteen, who bōre no love to the Engländer, and who had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plow like oxen. He went ābōard the White Ship, with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highēst rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

7. "Give three cāsks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the Prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown? My fāther, the King, has sailed out of the harbor. What time is thère to make mērry here, and yēt reach Engländer with the rest?"

8. "Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "befōre morning, my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftēst vessel in attendance on your father, the King, if we sail at midnight!" Then,

¹ Barfleur (Bar flēr').

² Liège, a lord or superior.

³ Sire, a father; a king or emperor;—used as a title of honor.

the Prince commanded to make mērry; and the sailors drank out the three cāsks of wine; and the Prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the vessel.

9. When, at lāst, the White Ship shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there waş not a sober seaman on bōard. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going mērrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, lāughed, and sang. The Prince encouraged the fifty sailors to rōw harder yēt, for the honor of the White Ship.

10. Crash! A tērrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the King heard faintly in the wāter. The White Ship had struck upon a rock—waş filling—going down! Fitz-Stephen hurried the Prince into a bōat, with some few nobles. “Push off,” he whispered; “and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth!—The rest of us must die.”

11. But as they rōwed away fāst from the sinking ship, the Prince heard the voice of his sister, Marie, the Countess of Perche,¹ calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, “Row back at any risk! I can not beār to leave her!” They rowed back. As the Prince held out his arms to cāch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was upset; and in the same instant the White Ship went down.

12. Only two men floated. They bōth clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the māst, and now supported them. One āsked the other who he was? He said, “I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de L'Aigle. And you?” said he. “I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen,”² was the answer. Then they said together, “Lord be mērciful to us bōth!” and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

13. By and by, another man came swimming tōward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his lōng wēt hāir, to

¹ Perche (pērsh).

² Rouen (rōen).

be Fitz-Stephen. "Whêre is the Prince?" said he. "Gōne! Gone!" the two cried together. "Nēither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the King's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner,¹ except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghâstly² face, cried, "Wōe! woe to me!" and sun_k to the bottom.

14. The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length, the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! Gōd preserve you!" So he dropped and sun_k; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher³ of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him flōating in his sheepskin cōat, and got him into their bōat—the sole relater of the dismal tale.

15. For three days no one dâred to carry the intelligence to the King. At length, they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lōst, with all on bōard. The King fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never âfterward was seen to smile.

More welcome than the flowers
In Summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the mērry bīrd not sad,

To see me creeping, creeping every where.

6. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;

When you're numbered with the dead,

In your still and nārrōw bed—

Why comes not death to those who mōurn?

He never smiled again!

2. Thêre stōōd proud forms befōre his throne,

The stately and the brave;

But which could fill the place of one—

The one beneath the wave?

¹ Cōm'mon er, one of the common people; one belōw the rank of nobility.

² Ghastly (gâst'lŷ), like a ghost in appearance; death-like; pale.

³ Butcher (būch'er).

Beföre him pàssed the young and fàir,
 In pléasure's rëcklëss train ;
 But seas dashed ò'er his son's bright hàir—
 He never smiled again !

3. He sat whêre festal-bōwls went round ;
 He hëard the minstrel¹ sing ;
 He saw the tōurney's² victor crowned,
 Amidst the knightly ring :
 A mûrmûr of the restlëss deep
 Was blent with every strain ;
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again !

4. Hearts in that time closed ò'er the trace
 Of vows once fondly pōured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place,
 At many a joyous bōard.
 Graves which true love had bathed with tears
 Were left to Heaven's bright rain ;
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—
 HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN !

as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk ! I can not beâr to leave her !" They rowed back. As the Prince held out his arms to cãtch his sister, such numbers lëaped in that the boat was overset ; and in the same instant the White Ship went down.

12. Only two men floated. They bōth clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mãst, and supported them. One asked the other who he was ? H-

HERE I come creeping, creeping every whêre ;
 By the dusty rōadside,
 On the sunny hill-side,
 Close by the noisy brōök,
 In every shady nōök,
 I come creeping, creeping every where.

¹ Mîn'strel, one of an order of men, in the middle ages, who obtained their living by singing to the harp verses of their own, or, sometimes, those written by others.

² Tourney (tēr'ni), a mock fight in which a number of persons were engaged.

2. Here I come creeping, smiling every whêre;
All round the ôpen dōor,
Whêre sit the agèd poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and mërry May,
I come creeping, creeping every where.
3. Here I come creeping, creeping every where ;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping every where.
4. Here I come creeping, creeping every where ;
You can not see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;
For in the starry night,
And in the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping every where.
5. Here I come creeping, creeping every where:
More welcome than the flowers
In Summer's pleasant hours ;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the mërry bîrd not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping every where.
6. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and nărrōw bed,
In the happy Spring I'll come
And deck your silènt hōme—
Creeping, silently creeping every where.
7. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose commănd
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently ereeping everywhere.

II.

67. *THE IVY GREEN.*

O H, a dainty¹ plant is the Ivy green,
 That erēepèth ò'er ruiņs old !
 Of right choice fōōd are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decāyed,
 To plēasure his dainty whim ;
 And the mōld'ring dust that years have made
 Is a mērry meal for him.
 Crēeping whēre no life is seen,
 A rāre old plant is the Ivy green.

2. Fāst he stealèth on, though he weārs no wings,
 And a stānch² old heart has he !
 How closely he twinèth, how tightly he clings
 To his friend, the huge³ oak tree !
 And slyly he trailèth ālōng the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mold of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

3. Whōle ages have fled, and thēir works decayed,
 And nations scattered been ;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the pāst ;
 For the stateliēst building man can raise
 Is the Ivy's fōōd at lāst.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

¹ Dāin'ty, nice ; requiring things agreeable to the taste ; hard to please.

² Stanch (stānch), strōng and tight ; steady ; firm.

³ Hūge, very large or great.

III.

68. GREEN THINGS GROWING.

1.

OH! the green things grōwing! the green things growing!
 The fresh, sweet smell of the green things growing!
 I would like to live, whether I läugh or grieve,
 To watch the happy life of the green things growing.

2.

Oh! the fluttering and pattering of the green things growing!
 Talking each to each when no man's knowing;
 In the wonderful white of the wēird moonlight,
 Or the gray dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

3.

I love, I love them so, the green things growing!
 And I think that they love me without false showing;
 For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
 With the mute, mute comfort of green things growing.

4.

And in the full wealth of their blossoms' glōwing,
 Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing.
 Ah! I should like to see, if Gōd's will it might be,
 Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

5.

But if I must be gäthered for the āngels' sōwing—
 Sleep out of sight awhile—like the green things growing;
 Though ěarth to earth retårn, I think I shall not mōurn,
 If I may change into green things growing.

SECTION XVI.

I.

69. MIDSUMMER.

THROUGH all the lōng midsummer-dāy
 The meadōw-sides are sweet with hay.
 I seek the coolèst sheltered seat
 Just whêre the field and förest meet,



Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
 The āncient oaks austere¹ and grand,
 And fringy rōots and pebbles fret
 The ripples of the rivulet.²

2. I watch the mōwers as they go
 Through the tall grāss, a white-sleeved row ;
 With even stroke their scythes they swing,
 In tune their mērry whetstones ring ;
 Behind the nimble youngsters run

¹ Au'stēre, harsh ; rough. ² Riv'ū let, a small river or brook

And töss the thick swāths¹ in the sun ;
 The cattle graze ; while, warm and still,
 Slopes the broad pāsture, bāsk^s the hill,
 And bright, when summer breezes break,
 The green wheat crīnkles² like a lake.

3. The butterfly and humble-bee
 Come to the pleasant woods with me ;
 Quickly befōre me runs the quail,
 The chickens skulk behind the rail,
 High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
 And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
4. Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
 The brooklèt rings its tinkling bells,
 The swarming insects drone and hum,
 The pārtridge beats his throbbing drum,
 The squīrrel leaps among the boughs,
 And chatters in his leafy house,
 The ōriole flashes by ; and, look !
 Into the mirror of the brook,
 Where the vain blue-bird trims his cōat,
 Two tīny feathers fall and float.
5. As silently, as tenderly,
 The down of peace descends on me.
 Oh, this is peace ! I have no need
 Of friend to talk, of book to read :
 A dear Companion here abides ;
 Close to my thrilling heart He hides ;
 The holy silence is His voice :
 I lie and listen, and rejoice.

II.

shake théir leaves with a sōfter sound. Rocks look
 sōft. at least where the mōss crōws. Even the soli-
MEN begin to lōok at the signs of the weather. It is lōng
 since much rain fell. The ground is a little dry. The
 rōad is a good deal dusty. The garden bakes. Transplanted

¹ Swath (swāth), a line of grāss or grain formed in mowing or cradling.

² Crinkles (krīngk'lz), runs in and out in short bends or tūrns.

trees are thirsty. Wheels are shrinking and trees are looking dangerous.

2. Men speculate on the clouds ; they begin to calculate how long it will be, if no rain falls, before the potătõeş will suffer ; the oats, the corn, the grăss—every thing ! To be sure, nothing is yet suffering ; but then——

3. Rain, rain, rain ! All dăy, all night steady raining. Will it never stop ? The hay is out, and spoiling. The rain washes the garden. The ground is full. All things have drunk their fill. The springs revive, the mēadōws are wet ; the rivers run discolored with soil from evēry hill.

4. Smoking cattle reek under the sheds. Hens, and fowl in gēnērāl, shelter and plume. The sky is leaden. The clouds are full yet. The long fleece covers the mountains. The hills are capped in white. The âir is full of moisture.

5. Rain, rain, rain ! The wind rōars down the chimney. The birds are silent. No insects chirp. Closets smell moldy. The barometer¹ is dōggēd.² We thump it, but it will not get up. It seems to have an understanding with the weather. The trees drip, shoes are muddy, carriage and wagon are splashed with dirt. Păthş are soft. So it is. When it is clear we want rain, and when it rains we wish it would shine.

6. But, after all, how lucky for grumblers that they are not allowed to meddle with the weather, and that it is put above their reach. What a scrambling, selfish, mischief-making time we should have, if men undertook to parcel out the seasons and the weather according to their sēvēral humors or interests !

7. But if one will but look for enjoyment, how much there is in evēry change of weather. The formation of clouds—the various signs and signals, the uncertain wheeling and marching of the fleecy cohorts,³ the shades of light and gray in the bro-

2. I watch the mōwers as they go nt⁴ eye. Then come the wind-gust, the distant, dark cloud, the occasional

¹ Ba rōm'e ter, an instrument for finding out the real or probable changes of weather, or the light of any ascent.

² Dōg'ged, sourly obstinate.

³ Cō'hort, a body of about five or six hundred soldiers ; any band or body of warriors.

⁴ Ob serv'ant, taking notice ; câre fully attentive ; obedient.

fiery streak shot down through it, the run and hurry of men whose work may suffer!

8. Indeed, sir, your humble sêrvant, even, waş stirred up on the day after "*Fourth of July*." The grăss in the old orchard waş not my best. Indeed, we grumbled at it considerably while it was yet standing. But being *cut* and the rain threatening it, one would have thought it gold, by the nimble way in which we tried to save it!

9. Blessèd be horse-rakes! Once hălf a dozen men, with half a dozen rakes, would have gōne whisking up and down, thrusting out and pulling in the lōng-handled rake, with slow and laborious prōcess. But now no more of that.

10. See friend Turner, mounted on the wheeled horse-rake, riding about as if for plēasure. Up go the steel teeth and drop their collected lōad, down go his feet, and the teeth are at work again; and at every ten or fifteen feet, the wīndrōw forms. It is easy times when *men* ride and *horses* rake! No mōre hand-rakes, and no more *revolving* horse-rakes!

11. Leaving a *gem* as it passes on, ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~unhappily~~ through
the âir In the daisy's breast,
hay is On the thistle's crest,²
the h ~~ay~~ ^{ay} ~~is~~ ^{is} And the buttercup richly blast.

12. Alàs for our negligence! The manufacturers had ôffered to send us some for trial, and we had forgotten to say, "Send them ălōng!" And now, with our hay out and the rain coming, we mōurned our cārelèssness. With good hay-covers, our two dozen little hay-cocks would have been as snug as if in the barn.

13. Well, if one thing suffers, another gains! See how the leaves are washed, the grăss drinks, corn drinks, the gărden drinks, every thing drinks. It's our opinion that every thing except man is lăughing and rejoicing.

14. Trees shake thêir leaves with a sōfter sound. Rocks look moist and sōft, at least where the mōss grōws. Even the solitary old pine-tree chords his harp, and sings sōft and lōw melodies with plaintive³ undulations!⁴

¹ Bōwl'ing, rolling, as a ball.

³ Plăint'ive, serious; sad.

² Pre līm'i na ry, introductory;
preparatory; before.

⁴ Un'du lă'tion, a vibration or a
waving motion

15. A good summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint.

16. The roots are machinery, and catching the willing drops, they assay¹ them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grasses ! When the heavens send clouds, and they bank up the horizon, be sure they have hidden gold in them.

17. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of heaven, that send down treasures upon man without tasking him, and pour riches upon his field without spade or pickax—without his search or notice.

18. Well, let it rain, then ! No matter if the journey is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit adjourned. Blessed be rain—and rain in summer ! And blessed be He who watereth the earth, and enricheth it for man and beast !

up. It seems to have an understanding with the weather. Trees drip, shoes are muddy, carriage and wagon are soiled with dirt. Paths are soft. So it is. When it is clear w

OH the rain, the beautiful rain !

Chëerily, mërrily falls,
Beating its wings 'gainst the windöw-pane,
Trickling down the walls—
Over the meadow with pattering feet,
Kissing the clover-blossoms sweet,
Singing the blue-bells fast asleep,
Making the pendent² willöws weep—
Over the hillside brown,
Over the dusty town,
Merrily, cheerily, cometh it down,
The rain, the summer rain !

2. Oh the rain, the welcome rain !
Softly,³ kindly, it falls

¹ Assāy', subject to examination,
in order to learn the amount of a
certain portion.

² Pënd'ent, supported from above ;
supported ; hanging.

³ Söft'ly, see Note 5, p. 16.

On tiny flower and thirsting plain,
 And vine by the cottage-walls;
 Laughingly tipping the lily's cup,
 It filleth the crystal chalice¹ up,
 Joyously greeting the earth that thrills
 Through her thousand veins of gathering rills—
 Over the violet's bed,
 Over the sleeping dead,
 Cometh with kindly tread
 The rain, the gentle rain!

3. Oh the rain, the cheering rain!
 Drifting slowly, sweetly down,
 Where spreading fields of golden grain
 The sloping hillsides crown;
 Flecking with dimples the lake's calm face,
 Quickening the schoolboy's tardy pace,
 Caressing a bud by a wayside stone,
 Leaving a *gem* as it passes on,
 In the daisy's breast,
 On the thistle's crest,²
 And the buttercup richly blest
 By the rain, the generous rain!

SECTION XVII.

He try to stop it—to stem it with his childish
 way with sand; and when he saw it coming
 cried out! But a word from Florence, who
 Then Nature said—“A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown:
 This child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

2. “Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse: and with me

¹ Chalice (chāl'is), a cup or bowl. ² Crēst, a tuft or plume for the head.

The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

3. "She shall be spōrtive as the fawn
 That, wild with glee, ācrōss the lawn
 Or up the mountāin springs;
 And hērs shall be the breathing bālm,
 And hers the silence and the cālm
 Of mute¹ insensate² things.
4. "The floating clouds thēir state shall lend
 To her; for her the willōw bend;
 Nor shall she fail to see,
 Even in the motion of the storm,
 Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.
5. "The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rīvulēts dānce their wayward round;
 And beauty born of mûrmûring sound,
 Shall pāss into her face.
6. "And vital³ feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately high,
 Her vīrgin bōsom swell;
 —She bēthinks that I will rive
 Singing the blue-bells fāst asleep,
 Making the pendent² willōws weep
 Over the hillside brown,
7. Thus Nature spake—the work was done.
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
 The memory of what has been
 And never mōre will be.

¹ Mûte, not spoken : silent.

² In sēn'sate, wanting sense ; foolish.

³ Vī'tal, belonging or relating to life ; necessary to life ; living.

⁴ Dēll, a small, retired valley.



LITTLE PAUL rose no mōre from his little bed. He lāy thêre, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly ; not cāring much how the time went, but wātching it and wātching evēry thing.

2. When the sunbeams struck into his rōom thrōugh the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden wāter, he knew that evening wāş coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful.

3. As the reflection died āwāy, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he wātched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thōught how the lōng unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead.

4. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing thrōugh the great city ; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hōsts of stars ; and, mōre than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

5. As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rāre that he could hear them coming, count them as they pāssed, and lose them in the hōllōw distance, he would lie and wātch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for dāy.

6. His ōnly trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt fōrced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand ; and when he saw it coming on, resistlèss, he cried out ! But a word from Flōrence, who was always at his side, restōred him to himself ; and, leaning his poor head upon hēr breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

7. When day began to dawn again, he wātched for the sun ; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured ! he *saw*—the high chūrch towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once mōre, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fāst as ever), and the country bright with dew.

The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power

To bindle or restrain

a great deal better, thank you! Tell pāpū so!"

9. By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing, and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

10. But she could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest. "You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you*, now!"

11. They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline, the while she lay beside him—bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near, that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

12. The people around him changed unaccountably, and what had been the doctor would be his father, sitting with his head leaning on his hand. This figure, with its head leaning on its hand, returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real.

13. "Floy! What is that?"—"Where, dearest?"—"There! at the bottom of the bed."—"There's nothing there, except papa!"

14. The figure lifted up its head and rose, and coming to the bedside, said:—"My own boy! Don't you know me?"

15. Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.



LITTLE PAUL, next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, called to it. "Dōn't be so sōrry for me, dear papā. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

2. His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!" This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

3. How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether there were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

4. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no; the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

5. "Floy, did I never see mammā?"—"No darling, why?"—"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"—"O yes, dear!"—"Whose, Floy?"—"Your old nūse's. Often."

6. "And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"—"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-mōrrōw."—"Thank you, Floy!"

7. Little Dombey closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He awoke, mind and body, and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

8. "And who is this? Is this my old nūse?" asked the

The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power

To bind them, restrain

9. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

10. "Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good bye!"—"Good bye, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good bye?" "Ah, yès! Good bye!—Where is papā?" His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand wāved in the āir, as if it cried "Good bye!" again.

11. "Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you." Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fāst the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But, it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

12. Presently he told her that the motion of the bōat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shōre befōre him. Who stood on the bank!—

13. He put his hands together, as he had been used to do, at his prāyers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so, behind his sister's neck. "Mammā is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the picture on the stairs at school is not dīvine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

14. The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nōthing else stirred in the rōom. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garmēnts, and will last unchanged until our race has run its cōurse, and the wide firmamēt is rolled up like a serōll.² The old, old fashion—DEATH!

¹ *Rā'dī ant*, beaming with brightness; shining.

² *Scrōll*, a roll of paper; a writing formed into a roll.



IV.

With eyes too long, on the wall

Nor love his song too well ;
Send him, at once, to me,

I ~~to the air and liberty.~~
Where the dead and dying

Wounded² by bayonets,³ shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling⁴ was borne one day ;

Somebody's darling, so young and brave,

Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,

Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,

The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

¹ Ward (ward), a room or division of a hospital.

² Wounded, (wond'ed), stabbed, shot, or otherwise hurt by violence.

³ Bay'o net, a short, pointed iron

instrument, or a broad dagger, attached to a gun with a ring fitted to go over the muzzle of the piece.

⁴ Dar'ling, one dearly beloved ; a favorite.

2. Mattèd¹ and damp are the cûrls² of gold,
 Kissing the snow of that fâir young brow ;
 Pale are the lips of delicate mōld—
 Somebody's darling is dying now.
 Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold ;
 Cröss his hands on his bōsom now ;
 Somebody's darling is still and cold.

3. Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
 Mûrmûr a prayer sōft and lōw ;
 One bright curl from its fâir mates take ;
 They were somebody's pride you know ;
 Somebody's hand has rested thêre ;
 Wās it a mother's sōft and white ?
 And have the lips of a sister fâir
 Been baptized in the waves of light ?

4. Gōd knows best ! he was somebody's love ;
 Somebody's heart enshrined³ him there ;
 Somebody wâfted his name above,
 Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched āwāy,
 Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
 Somebody's kiss on his fōrehēad⁴ lav :

sea. And now there was a shōre befōre him. Who stoof
 the bank !—

13. He put his hands together, as he had been usēd to
 his prâvers. He did not bid him again to her heart ;
 And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling childlike lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
 "SOMEBODY'S DARLING SLUMBERS HERE."

¹ Măt'ted, twisted together ; en-
 tangled.

² Curl, (kêrl).

³ En shrined', preserved with câre
 and affection ; cherished.

⁴ Forehead (fôr'ed).

SECTION XVIII.

I.
 They seem to be affectionate. They have sweet social
 They huddle together with fond caressing chatter, and
 't lullabies.

MY bird has flown away,
 Far out of sight has flown, I know not whêre;
 Look in your lawn, I prây,
 Ye maidens, kind and fâir,
 And see if my belòvèd bird be thêre.

2. His eyes are full of light ;
 The eagle of the rock has such an eye ;
 And plumes, exceeding bright,
 Round his smooth temples¹ lie,
 And sweet his voice and tender as a sigh.

3. Löök where the græss is gāy
 With summer blossoms, haply² there he cowers ;³
 And sêarch, from sprây to spray,
 The leafy laùrel bowers,
 For well he loves the laurels⁴ and the flowers.

4. Find him, but do not dwell,
 With eyes too fond, on the fair form you see,
 Nor love his sòng too well ;
 Send him, at once, to me,
 Or leave him to the âir and liberty.

5. For ònly from my hand
 He takes the seed into his golden bēak,
 And all unwiped shall stand
 The tears that wet my cheek,
 Till I have found the wānderer I seek.

¹ Tēm'ple, that flat pōrtion of the head between the forehead and ear.

² Hăp'lý, by hap, chance, or accident ; it may be.

³ Cow'er, to sink by bending the knees ; to crouch ; to squat ; to bend

down through fear.

⁴ Laurel (lă'rel), an evergreen shrub, called also *sweet-bay*. The American laurel is sometimes called *kalmia*, *ivy bush*, and in some places *calico-bush*.

6. My sight is darkened o'er,
 When'é'r I miss his eyes, which are my day,
 And when I hear no mōre
 Somebody's darling is a-jing --
 Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold ;
 Cuckoo his heart is -- II.

77. CHICKENS.

A CHICKEN is beautiful, and round, and full of cunning ways ; but he has no resōurces¹ for an emērgency.² He will lose his reckoning and be quite out at sea, though only ten steps from hōme. He never knows enough to tūrn a corner. All his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines.

2. He is impetuous³ and timid, and has not the smallēst presence of mind or sagacity to discern⁴ between friend and foe. He has no confidence in any earthly power that dōes not reside in an old hen. Her cluck will he fōllōw to the lāst ditch, and to nōthing else will he give heed.

3. I am afraid that the Interpreter wās drawing too strong a conclusion, when he led Christiāna⁵ and her children "into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them observe a while. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and evēry time she drank she lifted up her head and her eyes tōward heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick dōth, and lēarn of her to acknowledge whence your mērcies come, by receiving them with looking up.'"

4. Doubtlēss the chick lifts her eyes tōward heaven, but a close acquaintance with the race would put any thing but acknōwledgmēt in the act. A gratitude that thanks Hēaven for favors received, and then runs into a hole to prevent any other pērson from shāring the benefit of those favors, is a vērý questionable kind of gratitude, and cērtainly should be confined to the bipeds⁶ that wear⁷ feathers.

¹ Re sōurc'es, supplies ; means.

² E mer'gen cý, a sudden or unforeseen condition of things ; any event which calls for prompt action or remedy.

³ Im pēt' ū oūs, fierce ; hasty.

⁴ Discern (diz zēr'n'), to see or understand the difference.

⁵ Christiana (krīs'tī ān'ā).

⁶ Bī'ped, an animal having two feet, as man.

⁷ Wear, (wār), see Note 2, p. 16

5. Yět, if you take āwāy selfishnèss from a chicken's mōral nature, and foolishnèss from his mental, you have a vëry charming little creature left. For, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate. They have sweet social wāys. They huddle together with fond caressing chatter, and chirp sōft lullabies.

6. Their toilet performances are full of ìnterèst. They trim each other's bills with great thóroughnèss and dexterity,¹ much better indeed than they dress their own heads; for their bungling, awkward little claws make sad work of it.

7. It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they naturally make several revolutions² when they attempt to stand on one. Nōthing can be mōre ludicrous³ than their ēarly ēffōrts to walk. They do not reāilly walk. They sight their object, waver, balance, decide, and then tumble forward, stopping all in a heap as soon as the original impetus⁴ is lōst—generally some way ahead of the place to which they wished to go.

8. It is delightful to watch them as drowsinèss films their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother crōons⁵ them under her ample wings, and they nestlé in përfëct harmony.⁶ How they manage to bestow themselves with such limited accommodations, or how they manage to breathe in a rōom so close, it is difficult to imagine. But breathe and bestow themselves they do. The deep mother-heart and the broad mother-wings

9. T. For grinding prayers alway.
 unseen little doors into the mysterious, brooding, beckoning darknèss. But it is lōng befōre they can arrange themselves satisfactorily. They chirp, and stir, and snuggle, trying to find the warmèst and sōftèst nōok.⁸

10. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whōle tīny body, but it sōon re-enters in another quarter, and at length the

¹ **Dex tēr'i tŷ**, readiness, skill, and ease in using the limbs; quickness and skill.

² **Rěv'o lū'tion**, the act of tūrning on a center; the motion of a body round a fixed point.

³ **Lū'dī croūs**, droll; lāughable.

⁴ **Im'pe tūs**, force of motion.

⁵ **Crōon**, soothe by singing softly.

⁶ **Har'mo ny**, peace and friendship; agreement.

⁷ **Pěn'e trate**, to enter into.

⁸ **Nook** (ngk), a corner; a retired place.

stīr and chīrr grow still. You see ōnly a collection of little legs, as if the hen were a banyan-tree, and presently even they disappear; she settles down comfortably, and all are wrapped in a slumberous silence.

11. And as I sit by the hour, watching their winning wāys, and see all the steps of this sleepy subsidence,¹ I can but remember that outbūrst of love and sorrow from the lips of Him who, though He came to ēarth from a dwelling-place of ineffable² glōry, called nōthing unclean because it was common.

12. He found no hōmely³ detail⁴ too homely or too trivial⁵ to illustrate the Father's love, but from the bīrds of the āir, the fish of the sea, the lilies of the field, the stōnes in the street, the foxes in their holes, the patch on a cōat, the oxen in the fūrow, the sheep in the pit, the camel under his būrden, drew lessons of dīvīne pity and patience, of heavenly duty and delight.

13. Standing in the presence of the great congregation, seeing, as never man saw, the hŷpōcrisy⁶ and the iniquity gāthered befōre Him—seeing too, alas! the calamities⁷ and the wōe that awaited this doomed people, a gōd-like pity overbeārs His righteous indignation⁸ and cries out in passionate appeal, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killēst the prophets, and stonēst them which are sent unto thee, how ōften would I have gāthered thy childrēn together, even as a hen gātherēth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

III.

...comes come, by receiving them with looking up.'"

4. Doubtlēss the chick lifts her eyes tōward heaven

BEHIND us at our evening meal
The grāy bīrd ate his fill,
Swung downward by a singlē claw,
And wiped his hōokèd bill.

¹ Sub sīd'ēnce, the act of falling into a state of quiet.

² In ēf'fa ble, unspeakable.

³ Hōme'ly, belonging to hōme; familiar; plain.

⁴ De'tāil, narrative or account.

⁵ Trīv'i al, of little importance or worth; trifling; common.

⁶ Hŷ pōc'ri sŷ, the act of pre-

tending to be other and better than one is; the taking upon one's self a false appearance of real goodness or religion.

⁷ Cā lām'i ty, a great misfortune or cause of misery.

⁸ In'dig nā'tion, the feeling caused by that which is unworthy or disgraceful: anger.

2. He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslant,
And in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"
3. "Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep;"—but o'er and o'er
He asked the selfsame thing.
4. Then, smiling, to myself I said:—
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says,
In action or in words.
5. The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.
6. However full, with something more
We fain¹ the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.
7. No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague² desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers away.
8. The dear Gōd hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.
9. And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged³ in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat, "THY WILL BE DONE."

¹ Fāin, gladly.² Vāgue, unsettled; uncertain.³ Merged (mērjd), swallowed up;

sunk; lost.

IV.

79. MINISTRY OF THE DOVES.

ZENALDA DOVE is the name which has been given by Prince Charles Buonaparte, the ornithologist,¹ to a rare and beautiful bird, found on the shores of southern Florida, and among the rocky islets or "keys" of the Gulf of Mexico.

2. This creature is very beautiful in its delicate form, and in its coloring of a warm and rosy gray, barred with brown and white on back and wing; its breast bears a shield of pure and bright blue, bordered with gold, its cheeks are marked with ultramarine,² and its slender legs and feet are deep rose-color tipped with black nails.

3. Innocent and gentle, like others of its tribe, this little creature flits to and fro, in small family groups, over the rocky islets, and along the warm, sandy beaches of the Gulf. There are certain keys, where it loves especially to alight, attracted by the springs which here and there gush up pure and fresh among the coral³ rocks.

4. The low note of this bird is more than usually sweet, pure, and mournful in its tone. But the doves are not the only visitors of those rare springs. A few years since, pirates⁴ haunted⁵ the same spots, seeking, like the birds, water from their natural fountains.

5. It chanced one day that a party of those fierce outlaws came to a desolate key to fill their water-casks, ere sailing on some fresh cruise of violence. A little flock of the rosy-gray doves—and their flocks are ever few and rare—were flitting and cooing in peace about the rocky basin when the pirates appeared; in affright they took wing, and flew away. The casks

¹ Or'ni thöl'o gist, one who is familiar with the form, structure, and habits of birds; one who describes birds.

² Ul'tra ma rine' (rêne), a beautiful blue pigment or paint.

³ Cör'al, a hard substance like shell [carbonate of lime], which is made by very small creatures, and forms their habitation. It is some-

times red, but more abundant in white. It is made by the little creatures into the shape of branches of trees, and when alive they appear like flowers on the branches. Also, a plaything made of coral.

⁴ Pi'rate, a freebooter or robber on the high seas.

⁵ Haunted (hänt'ed), frequented, resorted to, or visited, often.

were filled, and the ruffian¹ crew rowed their boat off to their craft lying at anchor in the distance.

6. For some reason, apparently accidental, one of the band remained awhile on the island alone. In a quiet evening hour, he threw himself on the rocks, near the spring, looking over the broad sea, where here and there a low desert islet rose from the deep, while the vessel, with which his own fate had long been connected, lay idle, with furled canvas, in the offing.²

7. Presently the little doves, seeing all quiet again, returned to their favorite spring, flitting to and fro in peace, uttering to each other their low gentle notes, so caressing, and so plaintive. It may have been that in the wild scenes of his turbulent³ career the wretched man had never known the force of solitude.⁴ He was now gradually overpowered by its mysterious⁵ influences, pressing upon heart and mind.

8. He felt himself to be alone with his Maker. The works of the Holy One surrounded him—the pure heavens hanging over his guilty head, the sea stretching in silent grandeur far into the unseen distance. One object alone, bearing the mark of man, lay within range of his eye—that guilty craft, which, like an evil phantom,⁶ hovered in the offing, brooding sin.

9. The sounds most familiar to him for years had been curse, and ribald⁷ jest, and brutal threat, and shriek of death. But now those little doves came hovering about him, uttering their guileless notes of tenderness and innocence. Far away, in his native woods, within sight of his father's roof, he had often listened in boyhood to other doves, whose notes, like these, were pure and sweet. Home memories, long banished from his breast, returned. The image of his Christian mother stood before him.

10. Those little doves, still uttering their low, pure, inoffensive note, seemed bearing to him the far-off echoes of every

¹ Ruffian (rŭf'yan), brutal; savagely noisy or rough; murderous.

² Off'ing, that part of the sea which is far enough from the shore for deep water.

³ Turbulent (tēr'bu lent), riotous; unquiet; disturbed; restless.

⁴ Sŏl'i tude, a state of being alone; a lonely life or place.

⁵ Mŭs tē'ri ous, secret; not easily understood.

⁶ Phăn'tom, a specter; a ghost.

⁷ Rīb'al'd, low; base-mean; filthy; disgusting.

sacred word of devout faith, of pure precept, of generous feeling, which, in happier years, had reached his ear. A fearful consciousness of guilt came over the wretched man. His heart was utterly subdued. The stern pride of manhood gave way. A powerful tide of contrition¹ swept away all evil barriers. Bitter tears of remorse² fell upon the stone on which his head rested. And that was to him the turning point of life.

11. He rose from the rock a penitent,³ firmly resolved to retrace his steps—to return to better things. By the blessing of God, the resolution was adhered to. He broke away from his evil courses, thrust temptation aside, returned to his native soil to lead a life of penitence and honest toil.

12. Many years later, a stranger came to his cabin, in the wild forests of the southern country, a man venerable in mien,⁴ shrewd and kindly in countenance—wandering through the woods on pleasant errands of his own. The birds of that region were the stranger's object.

13. The inmate of the cabin had much to tell on this subject; and, gradually, as the two were thrown together in the solitude of the forest, the heart of the penitent opened to his companion. He avowed that he loved the birds of heaven: he had cause to love them—the doves, especially; they had been as friends to him; they had spoken to his heart in the most solemn hour of life. And then came that singular confession.

14. The traveler was Audubon,⁵ the great ornithologist, who has left on record in his works this striking incident. In olden times, what a beautiful ballad⁶ would have been written on such a theme:⁷ fresh and wild as the breeze of the forest, sweet and plaintive as the note of the dove!

¹ **Contrition** (kon trish'un), penitence; deep sorrow for sin.

² **Remorse** (re mars'), the keen pain caused by a sense of guilt; gnawing regret.

³ **Pên'i tent**, one who feels pain, sorrow, or regret, on account of sin, or offenses of any kind.

⁴ **Miên, âir**; manner; look; outward appearance.

⁵ **John James Audubon**, the most noted of American ornithologists was born on a plantation in Louisiana, May 4, 1780, and died in the city of New York, Jan. 27, 1851.

⁶ **Băl'lad**, a popular song in simple, homely verses.

⁷ **Thème**, a subject on which a person writes or speaks; a short composition or writing.



SECTION XIX.

I.
FIRST.

80. *MY*, learn how to be happy, and to

MY little doves have left a nest
 Upon an Indian tree.
 Whose leaves fantastic¹ take their rest
 Or motion from the sea ;
 For, ever thêre, the sea-winds go
 With sunlit paces to and fro.

2. The tropic flowers looked up to it,
 The tropic stars looked down,

¹ Fan tās'tic, fanciful ; not real ; changeable.

And thêre my little doves did sit,
 With feathers sôftly brown,
 And glittering eyes that showed their right
 To general Nature's deep delight.

3. And Gôd them taught, at every close
 Of mûrmûring waves beyônd,
 And green leaves round, to interpose
 Thêir ehôral voices fond,
 Intêrpreting that love must be
 The meaning of the earth and sea.

4. Fit ministers ! Of living loves,
 Thêirs hath the cãlmèst fashion,
 Their living voice the likèst moves
 To lifeless intonation,¹
 The lovely monotone of springs
 And winds, and such insensate things.

5. My little doves were tâ'en äwäy
 From that glad nest of thêirs,
 Acröss an ocean rolling gräy,
 And tempest-clouded äirs.
 My little doves—who lately knew
 The sky and wave by warmth and blue.

6. And now, within the city prißon,
 In mist and chillnèss pent,²
 With süddèn upward look they listén
 For sounds of nãst content—
 on such a theme :³ fresh and wswell of breeze,
 sweet and plaintive as the note from the trees.

7. The stîr without the glôw of passion,
 The triumph of the mart,
 The gold and silver as they clash on
 Man's cold metallic⁴ heart—
 The rōar of wheels, the cry for bread—
 These ônly sounds are hêärd instead.

¹ In'to nã'tion, the peculiar kind of voice as regards tone ; the act or manner of modulating the voice musically.

² Pënt, closely confined ; shut up.

³ Lãpse, an easy, gliding motion.

⁴ Më tãl'lic, like, or composed of metal ; hard.

8. Yet still, as on my human hand
 Their fearless heads they lean,
 And almost seem to understand
 What human musings mean,
 (Their eyes, with such a plaintive shine,
 Are fastened upwardly to mine !)
9. Soft falls their chant¹ as on the nest
 Beneath the sunny zone ;
 For love that stirred it in their breast
 Has not a weary grown,
 And 'neath the city's shade can keep
 The well of music clear and deep.
10. And love that keeps the music, fills
 With pastoral² memories.
 All echoing from out the hills,
 All droppings from the skies,
 All flowings from the wave and wind
 Remembered in their chant I find.
11. So teach ye me the wisest part,
 My little doves ! to move
 Along the city-ways with heart .
 Assured by holy love,
 And vocal with such songs as own
 A fountain to the world
12. 'Twas³ *CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.*
 Mör

But if t PART FIRST.

Their, herself to learn how to be happy, and to
 For sunk could be. It was a fine sunny morning.
 Who wear the meadow first, and, after an hour or
 eded, then to go off to the wood.

was p-ping away on a thornbush as if his
 g over with happiness. The cat had break-
 as able to listen without any mixture of feeling.

I She walked boldly up under the bush, and
 The wind howl- cat still and

¹ Chant (chant), melody ; song.

² Pas'toral, relating to shepherds,
 or the country.

³ Bā'bel, the name of the city
 where the confusion of languages
 took place ; disorder.

And yēt I love no less than these
 The crowdèd city street ;
 For häunts of men, whêre'er they be
 Awake my deepèst sympathy.

2. I see within the city street,
 Life's most extreme estates ;
 The gôrgeous dômes of palaces,
 The dismal priſon grates ;
 The heärths by household vîrtues blest,
 The dens that are the sêrpent's nest.

3. I see the rich man, proudly fed
 And richly clothed, pàss by ;
 I see the shivering houselèss wretch
 With hunġer in his eye ;
 For life's sevêrèst contrasts meet
 For ever in the city street !

4. Hence is it that a city street
 Can dēpèst thōughts impart,
 For all its people, high and lōw,
 Are kindrèd to my heart ;
 And with a yearning love I shâre
 In all their joy, their pain, their câre !

6. And now, with ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ mist and chillnèss pent,
 With sùddèn upward look they lie
 For sounds of nâst content—
 on such a theme :⁷ fresh and v₃swell of bre^{aven}, or see
 sweet and plaintive as the note ^{from the tr}

7. The stîr without the glōw of ¹ ;
 The triumph of the mart,
 The gold and silver as they ^{in waves} rejoice.
 Man's cold metallic⁴ heart—
 The rōar of wheels, the cry for bread
 These ònly sounds are hêard instead. ^{rowd,}

With ~~everlasting~~ ^{everlasting} mûrmûr deep and loud—

Choking the wâys that wind

⁵ Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind

3. Thy golden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
 And lights their inner hōmes ;
 For them thou fill'st with âir the unbounded skies,
 And givèst them the stōres
 Of ocean, and the harvèsts of its shōres.

4. Thy Spirit is around
 Quickening the restlèss mæss that sweeps ällong ;
 And this etèrnal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the nūmberlèss thrōng—
 Like the reṣounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempèst, speaks of thee.

5. And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a cälm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billōwy breast—
 The quiet of that moment too is thine ;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vâst and helpless city while it sleeps.

SECTION XX.

I.

83. THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART FIRST.

THE cat set öff by herself to lærn how to be happy, and to be all that a cat could be. It waṣ a fine sunny morning. She determined to try the mēadōw first, and, after an hour or two, if she had not succeeded, then to go öff to the wood.

2. A blackbird was piping äwây on a thornbush as if his heart was running over with happinèss. The cat had break-fasted, and so was äble to listen without any mixture of feeling. She didn't sneak. She walked boldly up under the bush, and the bird, seeing she had no bad purpose, sät still and sung on.

3. "Good morning, blackbird ; you seem to be enjoying yourself this fine day."—"Good morning, cat."—"Blackbird,

it is an odd question, perhaps. What ought one to do to be as happy as you?"—"Do your duty, cat."—"But what is my duty, blackbird?"—"Take c  re of your little ones, cat."—"I hav'n't any," said she. "Then sing to your mate," said the bird.—"Tom is dead," said she.—"Poor cat!" said the bird. "Then sing over his grave. If your s  ng is sad, you will find your heart grow lighter for it."

4. "M  rcy!" thought the cat. "I could do a little singing with a living lover, but I never heard of singing for a dead one. But you see, bird, it isn't cat's nature. When I am cr  ss, I mew. When I am pleased, I p  rr; but I must be pleased first. I can't purr myself into happiness."

5. "I am afraid there is something the matter with your heart, my cat. It wants warming; good-bye." The blackbird flew away. The cat looked sadly after him. "He thinks I am like him; and he doesn't know that a cat is a cat," said she. "As it happens now, I feel a great deal for a cat. If I hadn't a heart I shouldn't be unhappy. I'll try that great fat f  ll  w."

6. The ox lay placidly¹ chewing, with content beaming out of his eyes and playing on his mouth. "Ox," she said, "what is the way to be happy?"—"Do your duty," said the ox. "Bother," said the cat, "duty again! What is it, ox?"—"Get your dinner," said the ox.—"But it is got for me, ox; and I have n  thing to do but to eat it."—"Well, eat it, then, like me."—"So I do; but I am not happy for all that."—"Then you are a v  ry wicked, ungrateful cat."

7. The ox munched away. A bee buzzed into a buttercup under the cat's nose. "I beg your pardon," said the cat, "it isn't curiosity—what are you doing?"—"Doing my duty; d  n't stop me, cat."—"But, bee, what is your duty?"—"Making honey," said the bee.—"I wish I could make honey," sighed the cat.—"Do you mean to say you c  n't?" said the bee. "How stupid you must be! What do you do, then?"—"I do nothing, bee. I can't g  t any thing to do."

8. "You w  n't get any thing to do, you mean, you lazy cat! You are a good-for-nothing drone. Do you know what we do to our drones? We kill them; and that is all they are fit for. Good morning to you."

¹ Pl  c'id ly, c  lmlly; quietly.

9. "Well, I am sure," said the cat, "they are treating me civilly; I had better have stopped at home at this rate. Stroke my whiskers! heartless! wicked! good-for-nothing! stupid! and only fit to be killed. This is a pleasant beginning, anyhow. I must look for some wiser creatures than these are. What shall I do? I know. I know where I will go."

II.

84. THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART SECOND.

IT was in the middle of the wood. The bush was very dark, but she found him by his wonderful eye. Presently, as she got used to the light, she distinguished a sloping roll of feathers, a rounded breast, surrounded by a round head, set close to the body, without an inch of neck intervening. "How wise he looks!" she said. "What a brain! what a forehead! His head is not long, but what an expanse,¹ and what a depth of earnestness!"

2. The owl sloped his head a little on one side; the cat slanted hers upon the other. The owl set it straight again, the cat did the same. They stood looking this way for some minutes;² at last, in a whispering voice, the owl said, "What are you who presume to look into my repose? Pass on upon your way, and carry elsewhere those prying eyes."

3. "O, wonderful owl," said the cat, "you are wise, and I want to be wise; and I am come to you to teach me." A film floated backward and forward over the owl's eyes; it was his way of showing that he was pleased. "I have heard in our schoolroom," went on the cat, "that you sat on the shoulder of Pallas,³ and she told you all about it."

4. "And what would you know, O my daughter?" said the owl.—"Everything," said the cat, "everything. First of all, how to be happy."

5. "Mice content you not, my child, even as they content not me," said the owl. "It is good."—"Mice, indeed!" said

¹ *Ex pânse'*, that which is spread out; a wide extent of space.

² *Minute* (mîn'it).

³ *Pāl'las*, worshiped in ancient Greece as the goddess of wisdom. In Rome she was called Minerva.

the cat ; “no, parlor cats don’t eat mice. I have better than mice, and no trouble to gëtt it ; but I want something mōre.”

6. “The body’s meat is provided. You would now fill your soul.”—“I want to improve,” said the cat. “I want something to do. I want to find out what the creatures call my duty.”

7. “You would lëarn how to employ those happy hours of your lëisure—rather how to make them happy by a worthy use. Meditate, O cat ! meditate ! meditate !”—“That is the very thing,” said she. “Meditate ! that is what I like above all things. Only I want to know how : I want something to meditate about. Tell me, owl, and I will bless you èvèry hour of the day as I sit by the parlor fire.”

8. “I will tell you,” answered the owl, “what I have been thinking of ever since the moon changed. You shall take it hōme with you and think about it too ; and the next full moon you shall come again to me : we will compāre our conclusions.”—“Delightful ! delightful !” said the cat. “What is it ?—I will try this minute.”

9. “From the beginning,” replied the owl, “our race have been considering which first existed, the owl or the egg. The owl comes from the egg, but likewise the egg from the owl.”—“Mërcy !” said the cat.—“From sunrise to sunset I ponder on it, O cat ! When I reflect on the beauty of the complete owl, I think that must have been first, as the cause is greater than the effect. When I remember my own childhood, I incline the other wāy.”

10. “Well, but how are we to find out ?” said the cat.—“Find out !” said the owl. “We can never find out. The beauty of the question is, that its solution¹ is impossible. What would become of all our delightful reasonings, O unwise cat ! if we were so unhappy as to know ?”—“But what in the world is the good of thinking about it, if you cān’t, O owl ?”

11. “My child, that is a foolish question. It is good, in order that the thoughts on these things may stimulate wonder. It is in wonder that the owl is great.”—“Then you don’t know any thing at all,” said the cat. “What did you sit on Pallas’s shoulder for ? You must have gone to sleep.”—“Your tone is

¹ So lū’tion, the act of separating ing or clearing up of a difficult the parts of any body ; the unfold- question.

over flippan¹t, cat, for phil²osophy. The highest of all knowledge is to know that we know n³othing."

12. The cat made two great arches with h³er back and her tail. "Bless the mother that laid you," said she. "You w³ere dropped by mistake in a goose nest. You w³on't do. I don't know much, but I am not such a creature as you, anyhow. A great white thing!" She straightened her b³ody, stuck her tail upon end, and marched ³off with much dignity.

13. But, though she respected herself rather m³ore than b³efore, she was not on the way to the end of her difficulties. She tried all the creatures she met without adv³ancing a step. They had all the old story, "Do your d³uty." But, each had its own, and no one could tell her what hers was. Only one point they all agreed upon—the duty of getting their dinner when they were hun³gry. The day w³ore on, and she began to thi³nk she would like hers.

III.

85. THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART THIRD.

IT was a great day in the fox's cave. The ³eld³est cub had the night b³efore brought h³ome his first goose, and they were just sitting down to it as the cat came by. "Ah, my young lady! what, you in the woods? Bad feeding at home, eh? Come out to hunt for yourself?"

2. The goose smelt excellent; the cat couldn't help a wistful³ look. She was ³only come, she said, to pay her respects to her wild friends. "Just in time," said the fox. "Sit down and take a bit of dinner; I see you want it. Make r³oom, you cubs; place a seat for the lady."

3. "Why, thank you," said the cat, "y³es; I acknowledge it is not unwelcome. Pray, d³on't dist³urb yourselves, young foxes. I am hun³gry. I met a rabbit on my way here. I was going to eat him, but he talked so prettily I let him go.

4. The cubs looked up from their plates, and b³urst out

¹ Fl³ip'pant, smooth, rapid, and confident, without th³ought or knowledge; empty; pert.

² Ph³i l³os'o phy, love of wisdom.

³ Wist'ful, very attentive; longing or desirous; wishful.

laughing. "For shame, young rascals," said the father. "Where are your manners? Mind your dinner, and don't be so rude."

5. "Fox," she said, when dinner was over, and the cubs were gone to play, "you are very clever.¹ The other creatures are all stupid."² The fox bowed. "Your family were always clever," she continued. "I have heard about them in the books they use in our schoolroom. It is many years since your ancestor stole the crow's dinner."—"Don't say stole, cat; it is not pretty. Obtained by superior ability."

6. "I beg your pardon," said the cat; "it is all living with those men. That is not the point. Well, but I want to know whether you are any wiser or any better than foxes were then."—"Really," said the fox, "I am what Nature made me. I don't know. I am proud of my ancestors, and do my best to keep up the credit of the family."

7. "Well, but fox, I mean do you improve? do I? do any of you? The men are always talking of doing their duty, and that, they say, is the way to improve and to be happy. And as I was not happy, I thought that had, perhaps, something to do with it, so I came out to talk to the creatures. They also had the old chant—duty, duty, duty; but none of them could tell me what mine was, or whether I had any."

8. The fox smiled. "Another leaf out of your schoolroom," said he. "Can't they tell you there?"—"Indeed," she said, "they are very absurd.³ They say a great deal about themselves, but they only speak disrespectfully of us. If such creatures as they can do their duty, and improve, and be happy, why can't we?"

9. "They say they do, do they?" said the fox. "What do they say of me?" The cat hesitated. "Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings, cat. Out with it."

10. "They do all justice to your abilities, fox," said she; "but your morality,⁴ they say, is not high. They say you are a rogue."—"Morality!" said the fox. "Very moral and good

¹ Clěv'er, having talent, smartness, or skill; good-natured.

² Stū'pid, very dull; wanting in sense or understanding.

³ Ab surd', opposed to truth.

⁴ Mor āl'i tŷ, sense of obligation or duty; the character of an action or practice which makes it good.

they are. And you really believe all that? What do they mean by calling me a rogue?"

11. "They mean you take whatever you can get, without caring whether it is just or not."—"My dear cat, it is very well for a man, if he can't bear his own face, to paint a pretty one on a panel and call it a looking-glass; but you don't mean that it deceives you."

12. "Teach me," said the cat. "I fear I am weak."—"Who get justice from the men unless they can force it. Ask the sheep that are cut into mutton. Ask the horses that draw their plows. I don't mean it is wrong of the men to do as they do; but they need not deny it."

13. "You surprise me," said the cat.—"My good cat, there is but one law in the world. The weakest goes to the wall. The men are sharper-witted than the creatures, and so they get the better of them and use them. They may call it just if they like; but when a tiger eats a man, I guess he has just as much justice on his side as the man when he eats a sheep."

14. "And that is the whole of it," said the cat. "Well, it is very sad. What do you do with yourself?"—"My duty, to be sure," said the fox; "use my wits and enjoy myself. My dear friend, you and I are on the lucky side. We eat and are not eaten."

15. "Except by the hounds now and then," said the cat.—"Yes; by brutes that forget their nature, and sell their freedom to the men," said the fox, bitterly. "In the meantime my wits have kept my skin whole hitherto, and I bless Nature for making me a fox and not a goose."

16. "Are you happy, fox?"—"Happy! yes, of course. So would you be if you would do like me, and use your wits. My good cat, I should be miserable as you if I found my geese every day at the cave's mouth. I have to hunt for them, lie for them, sneak for them, fight for them; cheat those old fat farmers, and bring out what there is inside me; and then I am happy—of course I am."

17. "It has a rough end, this life of yours, if you keep clear of the hounds, fox," said the cat.—"What! a rope in the yard! Well, it must end some day; and when the farmer catches me I shall be getting old, and my brains will be taking

leave of me; so the sōoner I go the better, that I may disgrace myself the less. Better be jolly while it lasts, than sit mewing out your life and grumbling at it as a bōre.”¹

18. “Well,” said the cat, “I am vëry much obliged to you. I suppose I may even gët home again. I shall not find a wiser friend than you, and perhaps I shall not find another good-natured enough to give me so good a dinner. But it is very sad.”—“Think of what I have said,” answered the fox. “I’ll call at your house some night; you will take me a walk round the yard, and then I’ll show you.”

19. “Not quite,” thought the cat, as she trotted öff; “one good tårn deserves another, that is true; and you have given me a dinner. But they have given me many at home, and I mean to take a few mōre of them; so I think you mustn’t go round our yard.”

20. “Ah! I see everybody likes what he was bred to,” sighed the cat. “Train the cat as a cat should go, and she will be happy and ask no questions. As for me, I must not seek for what is impossible. Since I have been bred to nōthing, I must try to like that; but I consider myself an unfortunate cat.”

SECTION XXI.

I.

85. BEAVER AND LEAPING PANTHER.

PART FIRST.

GORHAM,² in 1745, was a small frōntier³ settlement of Maine, about nine or ten miles from Pōrtland, lying dīrëctly in the Indian trail. War had just commenced between the mother country and Frānce; and thêre was no lōngër any doubt that the neighboring savages, who had suddenly disappeared, were gōne to Cānada to receive instructions and arms, from whence they would soon reāppëar as mercilëss and subtle⁴

¹ Bōre, a person or thing that wearies by being dull, stupid, or often seen or heard.

² Gorham (gō’ram).

³ Frōnt’iër, lying on the outer part; bordering.

⁴ Subtle (sūt’l), sly in design; artful; cunning.



foes. The settlers, now completely aroused and sure of immediate danger, set instantly to work upon the garrison¹ and other defenses.

2. One morning, about the middle of September, Hugh McLellan, one of the settlers, said to his son : "William, I want you to dig a potato-hole in the western field ; you will find four stakes there, that I have stuck up to mark it out. Dig it four feet deep. I'll give you two days to do it in. It is easy digging, and if you do it in less time, you may have the rest of it

¹ Gă'r'ri son, a strong place in which soldiers are kept to defend a town against an enemy, or to keep

its people under control ; a body of soldiers stationed in a fort or fortified town for defense or security.

to yourself. I am going to hang the gates of the stockade,¹ which will take me two days, and then our fört will be finished."

3. The middle of the first äft'ernöön' sōon came ; so eager was William to finish his stīnt, in order that he might have time to beat up the quarters of a wolf which Bose had discovered, that he had forgotten to take his gun with him. He had buried himself to his shoulders in the pit, and was working as for dear life, when, hearing a noise, he stood up on his shovel, and looking over the heap of ĕarth he had thrown out, saw that all the cattle were in the field and making for the corn.

4. Having driven them out, he began to put up the fence which ran alöng the edge of the woods ; but scårce had he put up the first rail, when, happening to look up, he beheld an Indian in his war-paint within a few feet of him. It was evident to William, at the first glånce, that his intentions were by no means hōstīle ;² his gun, though within reach of his hand, was placed against the butt of a pine, while its owner, with arms folded upon his chest, stood gravely regarding him.

5. William thöught he had nēver beheld a grander sight than this warlike savage. But he could scårce credit the testimony of his senses, when, through the thick cōat of paint, he vērily thought he perceived the features of his old playmate—in short, that the stērn, collected being beföre him was no other than the Indian³ lad whose läugh, but a few months ago, rang shrilly through the förest, and than whom nōne had been mōre light-hearted and frolicsome.

6. In that brief period he seemed to have increased bōth in height and bulk, and, though but little older than William, to have lēaped at once from a boy to the estate of a man. In a tone of mingled doubt and anxiety, William exclaimed, "Beaver, can this be you?" The Indian extended his hand in silence, which William eagerly gräsped. Drawing himself up with all the dignity of a chief who counted his scälps by scōres, Beaver thus addressed his wōndering playmate :—

7. "Leaping Panther, listen ! Two moons⁴ ago, I was a boy, and played with the boys. I helped the squaws to pound the

¹ Stöck äde', a line of posts or stakes set in the ĕarth as a fence to stop an enemy.

² Hōs'tīle, warlike ; unfriendly.

³ Indian (īnd'yan).

⁴ Moon, a mōnth.

grew closer together; but now, like these, we must also be separated." Teáring them asunder, he flung them in opposite directions. "We must now seek each other's lives.

12. "Leaping Panther, listen! Your people have taken away our hunting-grounds, and cut down the trees so that we have no meat for our squaws and our little ones. The blood of our young men, shed by you, and not yet avenged by us, cries in our ears so that we can not sleep. Thêrefôre we have dug up the hatchet. We shall not bury it again till we make it red with the white man's blood.

13. "Had I wished to kill you, without alarming your people, I could have done it with the bow or the tomahawk. If any of our old playmates had been here instead of myself, your scalp would have now been hanging at his girdle, or drying in the smoke of the wigwam. But as I watched you my heart grew soft. I said, 'I will speak to my brother. I will look in his eyes. We will tear our hearts asunder, and then we will seek each other's blood.' Do not therefore be afraid, but speak. The ears of the Beaver are open."

thought he perceived the features of his old playmate—in short, that the stêrn, collected being before him was no other than the Indian³ lad whose laugh, but a few months ago rang

PART SECOND.

"I AM not afraid of you, Beaver, though you are older than I am, have gun, knife, and tomahawk, and look so frightful in your paint, while I am barehanded. Your mother called me Leaping Panther, because I was so quick; I could jump on you and throttle you, before you could draw a knife, or cock a gun at me. Notwithstanding all your big talk about being a warrior, and striking the war-post, you never have seen (and it's my opinion you never will see) the day when I couldn't lay you on your back at rough and tumble, or at close hugs—and let you have both 'under-holds' into the bargain.

2. "In respect to your shooting me unawares, I freely say that you might have done it, just as easy as you can shoot a squirrel, and in that I owe you my life. But that is no more than I should have expected at your hands. It is your nature,

Beaver; you are a brave, good, true-hearted boy, and it's only your Indian bringing up that will ever make you any thing else."

3. "But tell me, Beaver, did the cattle tear that fence down?"—"No; I tore it down."—"That you might shoot me, when I came to drive them out?"—"No; but I was afraid of being seen; and I took that way to draw you to my ambush."¹

4. "It was well planned, and you are rightly called Beaver, for the beaver is wise, and I doubt not you will be a great chief. But you have taught me a lesson. I will let the cattle eat the corn before I will go to drive them out again without a gun.

5. "Well," continued William, "if your heart grew soft when you saw me this morning, so did mine the day after you went away. You know we—you and I and Conuwass—were going to hunt porcupines in the hard woods on Watson's hill, and your mother was going to work me a belt just like yours. I got up early, and tied Bose up—for the old fool will shake a porcupine, and get his nose full of quills—caught my gun, and ran with all my might to your wigwam. When I got there, you were all, all gone. Then I went down to the brook. There I found the rafts and the canoes, and all the things just as we had left them. Then, down to the swimming-place. But when I saw your tracks there, oh, it brought every thing right up, and the place looked so lonesome, I couldn't stay, but went back home.

6. "I went into the barn to untie Bose, and when he saw the gun in my hand, he began to jump up on me, and lick my face, thinking he was going a-hunting. I said, 'Bose, you will never more have any such good times as we have had, because Beaver is gone, and we shall never see him again.' I had managed to hold in till then, but the minute I spoke your name the tears would come. I sat down and cried like a baby." In the course of this conversation the boys had drawn nearer and nearer to each other, until at length they seated themselves side by side on a log, and somehow their hands got locked together.

7. "That was wrong, Panther; only squaws do that."—"I don't see why a man shouldn't cry, as well as laugh, especially if he can't help it."—"He should do neither; a warrior should never behave as a squaw; he should be like a rock."

¹ Am'bush, a concealed place to attack by surprise; the act of so where soldiers or enemies lie in wait attacking; troops thus concealed.

8. "I know what you mean," was the reply. "You think it makes against a man's courage to have a tender heart; but it dōn't. Now, thêre's my mother. If the sun should fall right out of the sky, it wouldn't scâre her. For all that I saw her cry when she thought Mrs. Watson was going to die. Father is tender too; but your whōle tribe couldn't frighten him, or make him cry, unless he wished. There is our Alec—Little Snapping Turtle. When he gets very angry, then look out for yourself; he'll let you have hot cōals, hatchet, any thing that comes to hand; but nōthing scâres him."

9. "You can never be a warrior, Panther, while you feel thus."—"I never want to be."—"Dōn't want to be?"—"No. I had rather hoe corn, or hunt, than fight, just for the sake of fighting. I think it is just the poorèst businèss a man can follōw, except it is his duty."

10. "I see, Panther, the Great Spirit has given to the white man a different heart from the Indian's. I love to kill—every Indian dōes; I love to see blood run; I would like to eat the flesh and drink the blood of the enemies of my tribe." While he spake the savage gleamed from his whōle face; his eyes glâred, his nōstrils dilâted, and his features, seen through the terrors of the war-paint, were those of a fiēd.

11. The instinets of his companion, nûrsed at the breast of a Christian mother, and imbued with the principles of religion, revōlted at this display of a wolfish nature. He coolly replied: "I wouldn't. I should rather drink buttermilk. If an Indian had injured me, I should want satisfaction from him; it would not do me any good to kill some other Indian, who never had injured me, just because he was an Indian; or to murder a little innocent babe in the cradle, because his father or grandfather had injured me or my grandfather befōre he was born."

12. "That is our custom," replied the Beaver. "Our fathers and wise men have always done so, and taught us to do so, and thêrefōre it is right."—"I dōn't cāre who taught it, or whose custom it is," replied his stûrdy antagonist. "It isn't right, anyhow. It's contrary to Scripture, and the Catechism too."

13. "You say that after this we must seek each other's lives because our fathers have injured one another. I've hêard my father and mother say, a hundred times, that they never lōst so

much as a hen, or a kērnēl of corn, by the Indians, and that, so far as that wāṣ concerned, they didn't want any better neighbors than the Indians—that they should have starved to death one winter but for the Indians. I am sūre no Indian will say that we ever wrōnged him, or took his land ; for we bought our land and paid for it. No mōre did our ancestors ; for they are all on the other side of the sea, and never saw an Indian."

14. "Do not thīnk, Panther, that the Indians do not know what is just. I have hēard my people talk, and I know that, if you were living here ālōne, and no other white people here, no Indian would lift his tomahawk against you ; and if you were hungr̄y, they would share with you their provisions, be it little or much. They know v̄ery well that you are not like the white men who were in the Narragansett war, who had their land given them because they killed the Indians ; that you bought your land, although you bought it of those who killed the Indians ; but that was not your fault. They know, too, that your speech and your actions are different from theirs, and that there is no Indian blood on your hands. But if you go with the rest to fight the Indians, you must expect them to kill you."

15. "I expect you to kill me if you can, in a fāir stand-up fight, or an ambush, when our peoples ambush one another. But I dōn't see why we that have been like brothers together should pick each other out, and go skulking around, in the places where we used to play, to kill one another." After a lōng silence, the Beaver, rising, replied :—

16. "Panther, I have thōught of yōur words, and they are gōōd. Not one of my tribe but would have slain you to-day. If the warriors knew that I had not dōne thus, they would blush with shame. When I set out on the war-pāth, I said : 'I will speak to the Panther ; after that, he will be on his wāṭch ; then my heart will be very hard. I know where he works, where he hunts, and where he plays. I will ambush him every step he takes. I will kill the dog, and then I shall the more easily kill him. I will hang his scalp at my girdle, and the warriors of my nation will rejoice. They will say that Beaver will be a great chief. He has slain the Panther, whose claws were almost grown, who could throw the tomahawk, and shoot the eye out of a squirrel, and who would have slain many of our people.'

17. "But your words have changed my heart, as the maple-leaves change beneath the fingers of the frost. We will not stain with each other's blood the places where we have hunted and fished, and played together. Only when our tribes meet on the war-path will we be foes. When the Beaver thinks of the Panther, and of the long summer days they have hunted and played together, and sat by the same fire, it shall be like a pleasant dream—there shall be no blood on it. Is it well?"

18. William was touched to the very heart, and, being less able to control his feelings, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice trembled, as he replied, "*It is well!*" The Indian resumed his gun, and, extending his hand to William, they exchanged a parting grasp, and he was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

SECTION XXII.

I.

88. THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

MY banks they are furnished with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes¹ are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains are bordered with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets grow.

2. Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-brier entwines it around;
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid² and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

¹ Gröt'to, a covered opening in the earth; a cave.

² Līm'pid, marked by transparency or clearness: shining

3. One would think she might like to retire
 To the bower I have labored to rear ;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hastened and planted it there.
 Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my love
 To prune the wild branches away.
4. From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow !
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow !
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.
5. I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me such plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed ;
 For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
 Who would rob a poor bird of its young ;
 And I loved her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
6. I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 How that pity was due to a dove ;
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she called it the sister of love.
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak and whatever she say,
 Methinks 't is oft beneath my window,
 Her voice comes from her clay-built nest ;
 II.

89. TO-MORROW.

I N the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my lot no less fortunate be

- Than a snug elbow-châir can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that ô'erlooks the wide sea ;
 With an ambling¹ pad-pony² to pace ô'er the lawn,
 While I carol āwāy idle sōrrōw,
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
 Look forward with hope for to-mōrrōw.
2. With a pōrch at my dōor, bōth for shelter and shade too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 With a barn for the use of the flail :
 A cow for my dairy, a dōg for my game,
 And a pūrse when a friend wants to bōrrōw ;
 I'll envy no nabob³ his riches or fame,
 Nor what honors await him to-morrow.
3. From the bleak northern blāst may my cot be completely
 Secured by a neighboring hill ;
 And at night may repose steal upon me mōre sweetly
 By the sound of a mûrmûring rill ;
 And while peace and plenty I find at my bōard,
 With a heart free from sicknèss and sorrow,
 With my friends may I shāre what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.
4. And when I at lāst must throw ôff this frail cōvering
 Which I've wōrn for threescore-years-and-ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hōvering,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
 But my face in the glāss I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and fûrrōw ;
 For this old wōrn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
 May become everlāsting to-morrow.

III

Not my fields, in the prime of th

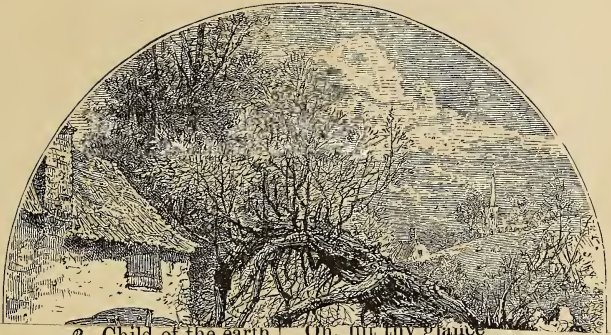
More charms than my cattle

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;

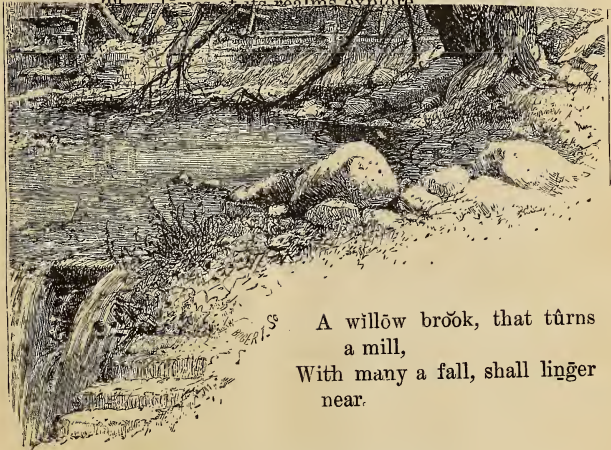
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;

¹ **Am'bling**, moving by lifting
 together the two legs on one side ;
 pacing.

² **Pad-pō'ny**, an easy-paced pony.
³ **Nā'bob**, a viceroy in India ; a
 very rich man.



2. Child of the earth ! On, lift thy glance
To yōn bright firmament's² expanse !



A willow brook, that tûrns
a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger
near.

2. The swallow oft beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And shâre my meal, a welcome guest.
3. Around my ivied pōrch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

4. The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SECTION XXIII.

For fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

3. From the bleak northern blast
SHE had been told that Gōd made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve.

2. She stood alone
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before.

3. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.

4. Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star

Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
 Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
 Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
 “FATHER ! DEAR FATHER ! GOD HAS MADE A STAR !”

II.

92. THE STARS.

NO cloud obscures the summer sky,
 The moon in brightness walks on high,
 And, set in azure,¹ every star,
 Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

2. Child of the earth ! Oh, lift thy glance
 To yon bright firmament's² expanse !
 The glories of its realms explore,
 And gaze, and wonder, and adore !
3. Doth³ it not speak to every sense
 The marvels of Omnipotence ?⁴
 See'st thou not there the Almighty's name
 Inscribed in characters of flame ?
4. Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
 That sparkle through the shades of night ;
 Behold them ! Can a mortal boast
 To number that celestial⁵ host ?
5. Mark well each little star, whose rays
 In distant splendor meet thy gaze ;
 Each is a world, by God sustained,
 Who from eternity hath reigned.
6. Each, shining not for earth alone,
 Hath suns and planets of its own,
 And beings, whose existence springs
 From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.

¹ Azure (ăzh'er), light-blue ; sky-colored.

² Fir'ma ment, the region of the air ; the sky or heavens.

³ Doth (dŭth).

⁴ Om nŭp'o tence, one who is all-powerful ; Gōd.

⁵ Celestial (se lĕst' yal), belonging, or relating, to the regions of air ; heavenly.

7. Haply, those glōrious beings knōw
Nor stain of guilt, nor tear of wōe !¹
But, raising still the adoring voice,
For ever in their Gōd rejoice.
8. What then art thou ! O, child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect, on the breeze,
E'en as a dewdrop, löst in seas !
9. Yēt fear thou not ; the Sôvereign² hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in âir,
Hath e'en for thee a Fäther's câre.
10. Be thou at peace !—the all-seeing eye,
Pervading³ êarth, and air, and sky,
The sêarching glânce which nône may flee,
Is still, in mērcy, tûrned on thee.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

93. *ICHABOD'S RIDE.*

ICHABOD, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the löfty hills which rise above Tarrytown. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and thêre the tall mäst of a sloop riding quietly at anêhor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dōg from the opposite shōre of the Hudson ; but it was so vague and faint as ônly to give an idēâ of his great distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the löng-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound

¹ Wōe, misery ; sorrow ; grief.

² Sovereign (sũv'er in), above all others ; highest in power.

³ Per väd'ing, pæssing through ; spreading through the whōle extent of a thing.

far, far öff, from some farm-house away among the hills. No signs of life occürred near him, but occasionally the mel'an-choly chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frög from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and tûrning suddenly in his bed.

2. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. In the center of the rōad stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. It was connected with the tragical stōry of the unfortunate André,¹ who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's Tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition.

3. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered. It was but a bläst sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking mōre nărrōwly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scăthed by lightning, and the white wood laid bāre. Suddenly he hēard a groan. His teeth chattered, and his knees smcte against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He păsSED the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

4. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crōssed the rōad, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough lōgs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. To păsS this bridge was the sevērèst trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and this has ever since been considered a häunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to păsS it alone after dark.

¹ John Andre (ăn'dră), a British officer of merit, but chiefly known as an accomplice in the treason of

Benedict Arnold. Captured by the Americans, he was executed at Tappan, N. Y., Oct., 1780.

5. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse hälf a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly acröss the bridge. But instead of starting fôrward, the perverse old animal made a lateral¹ movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was önlý to plunge to the opposite side of the röad into a thicket of brambles and älder bushes.

6. The schoolmäster now bestowed böth whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a süddennëss which had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a flashy tramp on the bank of the stream, by the side of the bridge, caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shädöw of the grove, on the margin of the murmuring brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stürred not, but seemed gäthëred up in the gloom, like some gïgäntic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

7. The hair of the affrighted pëdagögue rose upon his head with terror. What wäş to be döne? To turn and fly was now too late. Summoning up, thërefore, a show of cöurage, he demanded, in stammering accents, "*Who are you?*" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke fôrth with involuntary fervor into a psälm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the röad.

8. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now, in some degree, be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dïmënsions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no öffer of möl-estä'tion or sociability, but kept alöof on one side of the road. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight compan-

¹ Lät'er al, proceeding from, or dïrëcted to, the side.

ion, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind. The other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. He endeavored to resume his psälm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the rōof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave.¹

9. There was something in the moody and döggèd silence of this pertinacious² companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fëllōw-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was hōrrior-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pōmmel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip. But the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound.

10. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the chūrch bridge wāş at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the boşom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the reşounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cāst a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rŭle, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups (stŭr'rups), and in the vëry act of hŭrling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the hōrrible missile, but too late. It encountered his crānĭŭm with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled hëadlōng into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin-rider pāssed by like a whirlwind.

11. The next morning the old horse wāş found without his

¹ Stāve, part of a psälm.

² Per ti nā'ciouş, firm; unyielding.

saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate, while near the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it—a *shattered pumpkin!*

II.

94. GREEN APPLES.

PULL down the bough, Bob! Is n't this fun?
Now give it a shake, and—thêre goes one!
Now put your thumb up to thê other, and see
If it is n't as mēllōw as mellow can be!

I know by the stripe
It must be ripe!

That's one apiece for you and me.

2. Green, are they? Well, no matter for that.
Sit down on the grass, and we'll have a chat;
And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said last Sunday of unripe fruit.²

'Life,' says he,

"Is a bountiful³ tree,

Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

3. "For the youth thêre's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Hăppinèss, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait;—

Blessings," said he,

"Of every degree,

Ripening early, and ripening late.

4. "Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is whōlesōme, the fruit is sweet;
But, O my friends!—" Here he gave a rap
On his desk like a regular thunder-clap,

¹ Per ěn' nĩ al, through or beyond a year; hence, lasting for all time.

² Fruit (frȳt).

³ Boun'ti ful, generous; free in giving; plentiful.

3. Our young folks at hōme, at all seasons and times,
Are rehēarsing¹ the roll² of "Somebody's" crimes ;
Or, fāst as their feet and tongues can well run,
Come to tell the lāst deed the sly scamp has done.
4. "'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will sāy ;
"'Somebody' has carried my pencil āwāy ;"
"'Somebody' has gōne and thrown down all the blocks ;"
"'Somebody' āte up all the cakes in the box."
5. It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,
And hides the boys' sleds, and runs ōff with their skates,
And tūrn on the wāter, and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls' heads.
6. One night a dull sound, like the thump of a head,
Announced that one youngster wāş out of his bed ;
And he said, hālf asleep, when āsked what it meant,
"'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent !"
7. Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" dōn't cease,
We must summon in the detective³ police ;⁴
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known,
The culprit belōngs to no house but our own.

And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

5. Green fr^{uit} he said, Gōd w^{ould} not bless ;
But hālf 1. 96. TOM Terness,
Half the ev^{il} and w^{rong} and crime,
Came from tasting befōre their time
The fruits Heaven sent.
Then on he went
To his *Fourthly* and *Fifthly* :—wāş n't it prime ?

6. But, I say, Bob ! we fēllōws don't cāre
So much for a mouthful of apple or pēar ;
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blōw, and the hang-birds bring

saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate, while near the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it—a *shattered pumpkin!*

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Sit down on the grass, and we'll have a chat;
And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said last Sunday of unripe fruit.²

'Life,' says he,

'Is a bountiful³ tree,

And the taste of it puckers

My mouth like a sucker's!

I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

III.

95. said he,
degree.

THERE'S a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,
And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out;
He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

2. The rogues I have read of, in song or in tale,
Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail;
But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well,
He never has seen the inside of a cell.

3. Our young folks at hōme, at all seasons and times,
Are rehēarsing¹ the roll² of "Somebody's" crimes ;
Or, fāst as their feet and tongues can well run,
Come to tell the lāst deed the sly scamp has done.
4. " "Somebody' has taken my knife," one will sāy ;
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" "Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent !"
7. Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" dōn't cease,
We must summon in the detective³ police ;⁴
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known,
The culprit belōngs to no house but our own.
8. Then shōuld it tūrn out, āfter all, to be true,
That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too,
How queer it would look, if we saw them all go
Marched ōff to the station-house, six in a rōw !

IV.

96. TOM TWIST.

TOM TWIST wāş a wonderful fēllōw,
No boy was so nimble and strōng ;
He could tūrn ten somersets backward,
And stand on his head all dāy lōng.

¹ Rehearsing (re hērs' ing), re-citing ; repeating ; telling.

² Rōll, a piece of writing which may be rolled up ; a list.

³ De tēct'ive, fitted for, or skilled

in, uncovering, bringing to light, or finding out.

⁴ Police (po lēs'), a body of ōffi-cers whose duty it is to keep good order, and discover and prevent wrōngs.

No wrestling, or leaping, or running,
 This tough little urchin could tire ;
 His muscles were all guttâ-pêrchâ,¹
 And his sinews bundles of wire.

2. Tom Twist liked the life of a sailor,
 So off, with a hop and a skip,
 He went to a Nantucket captain,
 Who took him on board of his ship.
 The vessel was crowded with seamen,
 Young, old, stout and slim, short and tall,
 But in climbing, swinging, and jumping,
 Tom Twist was ahead of them all.

3. He could scamper all through the rigging,
 As spry and as still as a cat,
 While as for a leap from the maintop
 To deck, he thought nothing of that :
 He danced at the end of the yard-arm,
 Slept sound in the bend of a sail,
 And hung by his legs from the bowsprit,
 When the wind was blowing a gale.

4. The vessel went down in a tempest,
 A thousand fathoms or more ;
 But Tom Twist dived under the breakers,
 And, swimming five miles, got ashore.
 The shore was a cannibal island,
 The natives were hungry enough ;
 But they felt of Tommy all over,
 And found him entirely too tough.

5. So they put him into a boy-coop—
 Just to fatten him up, you see—
 But Tommy crept out, very slyly,
 And climbed to the top of a tree.
 The tree was the nest of a condor,
 A bird with prodigious² big wings,

¹ Guttâ-perchâ (gūt'tâ pēr'châ),
 a hard juice or gum of trees found
 in the Malayan islands. It is some-

what like India-rubber.

² Prodigious (pro did' jüs), mar-
 velous ; huge ; very large.



Which lived upon boā-constrictors¹
And other dīgēstible² things.

6. The condor flew hōme in the evening,
And there lay friend Tommy so snug,

¹ Bō'a-con stric'tor, a large and strōng snake, sometimes thīrty or forty feet lōng, found in the tropical parts of America—so named from its crushing its prey in its coils.

² Dī gēst'ī ble, capable of being worked over and put in form for ready use ; such as may be prepared in the stomach for change into blood—said of the fōōd.

- She thought she had pounced on a very
 Remarkable species of bug ;
 She soon woke him up with her pecking,
 But Tommy gave one of his springs,
 And leaped on the back of the condor,
 Between her lǒng neck and her wings.
7. The condor tried plunging and pitching,
 But Tommy held on with firm hand,
 Then òff, with a scream, flew the condor,
 O'er fǒrest and ocean and land.
 By and by she got tired of her bŭrden,¹
 And flying quite close to the ground,
 Tom untwisted his legs from the creature,
 And quickly slipped òff with a bound.
8. He landed all right, and feet fǒremōst,
 A little confused by his fall,
 And then ascertained he had lighted
 On top of the great Chīnōse Wall.
 He walked to the city of Pekin,
 Where he made the Chinamen grin ;
 He turned ten somersets backward,
 And they made him a Mandarīn.²
9. Then Tom had to play the Celestial,³
 And to dangle a long pigtail ;
 And he dined on puppies and kittens,
 Till his spirits began to fail.
 He sighed for his native country,
 And he lǒnged for its ham and eggs ;
 And in tŭrning somersets backward
 His pigtail would cǎtch in his legs.
10. He sailed for his dear hōme and harbor.
 The house of his mother he knew ;
 He climbed up the lightning-rod quickly,
 And came down the chimney-flue.

¹ **Burden** (bĕr'dn), that which is borne or carried ; a heavy load.

nese òfficer, ēither civil or military.

² **Mandarin** (mǎn'da rĕn'), a Chi-

³ **Celestial** (se lĕst'yāl), an inhabitant of heaven ; a Chinese.

His mother in slumber lay dreaming
 That she never would see him mōre,
 When she opened her eyes, and Tommy
 Stood thêre on the bedrōom flōor!

11. Her nightcap flew off in amazement,¹
 Her hâir stood on end with surprise.
 "What kind of a ghost or a spirit
 Is this that I see with my eyes?"—
 "I am your mōst dutiful² Tommy."—
 "I will not believe it," she said,
 "Till you tûrn ten somersets backward,
 And stand hâlf an hour on your head."

12. "That thing I will do, dêarèst mother."
 At once, with a skip and a hop,
 He tûrned the ten somersets backward,
But then was unable to stop!
 The tenth took him out of the wĭndōw,
 His mother jumped from her bed,
 To see his twēntiēth somerset
 Take him over the kitchen shed;

13. Thence, ācrōss the patch of potātōes
 And beyōnd the chûrch on the hill;
 She saw him, tumbling and turning,
 Turning and tumbling still—
 Till Tommy's body dĭmĭnĭshed³
 In size to the head of a pin,
 Spinning āwāy in the distance,
 Where it still continues to spin!

¹ A mǎze'ment, the act or condition of being filled with fear, sudden surprise, or wonder, at what is not understood.

² Dū' tĭ ful, performing duties; respectful; willing to obey.

³ Dĭ mĭn' ished, became or appeared less or smaller.

SECTION XXV.

I.

96. THE WINDY NIGHT.

A^{LOW}¹ and aloof,²
 Over the rōof,
 How the midnight tempests howl !
 With a dreary³ voice, like the dismal⁴ tune
 Of wolves that bāy⁵ at the desert moon ;
 Or whistle and shriek
 Through limbs that creak.
 “ Tu-who ! Tu-whit ! ”
 They cry, and flit,
 “ Tu-whit ! Tu-who ! ” like the solemn owl !

2. Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 Sweep the moaning winds āmāin,
 And wildly dash
 The elm and ash
 Clattering on the windōw sash
 With a clatter and patter,
 Like hail and rain,
 That well might shatter
 The dusky pane !

3. Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 How the tempests swell and rōar !
 Though no foot is astīr,
 Though the cat and the cūr
 Lie dozing ālōng the kitchen floor,
 There are feet of āir
 On ěvèry stāir—
 Through every hall !

¹ A lōw', in a low place, or a lower part.

² Aloof (ā lōf'), at a small distance.

³ Drēar'ŷ, causing sad or lonely feelings.

⁴ Dīs'mal, dark ; sorrowful ; sad.

⁵ Bāy, bark, as a dog at his game.

Through each gusty door
 There's a jostle and bustle,
 With a silken rustle
 Like the meeting of guests at a festival.

4. Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 How the stormy tempests swell !
 And make the vane
 On the spire complain ;
 They heave at the steeple with might and main,
 And bûrst and sweep
 Into the belfry, on the bell !
 They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
 That the sexton tösses his arms in sleep,
 And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell !

II.

98. HOW / WATER COMES DOWN.

HERE it comes sparkling,
 And thêre it lies darkling.
 Here smoking and frôthing,
 Its tumult and wrâth in,
 It hastens ălông conflicting strông ;
 Now striking and raging,
 As if a war waging,
 Its caverns and rocks ămông.

2. Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Tûrning and twisting
 Around and around ;
 Collecting, disjecting,¹
 With ëndless rebound ;

¹ Dis ject'ing, throwing apart ; scattering.

Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

3. Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And brightening and whitening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and ravingmain,

4. And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,

5. And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering.

6. And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And cûrling and whîrling, and pûrling and twîrling.
7. Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advâncing and prâncing and glâncing and dâncing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
8. And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending—
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uprôar,
And in *this* wây the water comes down at Lodore.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

99. MY SCHOOL-GIRL HEROINE.

I KNEW a little maid—as sweet
As any seven years' child you'll meet
In mansion¹ grand or village street,
However charming they be :
She'll never know of this my vërse
When I her simple tale rehēarse ;—
A cottage-girl, made baby-nurse
Unto another baby.

2. Till then how constant she at school !—
Her tîny hands of work how full !
And never câreless, never dull,
As little scholars may be.

¹ Mansion (mǎn'shun), a place whêre one lives ; a large house.

Her absence questioned, with cheek red
And gentle lifting of the head,
"Ma'am, I could not be spared," she said;
"I had to mind my baby."

Her baby; oft along the lane
She'd carry it with such sweet pain,
On summer holidays—full fain

To let bōth work and play be :
But, at the school hour told to start,
She'd tûrn with sad dīvidèd heart
"Twixt scholar's wish and mother's part—
"I can not leave my baby!"

4. One day at school came rumors dire—
 “Lizzie has fallen into the fire !”
 And off in haste I went to inquire,
 With anxious fear o’erflowing;
 For yester-afternoon at prayer,
 My little Lizzie’s face did wear
 The look—how comes it, whence or where?—
 Of children who are—*going*.
5. And almost as if bound for flight
 To say new prayers in angels’ sight,
 Poor Lizzie lay—so wan, so white,
 So sadly idle seeming :
 Her active hands now helpless bound,
 Her wild eyes wandering vaguely² round,
 As up she started at each sound,
 Or slept, and moaned in dreaming.
6. Her mother gave the piteous tale :
 “How that child’s courage did not fail,
 Or else poor baby—” She stopped, pale,
 And shed tears without number ;
 Then told how at the fireside warm,
 Lizzie, with baby on her arm,
 Slipped—threw him from her—safe from harm,
 Then fell— Here in her slumber

¹ Dire, greatly to be feared; ² Vague'ly, unfixedly; uncertainly.

7. Lizzie shrieked, "Take him !" and uptossed
 Her poor burnt hands, and seemed hälf löst,
 Until a smile her features crössed
 As sweet as angels' may be.
 "Yes, ma'am," she said in feeble tone,
 "I'm ill, I know"—she hushed a moan—
 "But"—here her look a queen might own—
 "But, ma'am, I saved my baby !"

II.

100. IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

- S**TILL sits the school-house by the rōad,
 A räggèd beggar sunning ;
 Around it still the sumachs¹ grow,
 And blackberry vines are running.
2. Within, the mässter's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official ;²
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jack-knife's carved initial ;
3. The charcoal frescos³ on its wall ;
 Its döör's wörn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing !
4. Lǒng years ägō a winter sun
 Shōne over it at setting ;
 Lit up its western wīndōw-pānes,
 And lōw eaves' icy fretting.
5. It touched the tangled gölden cūrles,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed,
 When all the school were leaving.
6. For near her stööd the little boy
 Her childish favor singled ;
 His cap pulled lōw upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

¹ Sumach (shq'măk).² Official (öf fish'al).³ Frës'co, a way, or kind, of
 painting dōne on plastered walls.

7. Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered ;—
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.
8. He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
 He heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.
9. "I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you !"
10. Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing.
 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing !
11. He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her—because they love him.

III.

101. DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

PART FIRST.

1.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time, an evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys came bounding out of school :
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt like trouilets in a pool.

2.

Away they sped with gamesome minds, and souls untouched by sin ;
 To a level mead¹ they came, and there they drave the wickets² in :
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun over the town of Lynn.

¹ Mēad, a meadow.

² Wick'et, a small gate-like frame-work, made of three rods set upright

in the ground, with one or two rods across on the top, at which the ball is thrown in playing cricket.

3.

Like spōrtive deer they cōursed about, and shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth, as ōnly boyhood can;
But the usher¹ sat remote from all, a mēl'ancholy man!

4.

His hat was ōff, his vest apart, to cāch heavēn's blessèd breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow, and his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read the book between his knees!

5.

Leaf after leaf he turned it ō'er, nor ever glanced āside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book in the gōlden eventide:
Much study had made him vērly lean, and pale, and lēaden-eyed.

6.

At last he shut the ponderous² tome;³ with a fast and fervent⁴ grasp
He strained the dusky covers close, and fixed the brazen hasp:
"O, Gōd! could I so close my mind, and clasp it with a clasp!"

7.

Then leaping on his feet upright, some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead, and past a shady nook—
And lo! he saw a little boy that pōred upon a book!

8.

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—romance⁵ or fairy fable?
Or is it some histōric page, of kings and crowns unstable?"⁶
The young boy gave an upward glance—"It is the death of Abel."

9.

The usher took six hasty strides, as smit with sudden pain;
Six hasty strides beyōnd the place, then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad, and talked with him of Cain;

10.

And, lōng since then, of bloody men, whose deeds tradition⁷ saves;
Of lonely folk cut ōff unseen, and hid in sudden graves;
Of hōrrid stabs, in groves forlorn,⁸ and murders done in caves;

¹ Ush'er, an assistant or under-teacher of a school.

² Pōn'der ōūs, very heavy.

³ Tōme, a large and heavy bōōk.

⁴ Fer'vent, hot; warm in feeling; excited; ěarrest.

⁵ Ro mănċe, a sort or novel; any

untrue and wonderful stōry.

⁶ Un stā'ble, not fixed; easily moved, shaken or overthrown.

⁷ Tra di'tion, an unwritten stōry pāsēd down from father to son, or from age to age.

⁸ For lorn, miserable; forsaken.



11.

And how the sprites¹ of injured men shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point to show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts are seen in dreams from Göd ?

12.

He told how murderers walk the earth beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes, and flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls its everlasting stain !

¹ Sprite, an apparition ; a spirit.

8.

“An stern, tyrānnic¹ thought, that made all other thoughts its slave;
Woe, nger and stronger evēry pulse did that temptation crave—
For wūrging me to go and see the dead man in his grave!

14.

“One that had never done me wrōng—a feeble man and ōld;
I led him to a lonely field—the moon shōne clear and cōld:
Now here, said I, this man shall die, and I will have his gōld!

15.

“Two sudden blows with a raggèd stick, and one with a heavy stōne;
One hūrried gash with a hasty knife—and then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot but lifelèss flesh and bōne!

16.

“Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone, that could not do me ill;
And yēt I feared him all the mōre, for lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look, that murder could not kill!

17.

“And lo! the universal² air seemed lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand, and called upon his name!

18.

“O, Gōd! it made me quake³ to see such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifelèss clāy, the blood gushed out amain!
For every clot,⁴ a burning spot was scorching in my brain!

19.

“My head was like an ardent⁵ coal, my heart as solid ice;
My wretchèd, wretched soul, I knew, was at the devil’s price;
A dozen times I grōaned; the dead had never groaned but twice!

¹ Un ūt’ter a ble, beyōnd what words can express; unspeakable.

² Universal (ū’nī vērs’al), reaching or affecting the whole; all-reaching; being, or regarded as, a whole.

³ Quake (kwāk), to tremble; to shake with fear, cold, or strong feeling; to shudder.

⁴ Clōt, a lump of sōft matter.

⁵ Ar’dent, hot or burning.



1. **A**ND now from forth the frowning sky, from the heaven's topmost height,

I heard a voice—the awful voice of the blood-avenging sprite :
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead and hide it from my sight !'

2.

"I took the dreary body up, and cast it in a stream—
 A sluggish water, black as ink, the depth was so extreme—
 My gentle boy ! remember this is nothing but a dream !

3.

"Down went the corpse with a hōllōw plunge, and vanished in the pool ;
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands, and washed my fōrehēad cool,
 And sat among the urchins¹ young that evening in the school !

4.

"O, Heaven ! to think of their white souls, and mine so black and grim !²
 I could not share in childish prayer, nor join in evening hymn :
 Like a devil of the pit I seemed, 'mid holy cherubim !³

5.

"And Peace went with them one and all, and each cālm pīllōw spread ;
 But Guilt was my grim chāmberlain⁴ that lighted me to bed,
 And drew my midnight curtains round, with fingers bloody red !

6.

"All night I lāy in agony,⁵ in anguish⁶ dark and deep ;
 My fevered eyes I dared not close, but stared aghast at sleep ;
 For sin had rendered unto her the keys of hell to keep !

7.

"All night I lay in agony, from weary chime to chime,
 With one besetting hōrrid hint, that racked me all the time—
 A mighty yearning, like the first fierce impulse unto crime !

¹ **Ur'chin**, a mis'chievous little fellow ; a child.

² **Grīm**, of forbidding or fear-awakening appearance ; frightful.

³ **Chěr'u bīm**, angels noted for their knowledge and beauty.

⁴ **Chām'ber lain**, one who has charge of the chambers, as in a hotel.

⁵ **Ag'o nỹ**, extreme or very great pain of body or mind.

⁶ **An'guish**, extreme pain either of body or mind ; bitter sorrow.

8.

"One stern, tŷrännic¹ thought, that made all other thoughts its slave;
 Strönger and stronger evèry pulse did that temptation crave—
 Still urging me to go and see the dead man in his grave!

9.

"Heavily I rose up—as soon as light was in the sky—
 And sought the black accursèd pool with a wild misgiving eye;
 And I saw the dead in the river bed, for the faithlèss stream was dry!

10.

"Mèrrily rose the lark, and shook the dewdrop from its wing;
 But I never marked its morning flight, I never heard it sing;
 For I was stooping once again under the hörrid thing.

11.

"With bréathlèss speed, like a soul in chase, I took him up and ran—
 There was no time to dig a grave bēfōre the day began:
 In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves, I hid the murdered man!

12.

"And all that day I read in school, but my thought was other where!
 As soon as the mid-day task was done, in secret I was there;
 And a mighty wind had swept the leaves, and still the corse was bare!

13.

"Then down I cast me on my face, and first began to weep;
 For I knew my secret then was one that earth refused to keep:
 On land or sea, though he should be ten thousand fathoms² deep

14.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite, till blood for blood atones!
 Ay, though he's buried in a cave, and trodden down with stones,
 And years have rotted öff his flesh—the world shall see his bones!

15.

"O, Gőd! that hörrid, horrid dream besets me now äwāke!
 Again—again, with a dizzy brain, the human life I take;
 And my red right hand grows raging hot, like Cranmer's³ at the stake.

¹ Tŷ răn'níc, unjustly severe; bury, England, was born July 2, 1489. He was burned at the stake

² Fäth'om, a measure of length, containing six feet. March 21, 1556. When the flames were rising around him, he is said

³ Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant archbishop of Canter- to have held his right hand into them until it was consumed.

16.


"And still no peace for the restless clay will wave or mold allow:
The horrid thing pursues my soul—it stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw huge drops upon his brow!

17.

That very night, while gentle sleep the urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lŷnn, through the cold and heavy
mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between, with gŷves upon his wrists.



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